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Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1980 $2.50*

YOUR VOTE: PET OF THE YEAR FINALISTS

CAN AUSTRALIA COP BILL HAYDEN? • BERTRAM WAINER SPEAKS OUT • TREKKING THE KOKODA • DENNING ON THE RUN • RICHARD NEVILLE • SPLIT ENZ • EXCLUSIVE PICTORIAL: CHERYL RIXON'S LATEST MOVIE

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The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 1 No 12/September 1980

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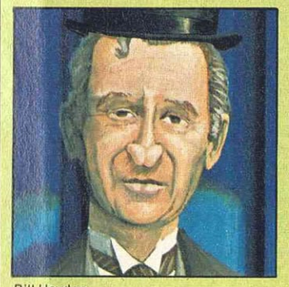
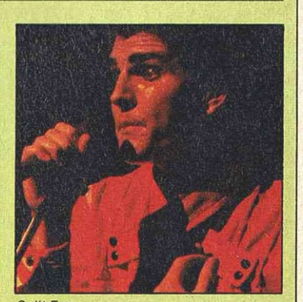

Bill Hayden

Kokoda

Pet of the Month


Split Enz

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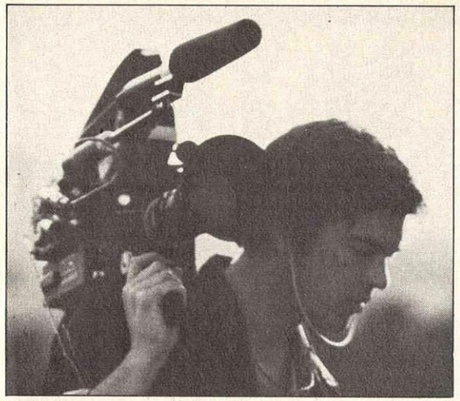
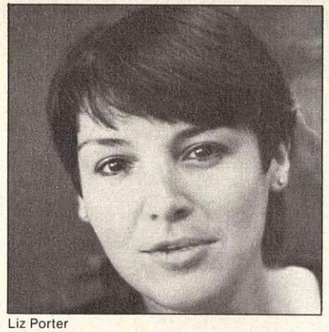
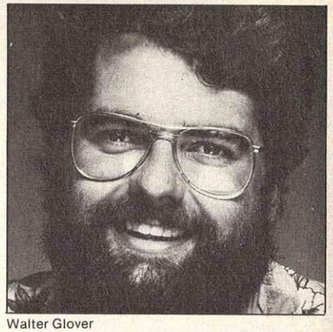


Ian McMinn

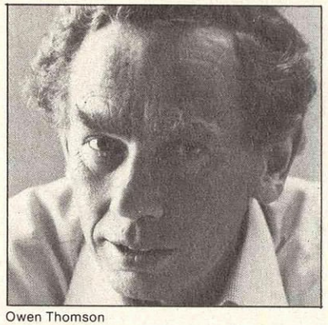


Liz Porter

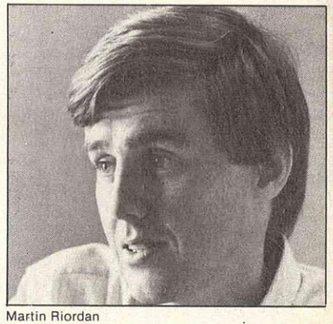


Walter Glover

David Hirst



Owen Thomson



Martin Riordan

HOUSECALL

The Australian people have gone to the polls so often in recent years that voting has become an integral part of the great Aussie Outdoor Weekend. And what a way to wreck a Saturday! It doesn't matter who you vote for, a politician always gets in (as some cynic once said). This month *Australian Penthouse* offers you the chance to cast your vote for someone who isn't a politician — our first Pet of the Year. You've seen the four finalists on the cover; now turn to page 94 for a complete refresher course on the many virtues of the 11 delightful Pets who've graced our centre pages.

An election of a different nature (Federal) is due before the end of the year, and on its outcome hangs the political future of Labor Leader Bill Hayden. Life has definitely not been easy for the dour Queenslander since he took over from Gough Whitlam in 1977. While the continuing economic crisis has presented him with plenty of ammunition to fire at Fraser, Hayden has been too busy fending off threats from within the Labor Movement to even load his gun. And worse, Hayden has been so busy working out a platform for election that he has failed to project himself as a credible alternative to the incumbent Fraser.

Contributing Editor **Owen Thomson** went to Hayden's home in Ipswich, Queensland, to profile the man who is known to even his closest political allies as "Boring Bill". Thomson came away with the most intimate Hayden portrait yet. It begins on page 34.

One of the issues on which the coming election is certain to be fought is the defence of Australia. Since the Russians invaded Afghanistan last December, we have entered a new age of militarism and Prime Minister Fraser has seized on the mood to rally the country behind him. But the truth of the matter is that if the threat of invasion is as great as we've been led to believe then we're in real trouble, because, according to regular contributor **David Hirst** our defence strategy is non-existent and our armed forces are a joke. Hirst's alarming report, Defence — It's A Bloody Joke, begins on page 58. The art is by **Allan Salisbury**.

While Hirst was discovering the shortcomings of the current lot of khaki-ed chaps, staff writer **Martin Riordan** was winging his way north to retrace the steps of the Diggers who held back the Japanese almost 40 years ago. Riordan donned backpack and climber's boots to trek across New Guinea's wartime highway to hell, the Kokoda Trail. Said Riordan on his return: "The best thing that can be said about the experience is that there was no sniper fire." His fascinating (for us), torturous (for him) saga begins on page 42.

Although US President Jimmy Carter has "de-emphasised" the Iran hostage crisis while he hits the campaign trail, events in that troubled country are likely to keep international tension at powderkeg level for years to come. But how has the Ayatollah's bloody revolution affected the people of Iran? Australian writer and TV newsman **Ian McMinn** spent several months in and around Teheran observing the revolution from both sides of the political and religious fence. The General, his compelling and highly personal account, starts on page 64. The striking illustration is by **Danny Burke.**

But it's not all war and gore this issue. Take lovely **Cheryl Rixon** for instance. Hotshot Hollywood director Steven Spielberg (*Jaws, Close Encounters*) did, and put the Australian-born US Pet of the Year into a starring role in his new movie, *Used Cars.* You'll find our exclusive pictorial on page 50.

This month's interview (page 104) is with Richard Neville, youthful spokesman for the Sixties revolution or star of *The Mike Walsh Show* — depending on which side of the new generation gap you stand. Either way, **Liz Porter's** candid conversation with our oldest *enfant terrible* makes great reading. The photo of Neville was taken by Walter Glover at Martin Sharp's manor, chess pieces courtesy of Peter Kingston.

Also in this month's *Australian Penthouse* you'll find The Suppression of Dental Vaccine by Senior Editor **John Hampshire** (page 120), the final part of our series on fluoride and tooth decay; an absorbing profile of abortion crusader Dr Bertram Wainer by **Patrick Tennison** (page 70) with art by **Nicholas Harding** and apologies to Raphael; Heliotropic (page 140) — a delightful fiction and art offering from the pen and palette of the remarkable **Dal Stivens**; and more lovely Pets. This month we present rising TV starlet **Julie Jones**, photographed by **Paul Abel**, and Pet of the Month **Donna Turner**, photographed by **Carroll Holloway** and **Walter Glover**.

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Editor: Phil Jarratt; *Senior Editors:* Carol Ashdown, John Hampshire; *Contributing Editor:* Owen Thomson; *Art Director:* John Byrne; *Creative Designer:* Bruce Morgan; *Writer:* Martin Riordan; *Editorial Assistant:* Verlie Nagel; *Editorial Rights and Traffic Manager:* Kay Klima; *Photographic Consultant:* Walter Glover.

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EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069. Tel (213) 652-8070. *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England. Tel 01-385-6181.

BUREAUS:
Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. *Berlin:* Hans-Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45. *Rio de Janeiro:* Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th floor, Rio de Janeiro ZC39, Brazil. *Budapest:* Paul Kirlyhedgyi, 5 Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary. *Zagreb:* Cedomir Komijenovic, Strebrnjak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

SEPTEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Study methods

I am a part-time lecturer at a large university and although I have spent a lot of time enjoying the luscious bodies of the female students, it has always been enjoyment with my eyes only.

A few like to tease me with a glimpse down their blouse or by "accidentally" spreading their legs when they know I can catch a view of their tight little panties, but no one has ever made a move until now.

One of my better students, whom I have often thought of while masturbating, asked for some help before a paper. Anything to be alone with you, I thought, and told her to come back when I was free.

I was expecting the usual tease but was looking forward to it. Kathy arrived, as she'd promised, and we sat down to review notes. She was wearing a long skirt that was unbuttoned to mid-thigh. Her blouse tugged at the buttons, and I could see through the gaps that her beautiful tits were barely covered with a stretchy lace bra.

She did all the usual leaning over, teasing and I was loving it. But then she took me by surprise. Swinging her legs toward me, she put her feet on the highest rung of her chair and spread her knees to give me a perfect beaver shot. Her panties were tight across her pubic mound.

I still hadn't realised how serious she was, but I was to soon find out. While I was still staring at this lovely vision, she asked if anyone was in my office, which is between two classrooms. I was quickly growing hard and nearly as quickly suggested that we use some books which I keep there.

I let her walk ahead of me so I could arrange my pants to hide my growing bulge, but I needn't have bothered, because as soon as we closed the door she was upon me.

She pressed against me, slipping her tongue into my mouth and her hand down the front of my pants. I grabbed her boobs and caressed them, first through the material of her blouse and bra, and then bare, as I undid the buttons and pulled the cups of her bra up to release her melons.

I lowered my head to suck on her nipples (and to get a better look at them), and she moaned with delight. By now her hand was stroking my stiff shaft, and I was ready for my treat. I lifted her skirt up to her waist and dropped to my knees in front of her.

There, in front of me, was the object of so many fantasies. I grabbed her buns with both hands and pulled her pussy to my lips. Kathy alternated between stifling moans and grinding herself against my mouth. I was in heaven, but it was to get even better!

She pulled me to a standing position and immediately went to work on my swollen manhood. Cupping my aching balls in her hand, she kissed my pole from one end to the other. Then she took most of it into her mouth. I held one of her tits and used the other hand to brush her hair away so I could see this incredible blowjob I was getting.

My dick felt like it was going to explode. Perhaps sensing this, she stopped and hopped on to my desk, beckoning me to her love nest. I was tempted to go down on her again, but she had other ideas.

She took my cock and guided it, and I grabbed her hips and thrust repeatedly as deep and as quickly as I could.

As I settled down to long, even strokes, I could hear students talking in the adjoining classroom, but they had no idea of what was happening! I felt myself coming and pounded furiously for the last five strokes.

Kathy arched her back, and her eyes rolled as she came with me. When we both had finished our spasms of pleasure, I slowly withdrew. We dressed quickly and returned to our studying, not saying a word about what had just transpired. — *Name and address withheld.*

Deep tanning

I frequently suntan in the nude in my backyard, which has high walls and affords a lot of privacy, or so I thought! This particular day I was well greased up with suntan oil, the sun being extremely hot on a cloudless day.

As I lay on the blanket, soaking in the sun, I applied more oil to myself to prevent any redness from appearing in sensitive areas. As I spread it around, feeling very sexy, I heard some noise from the house next door. I happened to look up and saw someone working on the neighbor's roof.

I didn't know if he had seen me, but I certainly noticed him. He appeared to be

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in his late twenties or early thirties, with a deep tan and a hairy chest — he wore shorts only. His thick, muscular thighs were a sight to behold, and feeling a little unnerved looking at him and reacting to him, I wrapped a towel around myself and headed inside for a cold drink.

Well, evidently, I wasn't the only one with that in mind, as it was just a little bit later I heard a knock on the door and checked out my window to see who it was. It was him!

I opened the door, and he introduced himself as Frank, wanting to know if he could have a cold drink, as the house where he was working was closed up. Feeling a little sexy, I invited him in.

Frank and I opened some cold beers and went to the couch, where he mentioned what a nice, even tan I had. I wasn't sure what to say at that point, but I think I mumbled something about his not being too bad either.

I stole a glance at his crotch area, which not only had expanded further but also had inched down toward the edge of his shorts. This evidently hadn't gone unnoticed, as Frank lifted up his muscular arse and undid the top portion of his shorts, commenting on how hot it was.

The next thing I knew I felt my hand diving inside where I discovered the huge shaft. He slid out of his clothes, and I gasped at the sight before me.

Without further ado, I bent down and licked him. Frank reached over and pulled off my towel, pulling me toward him and on to the carpet. As we embraced, I reached down and started pulling on his shaft as his fingers reached me, and he drove me crazy with his back-and-forth moves. I squirmed with delight and lay on my back, spreading my legs for easier access.

Soon we were bucking like wild animals as I cried and moaned for him both to stop and continue on and on. Just as I thought I couldn't possibly take any more, he withdrew suddenly, now crawling on top and straddling me over my heaving chest.

As I looked up, I saw him with his eyes clenched shut, moaning with ecstasy as I took him in my mouth. Then I found myself on all fours, and he grabbed my breasts and started pumping away as I tried to accommodate by meeting each thrust by pushing back. He started to cry out and I could tell he was coming.

Needless to say, not only does Frank stop by from time to time for even further escapades, but my roof is now completely redone, and I should say I am as well. I hope others meet such good friends. — *Name and address withheld.*

Laundry fun

I attend a large university where the cold weather only tends to increase our already flourishing sex drive. Late one evening my flatmate and I were smoking and literally getting blown into eternity.

Much to our pleasure, the laundry room is located on our floor, enabling us to pant as some of the university's finest arse parades down our halls on the way to do their washing. Despite our closed door, the smoke filled the hallway.

Suddenly, there was a light knock on the door. When my mate answered, his mouth dropped to the floor. Before Greg stood one of the foxiest babes, whom we've both fantasised about several times.

Her firm tits were nudging through her outrageously tight T-shirt, and I almost climaxed in my jeans when she asked if I had change for a dollar.

Obliging, I gladly forked over the last of my change. As she left, our eyes were transfixed on the most shapely arse either of us had ever seen. It was outlined by a fantastic pair of super-tight jeans.

In awe of what we had just seen, Greg and I, as we continued to smoke, commented on how great it would be to explore her inner depths. Five minutes could not have passed when our dream girl appeared again at our door, this time with two of her equally endowed friends.

We recognised Mandy and Barbara. Both were equally beautiful as their unintroduced friend. My quick-thinking roommate invited the girls to have a smoke with us. Without a second thought, all three agreed.

Mandy and Barbara sat on either side of me as Stephanie, the recently introduced beauty, sat on Greg's lap.

The partying became intense. Barbara passed a smoke to Mandy and Mandy's pert nipple gently brushed against my chest. The thought of fulfilling my ultimate fantasy, a *menage a trois,* was coming closer to reality. Her embarrassment was assuaged when she saw my bulging crotch.

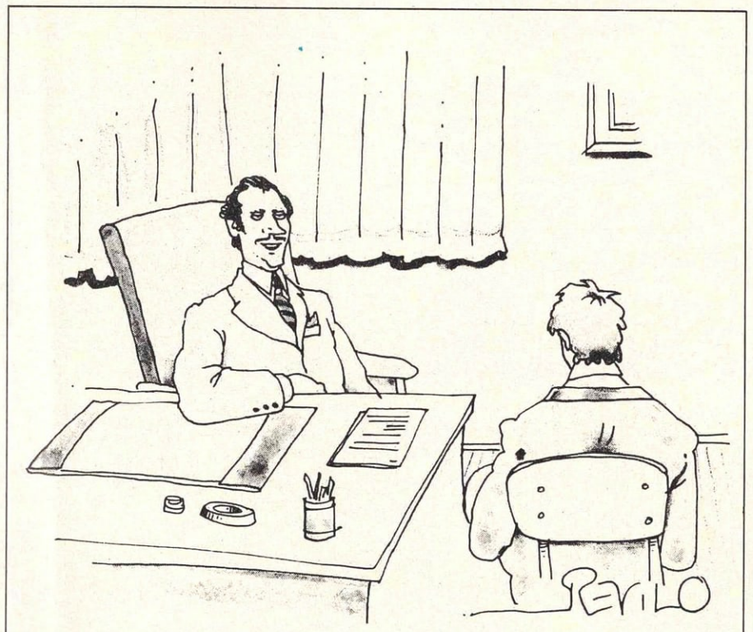
Quickly glancing at Greg, I saw he was already engaged in a furious petting session with Stephanie. Needing no further coaxing, I began massaging the tight arses of my newly-found sex kittens. I then lay back and let Mandy and Barbara slowly undress me, while I slipped a hand down Barbara's pants.

Mandy, sympathising with my obvious discomfort, released me from my pants and began administering one of the finest skull sessions I've ever experienced.

Simultaneously, I saw Greg plunging into the warm confines of Stephanie. After what seemed like the blow of eternity, Barbara positioned her pussy over my awaiting mouth.

Mandy, not wanting to be outdone, positioned her blonde bush over my rod. Her grinding thrust made me shoot, but I was amazed at my own staying power — my still-hard cock was ready for another round.

Sounds of ecstasy filled the room as I



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DAY FIVE: *Begin ascent of Brigade Hill where some of the bloodiest fighting took place in the Kokoda Campaign. Continual ridges give impression that you have reached the top — don't be fooled, look for the sign that advises you that you have reached the summit. Steep descent to village of Efogi where the night will be spent.*

DAY SIX: *Very steep climb out of Efogi for approximately 30 minutes. A further 45 minutes easy walking to creek, then 30 minutes straight up to Kagi airstrip. One of the steepest climbs it is also thankfully one of the shortest!*

Saturday. This is no joke now. To make up time we decide to combine two days' "easy" walking into one. Most parties have a rest day at Efogi, or spend an afternoon "enjoying the swirling mists of Kagi", to quote Baverstock's brochures.

As the day proceeds our minds become a distant blur. One step in front of another, not knowing or caring how far to the top. We leave Baverstock, who says he can't keep up with our pace. Deep dug-outs are passed. Most are perched along sloping ridges, ready for whoever was lucky enough to be in them to fire down on the soldier thinking he had only a few steps to the top of another slope. Today they are knee deep at most, filled with the debris of the jungle and dripping moss.

I find myself thinking of food. We Sydneysiders are the luckiest people around. We've got the best restaurants in the country. Friday lunch at Dragon City. Doyle's on a sunny Sunday afternoon. Shit. Baverstock's incessant supply of dehydrated mince or farmhouse stew.

食料不足ノ為中隊ニ依リ
テハ人間漆兵食用ヲ
始メタリ.味良好ナリトノ事ガリ

— Facsimile of part of entry from Lieutenant Sakamoto's diary, written on the evening of 19th October, 1942. The translator's version reads: *"Because of the food shortage, some companies have been eating the flesh of Australian soldiers. The taste is said to be good."*

The trip down the 520m once bloody Brigade Hill to Efogi ends in anti-climax. Everyone is in their grass hut church. Again we press on, past a few women washing clothes in a creek. All that can be seen is mountain, up to the precariously placed Kagi airstrip. I time the 212m climb at only 40 minutes, but it is the worst so far.

One by one we collapse in a panting heap on the airstrip. Each footstep meant lifting one's whole body and pack at least knee high.

The trip is becoming an eternal nightmare. Only one other thing seems relevant at Kagi: we have reached more than halfway.

It's only three days to go, and the last day is all down hill.

Sunday. We wake to the thought of Iora Creek, known as Templeton's Crossing. The rain has returned with a vengeance and we cling to thin, slippery logs across fast-flowing streams. We pass the spot where more than 200 Japanese were buried in a heap during the dark days of the campaign. No indication is given where so many men were left: merely a mound.

And mounds in Papua are hard to distinguish: the whole countryside is damned mounds.

If I eat tonight, I may not be able to eat tomorrow. It is indeed a painful experience to be hungry. When we made

I pass a sign showing: "Unmarked grave". I can't imagine the misery of doing this walk and being shot at.

our first attack, I had no consideration for life or death. When we advanced, I felt I had done my job well enough as a signal soldier and that I had lived these twenty-eight years just for this one battle. I was willing to die at any time, but nowadays, somehow I am full of the desire to go back home alive just once more.

— From the diary of Pte. Kiyoshi Wada, December 23, 1942.

DAY SEVEN: *An easy stroll by Kokoda standards. Today is one of the longest walks of the trek and you can look forward to spending some nine or ten hours on the trail.*

Monday. After another wet and sleepless night, we are confronted with a single log placed over a 10m river flowing at a rate most people would describe as dangerous rapids.

One by one we crawl across, knowing that if we fall it would be difficult to even stay afloat with the rucksack bound around our back.

Safely across on the track high above the creek, I look down and loose my foothold. I plummet 15m, clinging desperately to anything on the mountain side. I finally grab a thin tree, rucksack still on my back. It's 30 minutes before I can make my way back to the trail. The others cannot assist because of the constant rain and maddening mud. The trail is loose and lethal to people like me. I pass a sign showing: "Unmarked grave". I can't imagine the misery of doing this walk and being shot at.

DAY EIGHT: *Try to be up at dawn to see the sunrise. It is a memorable experience. Around 2 or 3pm — civilisation, the village of Kokoda.*

Tuesday. More driving rain. But today is it! We're finished! Edwards says his interest in the trip, the village life and challenge left him some days back. Pigott says the journey has left him "frazzled". He says he's sure it's had some affect on the nervous system. I assure him it's had the same affect on mine.

Baverstock is selling $600 places on five more treks along the Kokoda. How he can do it 10 times, I'm damned if I know.

We begin the 2300m descent to Kokoda. Initially we follow Baverstock, trying to be loyal and friendly to the end. But his track shoes are now worn through completely. With little grip he proceeds at a snail's pace so again we leave him to walk alone.

The pace quickens as the raindrops become heavier. Suddenly we're out of the constant canopy of trees and darkness which has haunted us most of the journey. Only the infuriating jungle noises remain. We see Kokoda. The pace quickens again. The descent is maddening. The gradient is unbelievable. Each rock is slippery from the days of rain and mud. It takes almost four hours to reach the bottom.

The last 5km or so is through steamy rubber plantations and small villages with teams of children running out to watch another lot of walkers testing the "ultimate South Pacific trek".

At 1pm we step into the town of Kokoda. We don't even feel the pain. We could walk forever.

Sweat-weeping hot stained bodies,
Eyes red with peering, or dim in pain,
Rags sodden, blood or mud or both,
Twisted lips, nerves tight with strain,
Sleepless nights, lightless days,
Malicious shadow, black or dusky green,
The tear and tangle of scrub and bush,
The smell of death that bursts unseen,
From tree-top, root, from stinking mud,
Green hell, hot and wet with slime,
With disease and hurt and death —
Men pay,
For safe homes and a nation's major crime.

— Poem attributed to P.K., Light anti-aircraft gunner, 1942.

Longbeach.
25 of life's simple pleasures.

The real satisfaction of rich Virginia tobaccos in a smooth tasting, easy smoking cigarette.

LEO BURNETT 2.1319 CC317/79

saw Greg and Stephanie still at it. This fantastic session ended in a heap on the floor, Greg and I switching off between our goddesses several times before it all "came" to an end.

We now wait with anticipation for their next visit to the laundry. — *Name and address withheld.*

Neighborhood professional

I am an 18-year-old high-school guy, who, up until last week was rather sceptical of your farfetched "Forum" stories. But now I have joined the ranks of the true believers.

Out in the country, our winters get pretty cold, and last week was no exception, as a cold snap hit our area. On Wednesday I came home from work to have lunch, thinking I would return within the hour. How wrong I was!

I was just finishing lunch when the doorbell rang. I went to the front door and opened it. There stood the most beautiful woman I had ever laid eyes on.

She seemed quite cold, so I invited her in. She began mumbling that she represented the local real-estate company and asked if I knew of anybody who wanted to buy or sell.

I replied no, as she removed her coat. I led her into the living room and engaged her in a small conversation, eyeing her sensuous body intently.

Her sweet face and pouting lips began to bring my member to attention. I found out her name was Sally, and she was 19 and in her first year at the university, and she was just doing this job to earn some extra money.

As she gazed around the room, Sally noticed my collection of exotic — and erotic — paintings and immediately, my cock sprang to life. After she had looked for several minutes, I stood up and walked over to her and mashed her soft lips on to mine, preceded by a long kiss.

Sally started slowly massaging my expanding bulge and I freaked out. She wasted little time in undoing my pants, as I removed her blazer and zeroed in on her large breasts. Sally lowered her tongue from my mouth and I began moaning for her soft, moist lips. Then, extending her tongue, she commenced licking, in long strokes. After several agonising minutes, Sally engulfed me feverishly.

I was writhing in passion, and finally, not being able to hold back anymore, I came.

Completely exhausted and limp from this escapade, I rested on the floor, staring wearily up at my now bare-breasted nymph. Sally's breasts were a work of art, shaped proportionately to her statuesque body. "You like this set of real estate?" she asked. I nodded in anticipation of what was to follow.

She ordered me to strip completely. I did this task in seconds. My cock was now coming back to life. She lay down next to me and I rolled on top of Sally and reached down with my mouth and lightly kissed each tit. Her breathing became more rapid.

I took one of her firm globes into my warm mouth, guiding my tongue over her erect nipples. Sally's breasts were more gorgeous than I ever imagined. I knew my caressing and licking of her sensitive nipples was driving her crazy.

She shook in uncontrollable spasms, and I realised she was about to explode, violently. I kept it up, and within seconds Sally had a long orgasm.

I guided my tongue down through her cleavage and stomach, with only one thought on my mind. Reaching around, I undid her skirt, and slowly removed her pantyhose and pants. I placed a couple of pillows underneath her firm buns and spread her legs. I gently licked her milky thighs, teasing her.

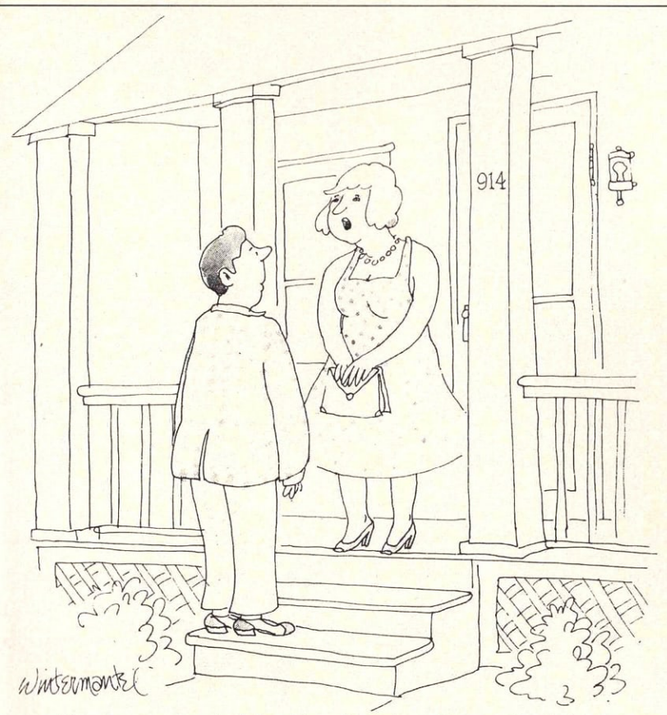
Soon Sally started gasping and rotating her hips as I neared her love tunnel. I nibbled lightly at her and was soon tantalising her with my tongue, driving Sally wild with ecstasy.

She shrieked and convulsed violently, realising her reward was soon approaching. At this point Sally was arching her back and screaming in ecstasy as the first wave of her orgasm reverberated through her body and her muscles were convulsing rapidly. She went rigid for a moment and then begged me for more. We continued like this for what seemed like hours, during which time Sally achieved numerous waves of orgasms.

At last, I positioned my rod between her legs and gently eased it in. We both moaned in pleasure. I increased my pace, quickly driving Sally into a frenzy, and again, she arched her back to receive me deeper. She bucked wildly in anticipation of another orgasm and within minutes she climaxed twice. Reaching the peak of ecstasy, I flooded her with a shuddering orgasm.

We collapsed, immediately, to the floor, breathing heavily.

Now, completely drained of our energy and senses, we crashed out on the floor until we could gather our bearings. We showered and dressed. She thanked me for "warming her up". I claimed the pleasure was mine. Finally, Sally responded, "Like our motto says, 'We're the neighborhood professionals for you!' " I believe it! — *Name and address withheld.*



"Dinner was wonderful and I really enjoyed the movie, Arthur. You may touch one of my breasts."

Coming fast

This past weekend was so incredible that I had to share the experience with someone. My boyfriend Michael took me to his parents' house where we could be alone. We were looking forward to getting away from town and taking in a relaxing weekend.

During the hour-and-a-half drive up

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Home Phone No. — Date of Birth — Home Rented ☐ Home Owned ☐ Home Being Purchased ☐ — Years at Address — Previous Address — How Long

Driver's Licence No. and State of Issue — Bank Name Branch — Name and address of nearest relative not living with applicant

Employer Company or Firm Name — Business Phone No. — Business Address — Postcode

Nature of Business — Position Held — How long with Co

Annual Income $. — Other Income $ — If you are self employed or if other source(s) of income (e.g. Investments) are indicated, please write the name and phone number of someone who will confirm details of the amount (e.g. Accountant)

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CONTENTS: 500 ml

there Michael started reaching down my pants and getting me very horny. I helped him get off my pants and slowly pulled down my bikini underwear to show him the present I had for him. I had shaved my pussy.

His mouth dropped open as he grabbed me and started fingering with his strong hands. I got so excited that I started pulling his pants down over his bulging dick. He kept on driving and fingering me while I gave him the best blowjob I could.

By now we were on the private road that leads to the house, and feeling very reckless I quickly slung my leg over his lap and sat on his cock. I was trying to rock up and down with the great rhythm Michael has when he screws me.

He was having so much pleasure with this screw that he was driving about 60km/h on this dark, winding road. I knew it was dangerous but I didn't care because I was coming so much that all I could do was sing along with Bette Midler, who was playing on the tape. This outrageous fun lasted for about 20 minutes until Michael came.

Needless to say, the rest of the weekend was just as wonderful as the car ride up there. — *Name and address withheld.*

What a throttle!

I have spent a great deal of my time since high school working on cars, in hopes of one day becoming a mechanic. About a month ago I was working on my car in the parking area of my units, and I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder.

I turned around to see Hilary, a gorgeous 22-year-old brunette, whom I had been noticing sunbathing her fantastic 34-22-36 body in front of her unit ever since I moved in. She was still wearing her tiny bikini, which barely covered her nether regions.

Smiling politely, she asked me if I would examine her Volvo. I asked her to repeat the question, having thought she said something else. She realised the ambiguity and winked, and my crotch began to swell noticeably.

We walked to her car. She said she didn't know what the problem was, and we would probably have to take it for a test drive. Seizing my opportunity, I jumped into the driver's seat as Hilary positioned her firm bottom next to me.

As we cruised around the neighborhood, Hilary's hand found my growing bulge. She was very hot and began teasing my ear with her sensuous tongue. Fearing an accident, I parked the car on a side street, where we kissed passionately for about 20 minutes.

Hilary suggested that we return to her place, and I readily agreed, because my erection was becoming uncomfortable. On the return trip I noticed nothing wrong with her Volvo.

When we entered her place, Hilary suggested that I wash my hands, since they were dirty from working on my car. When I returned from the bathroom, I was momentarily shocked to find Hilary masturbating on the floor, her bikini discarded in a far corner.

Not wishing to wait any longer, I tore off my overalls and joined her on the floor. Gently removing her hand I replaced it with my mouth and she came to a volcanic orgasm almost instantly.

Hilary begged me to enter her and we screwed with a vengeance for what seemed hours. She experienced dozens of orgasms before I, with several powerful thrusts, came.

We both lay there, exhausted but ready for more. It was then that I told her that, until then, I had been a virgin. She said that she never would have guessed from my performance. She then moved down and began giving me the greatest blowjob in the history of the known world. My erection was soon back at full throttle.

Satisfied that we were both ready to go again, Hilary climbed halfway up on the couch, exposing her pussy from behind. Taking my cue, I eased into her and Hilary began to buck and shudder against my rhythmic thrusts. Then we both exploded together in one great, cataclysmic orgasm.

We spent the rest of the weekend together, and have spent every weekend since, experimenting with different positions. I never imagined that the mechanic business could be so rewarding. — *Name and address withheld.*

A walking dream

I am a student at a large university, and last week I had a remarkable experience that made all the hard studying worthwhile.

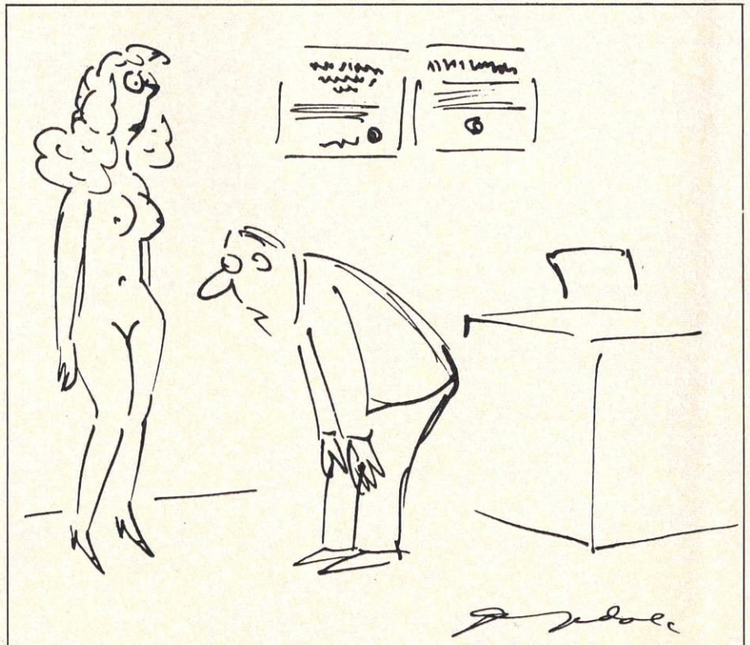
I was in the library, trying to find some books to get an early start on a paper that had just been assigned.

I was squatting down, perusing the books on the bottom shelf, when I sensed a presence to my right. I turned my head and found myself staring at a beautiful pair of knees. I looked up and found that they belonged to Carla, a girl I had met last year.

Carla was one of the most fetching girls in school and had occasionally flirted with me. My response had always been cool, though, as I had been involved with someone else at the time. That relationship had since fallen apart, and now I had no reason to be reticent.

Carla is, simply stated, a walking dream. She is 19 years old and has short red hair, freckles, and a little-girl face that makes her look three or four years younger. Her body is full but not thin, with just the right amount of baby fat.

The manner in which she usually dresses does nothing to detract from this girlish image. She generally wears a long



"It does look inflamed, but I wouldn't know what to do about it — I'm here to repair the doctor's air conditioner."

jumper-style dress which ends about three inches above the knees, a white blouse underneath, and knee socks. On those occasions when she wears pants, it is always in conjunction with a too small T-shirt, which refuses to cover her navel and exposes a beautiful strip of tummy.

On this day she was wearing a navy-blue jumper and matching knee socks. As I looked up and saw who it was, I remarked jokingly: "I thought those knees looked familiar."

As I stood up, she replied: "Oh? I didn't know you noticed such things. What else do you notice?" As she spoke these last words, she was staring directly at my crotch. "I've always thought you had lovely legs," I went on, "and I really like the effect with the dress and socks."

"But you've only seen a few inches of my legs," she responded, continuing what I thought was only mutual teasing. "Wouldn't you like to see more?" I could only nod mutely.

With that she began to pull up her dress slowly, to my total amazement. She inched the dress up her thighs, stopping with a sly smile before her crotch. Then, licking her lips, she continued until the material was at her waist. She was wearing white cotton panties with a pattern of pink flowers on them. The picture was complete.

"Do you really like my legs?" she asked, and I replied by embracing and kissing her, my hands encircling her body and digging into the softness of her panty-clad bottom.

As we stood there kissing in the deserted library, her hands began fondling my hard cock through my jeans. I, in turn, left one hand on her arse and brought the other around to the front. After stroking her through the cotton for a few minutes, I reached my hand inside. I removed my fingers and told her to follow me.

I knew of a deserted storage room off the north staircase, as I had often come there for a break from studying. As usual, the door was open and the room empty. I locked the door behind us, and we proceeded to tear off each other's clothes and quickly tumbled to the cold concrete floor.

The coldness shocked us, and we jumped up, laughing hysterically. We made a small pad from our discarded clothes and went back to work. Carla went straight to my cock, making loving, cooing, murmuring sounds the whole time. She seemed to sense that I was about to come and quickly removed her mouth.

We began to go at it missionary style. Her tightness and warmth felt like heaven. After about 10 minutes of this I turned her over, pausing a minute to look at her gorgeous behind, and then entered quickly in one long stroke.

Carla cried out in pleasure and began matching me stroke for stroke. She cried out with pleasure as her entire body convulsed in orgasm. A few seconds later her wild contractions caused me to shoot.

After lying together for a while, giggling and confessing how we had long wished for something like this to happen, we began to kiss and caress again.

Finally we decided to get back to our books before someone discovered us. Knee socks forever! — *Name and address withheld.*

The call of duty

I have been a security officer for six years. I have had many opportunities to engage in sexual activity while working, but I have abstained from doing so for professional reasons. For every rule there is an exception, and it is this exception that I would like to share with your readers. I am an average male with average looks and I work what is normally called the graveyard shift, or midnight to eight. I am married to a wonderful woman with two beautiful children. We were both virgins when we married and have been happy together, and I never considered cheating on my wife.

One hot evening I was sent out on a

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Five smokes ahead of the rest

RWV0085.CC494/80

suspicious-noises call at about 1.00am. Upon arriving, I was told by a pretty woman about 28 that she heard strange noises in the cellar and was afraid because her husband was out of town on a business trip.

I checked and found nothing so I went upstairs to speak to our client. I realised how beautiful she was. She was wearing a white, translucent nightgown that clung to her body and revealed her nipples that were hard and protruding.

Feeling myself getting an erection I knew I had to leave or lose complete control. I left unrelieved and frustrated.

At about 2.15 that morning I was sent once again to the same house on the same complaint. When I was greeted at the door by Misty, I immediately knew it wasn't necessary to check the cellar for noises.

She said: "I called you back because of the familiar noises I heard while you were here." I facetiously asked: "What noises were those?" She answered: "The noises of lust." Without hesitation she dropped to her knees and took out my cock. She licked it all around the rim and worked her way down the shaft. Working her way back up, she took me in her mouth, working to and fro.

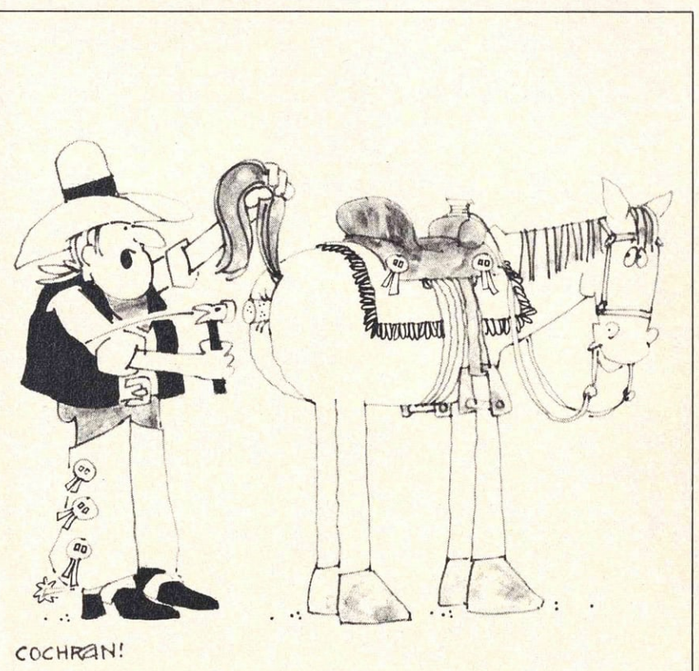
She did this for what seemed like an eternity and I could feel myself ready to explode, but she wasn't ready for that yet. She led me into the bedroom, and said: "Let's see if you really know how to use this nightstick!"

In the bedroom she took off all my clothes and slipped off her nightie. We were immediately on the bed, forcing our tongues in each other's mouth. I moved slowly to her tits and sucked, nibbled, and licked. With my tongue I worked my way to her pussy until she exploded in an orgasm.

I was ready for anything and suggested we 69 for a while. Soon I could feel myself ready to explode, and I knew there was no way she was going to stop me now. We rested for a time until I got another erection.

Without saying a word and with her smiling, I mounted her and drove deep. She let out a low moan that got louder and louder until we both came.

Misty said she was going to call the head of the company and recommend I get a bonus for performance above and beyond the call of duty. I have been back there on several occasions and have experienced many new things. — *Name and address withheld.*



"Sorry, pardner . . . new government pollution control regulations."

Lady Chatterly . . . revisited

For the past few years I have worked during uni holidays as gardener-handyman for a prominent family at their country home. The estate is huge and is used like a hotel by the many family members.

It is an ideal setup since, as part of my work, I am often asked to crew for them or take part in cricket and tennis when an extra body is required.

I was clearing and mulching flower beds one hot and humid afternoon. I was dripping sweat despite wearing only shorts, and since I hadn't noticed any activity around the big house, I felt it safe to take a quick dip in the pool to cool off.

As I rounded the corner of the pool house, I was already unzipping my shorts when I caught sight of Diana, the oldest daughter, who was in her mid-twenties, sunning on one of the poolside lounges.

Her deeply tanned, well-built body was clad in just a bikini bottom. The top lay on the deck beside her chair. Her firm, pink areolas seemed to stare accusingly at me as she lay with her eyes closed, soaking up the sun.

I had started to back off when I felt cold eyes sweep over me. Diana stared at me for a moment with a little frown. Then, with a lazy smile, she asked me what I wanted. She made no move to cover herself. I fought to keep my eyes on her face as I told her why I was there.

She told me the pool was mine to use, and when I hesitated, she told me to get a suit from the pool house if I was bashful. Rising to her challenge, in more ways than one, I stripped and dived into the cool water.

She suggested a cold drink, and I slowly swam to the end of the pool, watching her boob-bouncing walk toward the pool house. I pulled myself on to the deck and followed her into the cool, dim space. As I entered, I was treated to the sight of her practically bare bottom as she crouched before the bar fridge.

I padded up behind her and she swiftly stood, turned, and locked me in a tight embrace. She tilted her head, and our open mouths met. I disengaged, and steered her toward the bed in the corner.

I rid Diana of her suit and knelt above her, drinking in her lithe length. Letting my hands slide forward, I prepared to drown in the ice-blue pools of her eyes.

We settled into a side-by-side 69, and after her second heaving orgasm, I felt the urgent need to turn and enter her.

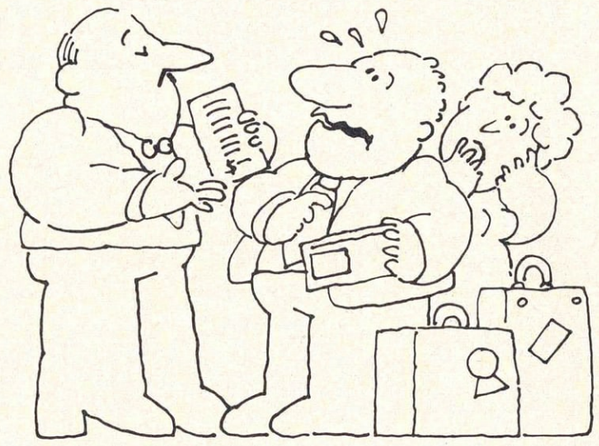
As I made this move, she suggested that I tie her up first, since it was a fantasy she really dug. I readily complied, getting the suspiciously available scarves from the table and securing her.

With that accomplished, I started to tease her with mouth and cock. She climaxed twice more before I entered her. I later changed the rhythm of my stroke while providing counterpoint with a change in the direction of thrust.

Finally, as nature took over the orchestration, we drove to a frenzied flooding crescendo, with Diana keening a high banshee wail while I accompanied her primitive song with a strong bass line.

What a way to make music! — *Name and address withheld.*

Try explaining in a foreign country that you can't pay the bill.



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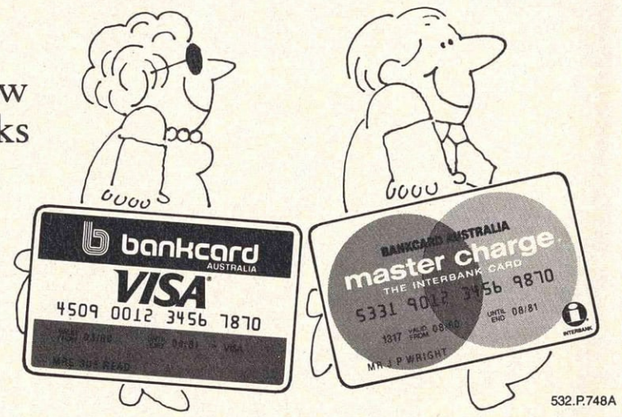

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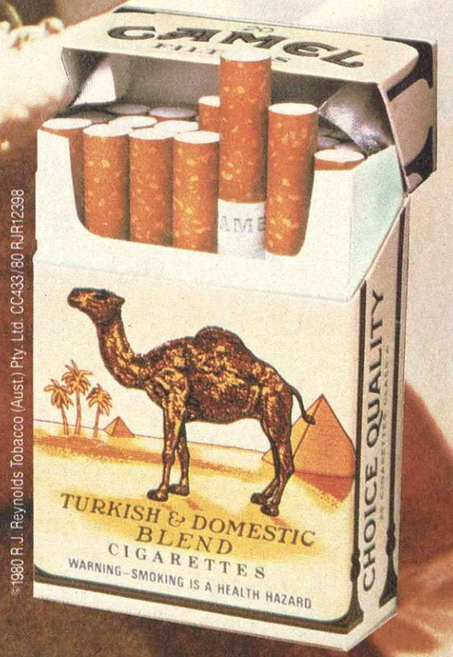

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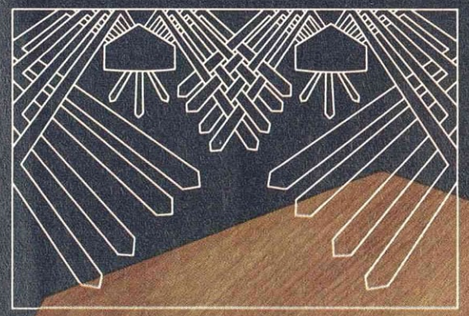

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Misrepresentation

The Fluoride Fallacy by Geoffrey Smith, published in the July edition, most seriously misrepresents fluoridation of water supplies as being a cancer hazard.

The facts point to the opposite conclusion; there is no valid indication that fluoridation of public water supplies causes cancer. This statement is based upon numerous studies by medical and scientific professionals, both prior and since the Yiamouyiannis-Burk hypothesis.

Your article quotes, among other things, Dr Burk's evidence before a Court in Pennsylvania. It did not go on to say that review of that evidence was found by the Pennsylvania Department of Health to be "unimpressive" and as a result no action was taken to discontinue fluoridation.

This view was confirmed by an independent Governors' Commission of Fluoridation for the State of Minnesota at which Dr Yiamouyiannis also gave evidence.

The distorted and biased view of the facts which suggest that fluoridation is other than a beneficial public health measure might well have been published out of ignorance of the real position. It is nevertheless most harmful to your readers who assume that magazines check the validity of their stories with informed sources prior to publication.

If *Penthouse* does wish to make a contribution to issues in cancer, it should stop accepting advertisements promoting cigarette smoking — a properly and well-established cancerous agent which accounts for a true epidemic of lung cancer death. — *Gordon Sarfaty, MD, Medical Director, NSW State Cancer Council.*

Forbidden subject

Congratulations to you and Dr Geoffrey Smith for tackling that forbidden subject, the harmful effects of artificial fluoridation (*Australian Penthouse,* July).

There is a great deal of ill-health in our community which goes untreated because the public, and our doctors, dentists and politicians are kept in ignorance. Something has gone very wrong when millions of dollars of taxpayers' money is spent promoting and distributing a drug which we are forced to use whether we want to or not.

Thank you for alerting the public to the dangers hidden in our drinking water; it is only with this knowledge that we will all be able to defeat artificial fluoridation. Congratulations also to Jo Anne Hook for her stunning illustration. — *John Webber, President, Safe Water Association of New South Wales.*

Eye-catching

Your July feature on *Caligula* was very pleasing to see, though I feel you did not totally succeed in explaining why the film has been banned here. The stills were all excellent, and the writing was, as usual, entertaining.

The interview with Bob Guccione was informative, and it was good to hear a number of honest gripes from a hard-working artist like himself. It is not often that we hear how difficult actors can be, but I do not underestimate how wearisome an actor could become while making a film such as *Caligula.*

The photography looks superb, and even the blood on page 97 seems genuine. Somebody certainly has an eye for artistic eroticism. I hope to hear a lot more about this movie, and possibly see it uncut if ye almighty censor permits. An excellent coverage of an eye-catching movie. — *M. Savage, Melbourne Victoria.*

First class

Your interview with Ron Barassi (*Australian Penthouse,* July) was first class. After reading it, I am convinced that Barassi would go well in politics. I agree wholeheartedly with his comments about the future of Australia and what is so badly needed in our society.

Unfortunately, most of our leading sportsmen don't give a damn about the country — they are only interested in the financial bonanza in sport today. It is nice to see a leading sportsman taking a lead in the promotion of a better Australian way of life. — *G.G. de Silva, East Brighton, Victoria.*

History lesson

While I have a great deal of admiration for what Bob Guccione has accomplished with *Penthouse,* and enjoyed your July issue immensely (it's probably your best yet), I must point out that his history is pretty ragged.

In the interview you published he states that his intention in making *Caligula* was to portray a "complex lifestyle that flourished before Christ and the Judaeo-Christian philosophy came into being".

Gaius Caesar Augustus Germanicus, *aka* Caligula ("Little Boots") was born in AD 12 and assassinated in AD 41. During the reign of his predecessor Tiberius, Jesus Christ was executed. Tiberius died in AD 37 after a full life of unspeakable debaucheries and persecuting the followers of a new religion which was running rampant, especially among many of the wealthy Roman matrons of the time: Christianity. — *D.B.A., Woollahra, NSW.*

MOANS & GROANS

Your July issue centrefold contains an obvious example of the type of "brilliant" photographers we have here in Australia.

On the ninth page of the photographic essay on Miss Tracey Wallace, not only do we have a photo of Miss Wallace but also the photographer.

Most of your shots are highly unimaginative. Surely you must be able to come up with better photographers from somewhere, even if you have to import them. — *R.G. Beechey, Balwyn, Victoria.*

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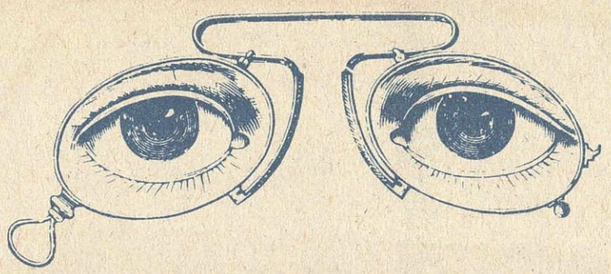


VIEW FROM THE TOP

RAYMOND DENNING ON THE RUN

Police searchers sprayed bullets into the bushes in which Raymond Denning hid for three days, the Grafton escapee claims in his own written account of his life on the run. In a vivid descripion of the manhunt, Denning says that his police hunters fired indiscriminately into the dense bush near Grafton in frustration at the end of each day's search. Several bullets lodged in the tree stump behind which he hid, Denning claims.

Denning's remarkable story is told in a handwritten, parchment paper manuscript delivered to the Sydney headquarters of Women Behind Bars, a prisoners action group. The handwriting matches that of his diary, also held by Women Behind Bars. A spokesperson for the group, Ms Wendy Bacon said the manuscript had been dropped on the doorstep during the night in much the same way a videotape recording of Denning, shown on the *60 Minutes* television program in June, had arrived. Ms Bacon said Women Behind Bars had had no direct contact with Denning.

Denning's story reflects the stress he has been under since he became the first prisoner to escape from the maximum security Grafton Jail on April 2. He tells of voices in the night and divine instruction which enabled him to survive the cold and elude his hunters. But he also reveals a pretty turn of phrase and a flair for the dramatic. He glosses over the details of his actual escape from the jail in a garbage truck but his description of his first outside encounter — with Senior Constable Terry Payne — is given screenplay treatment. Denning says he ran several kilometres, clad in joggers' uniform of T-shirt, shorts and running shoes, and stopped at a petrol station to ask for directions. Seeing a motorist getting back into his car, Denning asked for a lift. "Don't I know you?" said the motorist. Denning replied that he didn't think so. The man then asked his name.

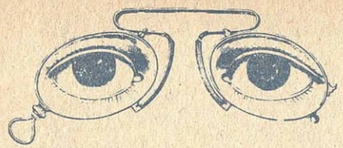
"Ray," said Denning.

"Not Ray Denning?" Denning froze, but recovered his wits in time to answer: "No, Ray Massey." Massey was a name his family had used when he was a kid in Nowra. Denning says that as he spoke he recognised the motorist as a policeman who had been involved in a court case the week before when Denning had charged prison officers with assault.

Shaken by the incident, Denning stripped off his shirt and ran his fastest for more than an hour. He expected to have three or four hours lead on the police before the alarm was sounded when he failed to appear at noon muster in the prison, but the motorist, Constable Payne, blew the whistle just after 9.30am, little more than an hour after his escape.

For Denning it was the beginning of a harrowing three days. He took to the bush and rubbed some pepper (he'd taken a plastic bag full of it with him) into his skin, believing that it would throw the dogs off his scent. With the police cordon closing in around him, he found a hiding place in a thicket and watched his pursuers walk past, guns at the ready. Denning says he could often hear their conversations, and noted their growing frustration as time went by. He says he was not surprised when they started firing into the bushes, and that only a miracle saved him from collecting a bullet.

At first, Denning says, he divided his time between several hiding places, collecting food — berries, lizards, roots — as he moved from bush to bush. But when the police helicopter, Polair One joined the search he remained hidden in the one place. He reasoned that he was fit enough to last up to two weeks without proper food, but he hadn't taken into account his need for water. And in his first desperate dash for freedom he had thrown away his shirt, so he had to face the night cold in only shorts and briefs. Denning says he was shivering uncontrollably in the damp bush on the first night when a mysterious voice told him to take off his shorts and wrap them around his shoulders. This, he says, made the nights bearable. After three days and nights he felt he could go on no longer, but the voice returned and



reminded him that "anything was better than the hell" he had endured in prison. On the fourth day the intensive search in the Grafton area was called off.

On April 10 a huge police dragnet spread out in the Blue Mountains, west of Sydney, after five people were arrested in a stolen panel van. Police were convinced that Denning had been the sixth person in the van and that he had managed to escape on foot. There were further alleged sightings as police and press descended on the mountain town of Blackheath. However, in his written account Denning denies that he was anywhere near the Blue Mountains at the time. "I was several hundred miles away," he says.

He describes the Blackheath manhunt as a massive police blunder caused by media fabrication and cites the incident as yet another example of the lies and distortions which he says he has suffered since he was found guilty of maliciously wounding a prison officer in 1974.

There are huge gaps in Denning's account of his life on the run which the escapee claims are necessary to protect those who have helped him, inside Grafton Jail and outside. He says he is now "living and working" in the Sydney area but refuses to say how he got there from Grafton. In a longwinded preamble to his story, Denning reiterates his series of demands on NSW Police Commissioner Lees, but seems to have backed down from his stance on *60 Minutes* when he indicated he would give himself up if that was what the public wanted. Denning says he now believes he has massive public support and will stay at large until there is a full-scale inquiry into his allegations about prison officer brutality and the falsification of police "verbals".

Denning says he is satisfied that the publicity he has attracted will further the cause of prison reform.

NSW's Public Enemy Number Two (Russell Cox, who escaped from Katingal while doing life for armed holdups, still holds down the number one spot) seems to have settled nicely into his role of latter-day Ned Kelly.

SCENES

BIER BARONS

They had to come, of course, in these days of increasing austerity — cardboard coffins. A Perth box manufacturer has produced a model (any color you like as long as it's brown) which is already attracting interest among local undertakers.

The utility coffin costs less than $20, compared with up to $500 for a posh oak casket, and although the sides and top are cardboard, it has a three-ply bottom to prevent unseemly accidents.

It has met with a particularly warm response from Mr Keith Russell, who earlier this year upset the undertaking Establishment in Perth by introducing a new and unconventional funeral service, carried out by staff in cheerful blue safari suits and costing a low, low $426.

Would people fight shy of such basic final accommodation? Not at all, says Mr Russell, who endears himself to higher-priced competitors by referring to them as the Bier Barons.

"That old convention about the more expensive the funeral, the greater the amount of love involved, is fading fast." he says.

"About time, too. If it were true, Al Capone would have been the best-loved character in history.

"At present we're using chipboard coffins, which cost $70 and look a lot dearer. However, loads of people would be happy with cardboard, or even less. We've had people coming to us asking to be buried in plastic garbage bags, though we've never done it . . ."

Mr Ralph Lang, spokesman for the box manufacturer concerned, has helped to lay at rest an apprehensive query from the WA division of the Australian Pensioners League.

"We really intended the coffin for cremations." he said. "However, it should be quite suitable for outside burials — as long as there isn't a long graveside peroration on a very rainy day . . ."

GETTING OUR PRIORITIES RIGHT

Millions of dollars are spent each year in Australia on research, but the priorities on the Government's grant list are, to say the least, bemusing. The Federal Government has made it known that when the grant for research into test tube births, being carried out at Melbourne's Royal Women's Hospital, runs out at the end of this year they might not give any more. The reason is that the research is not high on the government's list of priorities.

Carl Wood, the Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at Monash University, began the research 10 years ago and in 1973 became the chairman of a group of specialists interested in the project.

Having taken 10 years to achieve their first success, the researchers have the feeling they still have a lot to learn. Before their success they had more than their share of failure.

The difficulty is working out whether the Federal Government is just not interested in more Australians having babies or whether they take the sporting view that once you kick one goal the rest come easy.

Perhaps it's just that the Federal Government in its God-like stance is more interested in the basic origins of life.

At the same time the Government made known its disinterest in test tube babies it showed marked interest in contributing $15 million to a US project to build a new space telescope called Starlab. We were told Starlab would allow our scientists to see 10 times further into space than is now possible, detecting ultra-violet and visible radiation emitted billions of years ago, giving scientists a clearer picture of the fiery birth of the universe when matter was created and time began.

Those childless mothers who had pinned their hopes on a test tube baby will be glad to know their $15 million is going into something that will be such a help in their day-to-day lives.

It might be that a number of Australians are just too insensitive to the subleties of the scientific mind. They are just a little too selfish and want research to help them.

They would, for instance, be totally disinterested in the announcement by a group of researchers at Newcastle University that they had patented two compounds which had been shown to be effective in treating arthritis and other inflammatory diseases in rats, dogs and horses.

There is very little sympathy in Australia for arthritic rats.

That most silent of Australian research bodies, the CSIRO, is the master of researching the obscure. In the past they have perfected such things as testicle supports for stud sheep and systems for determining how far blowflies fly.

And they are still at it, researching away as though they lived in a different world from the rest of us.

All Australians will be pleased to know they are into the development and application of chemical-physical techniques and instruments in the fields of spectroscopy, mass spectroscopy and electron diffraction.

A little closer to our lives, the CSIRO division of Food research has a big program which is looking into the structure of the cell wall of bacterial spores, while another little group is doing a big number on finding out about senescence in plants.

We wish them all well and we are sure what they find out will be important for the country. But there is still no more direct human need than children for childless couples.

It would be a disaster if the Melbourne project was not moved back up the Government's list of priorities.

Flying business class: Qantas do it well.

TOP OF THE CLASS

Given that any long international flight is going to leave you feeling like a used tea-towel, what can you do to lessen the traumatic impact on your diurnal rhythms?

There are several helpful books on how to fight jet-lag, but probably the major effect is going to come from the class of travel you choose — which, apart from a few extra perks, essentially means how much space you can afford to buy.

Cheaper advanced purchase fares have opened up a new market for once-only travellers, but anyone who gets around the globe several times a year will pretty soon tire of economy class. Until recently that left first class — and what a mark of status it was within the company, when you were sent first class on a business trip — or the marginally more comfortable "business" sections usually carried in the front few rows of economy.

Over the past few years two things happened to ease the lot of the flying businessman: the enormous rise in fuel costs, which heated up competition for the full fare-paying passenger; and the realisation among company chiefs that almost no one could function efficiently for at least a day after a 28-hour flight, especially if they had been crammed into an economy seat next to a few restless children.

In response to these and other considerations, in July 1979 Qantas expanded its old QT business section into full business class travel — or "compromise class", if you like. It offered more room, better menus and better steward-passenger ratios than economy class at a price — 15 percent on top of the full economy fare — which company accountants outraged by first class fares could stomach.

The first business class services were run to the US and Japan, with 44 seats immediately behind first class. In May this year the new class was extended to the European routes, filling with 16 seats, the old first class upper deck lounge on the Boeing 747s. Reduced traffic on the European routes raised the surcharge to 20 percent, while recently hotter competition on the US run has dropped the surcharge for that route to five percent.

It has to be said that Qantas has done it well, especially on the European routes in the intimate atmosphere of the 16-passenger cabin.

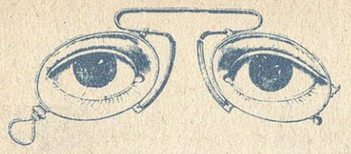
The seats are, as Qantas says, comparable to the first class chairs on some airlines and the extra few centimetres of leg room become more and more vital for comfort as the hours roll past.

All drinks are free and provided unstintingly, and the main difference between economy and business menus is having at least two choices at each meal.

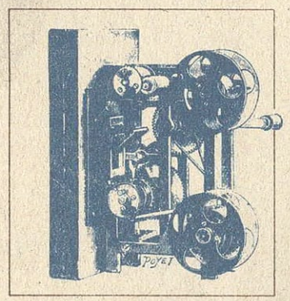
The food and presentation is not up to first class standard, and the seats aren't as comfortable as the new Qantas first class stretch-out sleeper seats, but settling back with a cognac to watch a movie in that 16-seat upper deck is an order of magnitude ahead of economy class.

As any traveller knows, getting on and off the plane can be more energy-sapping than the flight itself, so it was natural for Qantas to offer check-in and baggage handling priority when they set out to snare the business class fare. Business class travellers are also allowed individual access to the Captain's Club airport lounges.

While it's true that only about 2.5 percent of economy class passengers on the European routes pay the full rate, business class is financially satisfying because it is close to the economy fare and yet personally satisfying because the ambience is closer to first class — so close, that given an unlimited budget it would still be hard to justify the extra $1700 for first. At the time of printing the Sydney-London return air fares were economy $2952, business $3544, first $5222.



FILMS



FUNNY WAY TO DIE

All That Jazz, directed by the acknowledged distinctive talent of Bob Fosse, is anything but conventional. It's innovative, exciting, vibrant, fast-paced, indulgent and also unlike anything you've seen on screen in years. Perhaps the only film to which it may be compared, for style and technique, is *Cabaret,* the brilliant Academy Award-winning film directed by the same Mr Fosse.

Chain-smoking, heavy drinking Bob Fosse, gifted actor/dancer and a versatile film director, started in burlesque, worked his way slowly to the top, collected three wives (Mary Ann Niles, the late Joan McCracken and Gwen Verdon), a string of beautiful young lovers (including Jessica Lange), a teenage daughter, Nicole, and a massive heart attack five years ago.

That the main character of *All That Jazz,* Joe Gideon, is a successful stage and screen director with a talented singer/dancer ex-wife, a beautiful mistress and numerous svelte young ladies as lovers, has a lot to do with the fact that Fosse works out, confessionally, his death-obsessed autobiography in this musical comedy centred around his own death fantasies.

Joe Gideon is played by a nervously twitching, chain-smoking Roy Scheider, bearded and greying, and bearing more than a little resemblance to Fosse. It's a role Scheider has put his all into, and we get a versatile Scheider in a singing and dancing role that is perhaps the best thing he's done in his interesting acting career.

The second lead in *All That Jazz* is Death — portrayed by an angelic looking Angelique (Jessica Lange) dressed in a gossamer wedding gown, seducing Gideon throughout the entire length of the film.

Fosse's film weaves the reality of Gideon's personal life and all his women, with the play-in-the-making. At times both merge so far into the other that it's hard to know just where one begins and the other ends. But it doesn't matter, for the two are happily married in this hallucinatory extravaganza.

The opening scene sets the pace and the mood well. It's a scene which Fosse integrates several times throughout the film as a connective thread. It's an exceptionally effective effect. An eye fills the screen. A bleary red eye. Plop, plop, go the eye drops. Then the camera dolleys back to reveal the rest of the face ... a tired, lined, weary-looking face that's seen it all once too often. Two fizzy tabs plonked into a glass and swallowed in one gulp. A shower, a close-up of a hand reaching for the pep pills. A handful thrown into the mouth. Finally, a dressed, clear-eyed Gideon stands before a mirror saying, with a tentative smile: "It's show time, folks."

And it is ... for show business is all he knows, all he cares about, and no matter what, no matter who gets hurt — even his daughter — the show must go on.

Gideon is in the middle of editing a grossly over-budget film and starting rehearsals for his new play — a musical like no other — starring an ex-wife, Audrey (Leland Palmer doing a great Gwen Verdon impression) and his new female interest Victoria (Deborah Geffner).

As the show's rehearsals progress, Gideon is in pain, a pain that he will not acknowledge, but one that persists. He continues on, this workaholic, with his many women, his frantically paced dance sequences, and his dreamy conversations with the very seductive Death, until he has a heart attack. Sound familiar?

As Gideon's impressionistic dance and song tribute to death, we see him stand beside his own bedside, talking to the strapped, tubed and life-support systemed Gideon, directing the "Anxiety Dream Sequence ... Old Friends Take One, Take Two, Take Three". Unfolding under Fosse's hand, is the musical show Gideon directs for himself, a bed-ridden and dying man. Done in Busby Berkeley/Astaire and Rogers style, it features numbers like Some Of These Days, There'll Be Some Changes Made and Who's Sorry Now?

This is where *All That Jazz* is innovative cinema at its peak, evoking the most selective of musical comedy and satire on death yet to be screened, along with the intriguing dance sequences that are picturesque in the extreme — choreographed by Fosse. Add an extremely workable script (by Fosse with the late Robert Alan Arthur), and you have a film with many witty and amusing lines that skilfully play up the characters' many foibles.

And while the script admirably executes comic timing — it does have one major fault. It never fully explains what drives Gideon to be a womanising workaholic. Not that this hurts the overall achievement of turning the subject of death into a musical comedy.

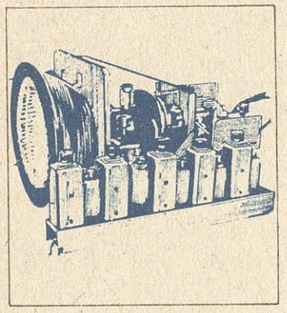
Even though at times the film is self-indulgent and perhaps egotistical in assuming that the public would be interested in seeing the director's life and fantasies worked out on the big screen, it is nevertheless a brave thing to do. It took courage to reveal that much of one's private self to strangers.

Bob Fosse said in a recent interview: "I think it's the best thing I've ever done, but I don't know how good it is."

All That Jazz scooped four Academy Awards, as well as the prestigious Golden Palm at the Cannes Film Festival. — *Alex Anthony.*

Roy Scheider in a singing, dancing role.

TV



PICK-A-QUIZ

For today's sermon on the state of Australian television, let us turn to page 549 of *The World Book Dictionary* and peruse the definition of the word *deja vu.* The quotation reads: "Recognition of something already seen or known; tiresome familiarity."

We will follow this with a dozen Hail Kerry's!

For it is Kerry Packer and his Nine Network who are now exploring the true meaning of *deja vu* by bringing to the small screen the nightly quiz show, *The Sale of the Century.*

Not only has this program been seen before using the title of *Temptation,* it has taken the name under which it first appeared in America two decades ago. This proves, if proof is needed, that Australian television is running around in ever diminishing circles and will one day disappear up its own rear orifice. Hopefully.

The Greatest Sale of the Century was transplanted from America in the early Seventies, changed its name to *Temptation,* and later *Great Temptation,* and was compered by a chubby former advertising person called Tony Barber.

The show has returned under its old title, and with Mr Barber still posing the frequently trite questions. Nothing else is altered, except the number of flashing lights on the set and the amount of prizes, which now includes yachts and cars (a Mercedes, no less) with a total value of $64,000.

What troubles me about *The Sale of the Century* is that it might be successful, thus provoking other TV networks into producing similar tiresome programs. Knowing the lack of originality that has made dry creekbeds out of the corridors of power in studios, this fear is not without foundation.

And it is happening at a time when I thought, possibly naively, that quiz shows were a thing of the past, that the answering of remarkably simple questions for rich rewards belonged to a less sophisticated age.

The only other program on commercial television with this depressing formula has been *Family Feud,* which is less a quiz show than an exercise in bad manners. (I do not include the splendid *Mastermind* on ABC, which ended a couple of months ago. I find something tremendously appealing in a contestant who has made his life's work the study of, say, Queen Victoria's sex habits 1871-73 or possibly the polypide structure of the Cyclostomata if not the Phylactolaemata.)

It was not that long ago that Australian television was besotted with quiz shows. They sprouted like politicians' promises at election time, and were equally as empty and offensive.

There was *Concentration* with Terry Dear, *It Could Be You* with Tommy Hanlon, *Tic Tac Dough* with Chuck Faulkner, *Spending Spree* with Jimmy Hannan, *The Moneymakers* with Phillip Brady, *Three On A Match* with Bob Moore and *Play Your Hunch* with someone I cannot remember and have no wish to think about.

The rash of quiz shows was so infectious that even one with a rock and roll format called *Long Play,* and compered with Ronnie Burns, was launched on a sated public. Fortunately, it gave the public acute indigestion and ended rapidly in a burp. But still the stations tried. A show lasting an hour, called *Split Second,* was produced amid boasts that it gave away three cars each screening. Featuring Ken James, who until then had done little more than play leading man to a kangaroo in *Skippy,* it proved that one hour was too long to hold the attention of those who watch quiz shows. Which surprised no one. Except the television executives responsible.

More questions for Tony Barber.

The worst quiz show was *The Price is Right,* compered by a large disc jockey called Garry Meadows. It consisted mostly of contestants trying to guess the cost of a confusing array of goods, from plastic owls to ocean cruises. And all the time the studio audience reacted with an hysteria not unlike a Cecil B. de Mille version of the mob at the Coliseum, with Mr Meadows playing the part of Nero.

I still sometimes wonder about that show; flip through the catalogue in my mind to ensure it really existed and was not the result of a bad acid trip or a nightmare caused by eating too much Stilton.

I must confess I was reasonably entertained by two quiz shows that rated well in their day, namely *Pick-a-Box* and the *$6000* (later *$7000*) *Question.* The great attraction of *Pick-a-Box* was not Bob Dyer, but some of the contestants who became personalities in their own right, including Barry Jones who would cheerfully and determinedly argue if he thought a question was wrong, caring not one whit from which authorative reference book it came.

The *$6000* (or *$7000*) *Question* provided a measure of entertainment because contestants were given questions from their own special category, in much the same way as *Mastermind* operates. It was also fascinating for the fact that compere Roland Strong always looked extremely uncomfortable, even embarrassed, as though his underpants were too tight.

Pick-a-Box, which threatens to return to the screen under the command of Bert Newton, and the *$6000* (or *$7000*) *Question* had a smattering of class. Not so the ones that followed.

And to find the reasons one has to go back to the days when television did not exist (Yes, Cheryl-Anne, there were such days). On Sydney radio station 2CH a young man by the name of Reg Grundy ran a quiz show in which he spun what is generally known as a chocolate wheel. He called it the *Wheel of Fortune.*

After a tiff with 2CH, he took the wheel to Channel Nine in Sydney. From that beginning, he became the major producer of quiz shows in Australia, and

then went on to make *The Young Doctors, The Restless Years* and *Prisoner.*

And, of course, his latest effort, *The Sale of the Century.*

Mr Grundy's history possibly explains much about the present state of television. And gives weight to the truism, that the only predictable thing in Australian TV is its predictability. — *Neal Akerman.*

SOUNDS

DON'T QUESTION MIRACLES

After so many years and so many albums the ***Rolling Stones*** are really beyond review. Dylan found God and gave the herd something new to analyse. The Stones have found creature comforts and formularised rock and roll. There is little to report. *Emotional Rescue* (EMI) is about as good as *Some Girls,* almost as good as *Black And Blue* and nowhere near as good as say, *Sticky Fingers.* And so what? That they are still recording is a miracle in itself, and we don't question miracles.

Emotional Rescue is slow to start, the lapse into boogie on Summer Romance, the second cut, the first indication that this is the greatest rock and roll band in the history of the world we are listening to. Send It To Me is a nice enough reggae of the kind that Jagger has popularised since he became matey with Peter Tosh, and Indian Girl, which closes side one, is more or less The Girl With The Faraway Eyes revisited, which is fine by me. But I must confess I flipped the record still waiting for something to blow me off my chair.

I waded through Where The Boys Go (Stones go Clash), and Down In The Hole (Stones go Taj Mahal) before the title track pulled me back from the mental abyss. Jagger's effective high-pitched wail is offset by the fine sax of Bobby Keys. Somewhere between disco and funk, but it works.

Then She's So Cold — a full bore, bad-arsed ball-tearer of a song which is ironically the hottest piece of the set. And All About You for closers — a ballad in the best Stones tradition. Sax, piano and a good feel.

The cover art (thermographic photos by Roy Adzak, we are informed) does nothing for me, and I am left with the slightly uncomfortable feeling that it is a fair pointer to the music on *Emotional Rescue* — art for art's sake, money for God's sake.

Jackson Browne is an island in a sea of musical change. *Hold Out* (Asylum) is not as good as *The Pretender,* but it will not lose him one single fan. Jackson understands his stylistic limitations better than most musicians, and he plays his heart out within them.

Aided and abetted here by the usual team of good old Hollywood session boys — David Lindley, Russ Kunkel, Bob Glaub, Bill Payne, Danny Kortchmar — he works his way through a series of piano-led, steel guitar-bridged ballads which say nothing new about life, art or love, but sure are easy on the ear. Boulevard, which could be construed as the rocker of the set, is to my mind the only failure; Of Missing Persons, a tearjerker about Jackson's late mate, Lowell George, is my favorite. Okay, I'm a sentimental old fart getting dangerously close to 30 — but then, so are most of Jackson's fans.

The Stones just keep on keeping on.

Opera Sauvage (Atlantic) is yet another sure-to-be-ignored offering from that amazing multi-instrumentalist, ***Vangelis Papathanassiou.*** Apparently the soundtrack of a French television series of the same name, *Opera* was recorded in 1978 and the early part of '79, but has only now been released here, presumably in response to the airplay Short Stories (with vocalist Jon Anderson) has been receiving. This one is all Vangelis — superb, laidback coffee and liquers music.

The Angels, talented as they are, seem to have almost missed the bus here in Australia. The Mentals are madder, Chisel is heavier, Jimmy and The Boys are more shock-horror and bands like The Reels and The Radiators are Waver. *Dark Room* (CBS) is nonetheless a fine album, true to the band's hard-edged rock roots but featuring an instrumental subtlety missing from most of *Face To Face* and *No Exit.* Doc Neeson still demands to be heard at full volume, but on tracks like Face The Day and The Moment he also insists on concentration. I don't know where this band is taking us, but it looks like it could be an interesting ride.

Funky kidstuff rock and roll from Mental As Anything.

The infectious charm of Sydney band ***Mental As Anything*** is probably somehow related to the desire in all of us to return to the schoolyard and sing malicious ditties at all those bastards who studied hard and now drive Volvos and live in triple-fronted brick veneerials. The Mentals play that sort of funky kidstuff rock and roll. *Expresso Bongo* (Regular) is possibly rockier than last year's *Get Wet,* but just as basic. The Mentals have made the two-minute song their own, and they do it very well.

Lyrics are stripped to bare essentials, the boys plough straight into two verses and two choruses, back through the lot again and out in style before you can count to 120. Great dance music and also not three bad for sitting back with a marguerita on a Saturday night wondering where your youth went.

Like Jackson Browne (reviewed elsewhere in these pages), ***Richard Clapton*** has developed a style of music which stands apart from considerations of fashion. Since 1973's *Prussian Blue,* Clapton has thrown in a moog here and a sax solo there and perhaps depersonalised his lyrics a little, but nothing else has changed. And nor it should. He is the consummate singer-songwriter, spinning tales of hard times and lost loves, and weaving moods of black despair and occasionally faint hope. Richard Clapton is always standing at an airline gate with his heart in his hands, or was it drunk on the Palm Beach road with the cars whizzing past?

Dark Spaces (Festival) is another chapter in the poor man's painfully slow progression to the grave. But, black as it is, the album inspires hope in this reviewer — hope that Clapton will continue to torture himself and delight his listeners for years to come. Get Back To The Shelter is the best song, and Tony Buchanan's sax solo on High Society the nicest moment.

Underneath all the glitter Freddie Mercury's ***Queen*** has a talent for fine, raw rock and roll. Fortunately, as the band gets older and further removed from its mod roots, the rock element is holding sway over the dramatic keyboards and pretty vocal harmonies.

The Game (Elektra) covers all bases, but most of the home runs are hit on the simple, hard driving tracks like Crazy Little Thing Called Love. Released as a single some time ago, this number deservedly made it to the top of the charts and is the best cut on *The Game* — the best thing Queen has done in ages and, in all probability, the best hit of rockaboogie to emerge from London's W2 since Dave Clark did Glad All Over. — *Phil Jarratt.*

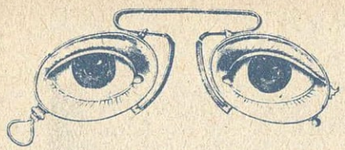
Instrumental subtlety from The Angels.

Ry Cooder has put together a predominantly acoustic collection of material for the Warner Bros soundtrack album of *The Long Riders,* yet another movie of the infamous exploits of the James-Younger gang. He has welded traditional forms, such as country blues, old timey fiddle music and front porch gospel, to craft this "days of the wild west" set. Cooder's tasteful, clever picking and slide style is more subdued here, but no less interesting than usual. David Lindley, whose fiddle and lap steel are featured throughout the album, used chord zither to great effect on one cut, Leaving Missouri.

Clever playing from Cooder, the guitar wizard.

There are, in fact, a lot of interesting sounds on the album, and the touch of tongue-in-cheek humor on some tracks does not suffer from not having seen the film.

After playing ***Al Jarreau's*** *This Time* (Warner Bros) for the hundreth time (according to the other member of the household), it still has the magic that captivated me on the first playing. In a superb collection by this jazz singer-songwriter, the stand-out cuts are Chick Corea's Spain (with words by Maren and Jarreau) and Alonzo. Cover pictures by Richard Avedon are a bonus. — *Carol Ashdown.*



WORDS

GREAT PICTURE

Environmental artist Christo wrapping up part of the NSW coastline in 1969; a sad-eyed, black-garbed migrant grandmother arriving in Australia from behind the Iron Curtain; the young Mick Jagger on stage; a tree which seemingly has no beginning and no end; a bunch of good old boys propped at the bar at the Betoota races in Queensland. These are some of the images of Australia portrayed in ***David Moore*** (Richmond Hill Press, $12.95), the first in a paperback series called *Contemporary Photographers: Australia*. Sydney-born Moore has enjoyed greater fame overseas than in Australia (his work has graced the pages of such magazines as *Look*, *Life* and *National Geographic*) but his vision is distinctly Australian.

The photos which make up the second volume of the series, ***Athol Shmith***, are as far removed from Moore's architectural framing as it's possible to get, but the portrait work of the veteran Melbourne photographer provides a fascinating insight into the changing styles of the art form over the past four decades.

Both volumes include critiques and short biographies of the artists, making them a must for students of photography and a pleasant — and relatively cheap — indulgence for those of us who simply like to look at great pictures.

A sceptic by dint of personality and professional training, I have been a convert to the wonders of oriental medicine since the day, a couple of years ago, when a man called Dean Rainer solved such problems as shingles, stress, catatonic depression and fear of impending bankruptcy by magically sticking needles behind my ear. Acupuncture worked for me, and I have no doubt that naturopathy, herbalism, homeopathy and iridology work for others.

Most doctors, of course, will deny this and send you away with a script for antibiotics and an invitation to visit again . . . soon. Well aware of this tendency in the medical profession, Sydney journalist Helen Townshend has independently published a comprehensive, no-nonsense guide to alternative health therapies. ***Where To Go When Your Doctor Can't Help*** (Medipress, $11.95) is an invaluable little book. It doesn't preach and it doesn't promote anything as a cure-all. It simply lists the many and varied alternatives to mindless pill-popping. Unfortunately, for those of us who will try anything rather than give up the booze, Ms Townshend's work is so far available only on mail order from Medipress, 28 Wrights Road, Drummoyne, 2047 (post and packaging inclusive).

More specific but no less accessible is former ad man Geoff Pike's book about oriental breathing exercises, ***The Power Of Ch'i*** (Bay Books, $7.95). The aforementioned Dean Rainer speaks rather highly of Ch'i on the book's back cover, which is why I overlooked the Roma Blair graphics and read it. To my very great surprise I enjoyed Pike's account of his duel with cancer and his discovery of the ancient Chinese art of correct breathing. Unless you're hooked on Eastern wisdom, I doubt that Ch'i will inspire you to change your way of life. It may, however turn you on to the notion that people who make it into three figures and can still run around the block must know something. — *Phil Jarratt.*

Are wrecks of a Phoenician trireme and a 12th Century Chinese junk waiting to be explored in West Australian waters? Alan Robinson, Australia's most successful treasure hunter, says they are — the first off the Dampier Archipelago, the second in Exmouth Gulf. If he is right, and he claims he can prove it, our known history would take a different twist and be pushed back nearly 2500 years.

But Robinson has no intention of divulging any more information on his finds — at least until there are profound changes in our laws relating to wrecks and their contents. He tells why in a bitterly-written autobiography, ***Treasure is Not for the Finder*** (Alan Robinson, $15.95) which explains how an expert diver can get into very deep water when he comes ashore.

Most sagas of sunken treasure end like love stories. After many vicissitudes the hero latches firmly on to boodles of bullion instead of an armful of pulchritude and lives happily ever after. According to Robinson, it isn't like that. Finding the treasure is where the trouble begins, not ends; for although he has shown near-suicidal courage and enterprise in tracking down the stuff, he has been remarkably unsuccessful in hanging on to it.

He puts the blame on bullying bureaucracy — which, he claims, not only deprived him of millions of dollars' worth of salvage but harassed his family for years and bundled him into jail before a High Court hearing found in his favor.

After years of virtually solo campaigning for a fair go, Robinson is at last receiving some public support. In a foreword to the book, the president of the WA Council for Civic Liberties, Brian Tennant, describes him as a victim of "the bastardry of bureaucracy". Tennant adds: "The Commonwealth, which converted State legislation into the 1976 Shipwrecks Act, must give wreckfinders the rightful recognition and full recompense which is common practice in other countries." — *Dennis Hancock.*

The portraiture of Shmith: Judy Garland, 1964.

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Within his own party, the alternative prime minister's dedication to reason is seen as his greatest electoral drawback.

THE THOROUGHLY REASONABLE, RATIONAL, BORING BILL HAYDEN

BY OWEN THOMSON

Bill Hayden tells the joke against himself with obvious boyish relish. He laughs in a way nobody has ever seen him laugh on television — animated, his hands gesticulating, his face beaming. "I was a young copper up north," Hayden says. "I had just started and I went into the pub and there was this barmaid. Coppers seem to have a thing with barmaids and she took to me. Anyway, she says would I like to go for a picnic on Saturday afternoon, just the two of us down by the river. I had nothing to lose so off I went with her to the bank of the river for the picnic on Saturday afternoon. So every Saturday it becomes a regular thing. Lunch, then nature takes its course beside the river. Suddenly being a cop wasn't all that bad."

Then Hayden gets to the punchline and beams even more: "It was some time before I found out that the local SP bookie was paying her to have lunch with me to keep me out of the pub so he could run his book every Saturday."

It turns out that there is a whole collection of Bill Hayden jokes, the Great Unwritten Bill Hayden Joke Book, in fact. You also discover that other people tell Bill Hayden jokes. Always his friends, never his critics. His critics would not like the jokes. Hayden always emerges from them as a simple, well meaning young bloke (none are about his later life) who falls victim of his own inexperience or the guile or stupidity of others. He is not as sad or whimsical as Chaplin, but at least as well meaning.

The joking Bill Hayden seems to have little in common with the man Australians have heard or seen a thousand times complaining his way point by tedious point through a statement from Malcolm Fraser. This is a man any person of goodwill would like. Some of the Hayden jokes are long and have the air of a folk legend with little moral asides, flashes of local color and a point that becomes lost in the characters. Like, The Man Who Didn't Get Away, another of Bill Hayden's stories about a blind cop in the cane fields:

"Horses are a nuisance up there. They get into the crop and eat the cane, so whenever a horse was caught the owner would deny he owned it because the damages bill would be more than the horse was worth. One time this bloke picked up a horse and he thought, well, bugger it, and slapped a brand on it and put it to work. Then a young fellow turned up and claimed it was his horse.

"It was a thoroughbred and was worth an extraordinary amount of money. He lodged a complaint so I had to go down and get the man who had the horse.

"It was at a place called Flaggy Rock and I had to go by steam train and thumb a ride out to see him. So I picked this bloke up and I had to borrow his utility to take him in. We finally got to the station and I had to arrange a court, which meant two local JPs.

"Such is the supreme independent and impartial quality of justice that I got out the criminal code and showed one of the JPs the section the bloke had been charged under and I said, 'Look, it's a pretty trivial thing, you just give him a lecture and put him on a bond and tell him if he does this sort of thing again he'll be in real trouble.'

"The independence of the court had to be preserved so we held it underneath the police station, which was a house up on stumps. I went up to the cell to get this bloke and he's white and languid and wide-eyed, a real mess. It turns out a big

snake had crawled through his cell and he'd been screaming and we hadn't heard him.

"I got him into court but he was not in good shape. Then the silly old JP read the wrong section of the act and told the bloke he was liable for 14 years imprisonment! It was too much for the bloke and he fainted on to the floor."

The story is not up to the best of Henry Lawson, but then I hadn't gone to Ipswich, about 30 kilometres west of Brisbane, to collect bush ballads. I wanted to find out why Bill Hayden thought he would make an alternative prime minister of Australia. And listening to his stories proved to be the most revealing window he opened to his past.

Hayden lives in Ipswich, which really means his wife Dallas and two of his three children live there. He is a politician of great ambition and drive and is rarely at home. This time he was spending two days there between the end of a Parliamentary session and the start of a Labor Party conference. And all the time he was working.

He was on the phone, or reading, or telling Bill Hayden jokes so that people could understand him better. But he was doing it in a context in which Australians rarely, if ever, see him. He was at his home and he was in Queensland.

Most people appear more human in their homes, but being in Queensland the surreal backdrop to those Bill Hayden stories, is another thing entirely.

Consider this: I take my lunch at the Park Royal Motel in Brisbane while waiting for the Ipswich train. A shop opposite the motel rents bicycles. Suddenly a police car screeches to a stop at the footpath in front of the bicycle shop. A boy is riding a bike on the footpath and a cop leaps out and grabs him. The cop holds the boy and the bike lies on the footpath. Within seconds another cop car pulls up behind the first and two more cops, plainclothed this time, get out and talk to the boy. The cops put the boy in the back of the first police car and it drives off, leaving the bike on the footpath.

What's going on? Perhaps they have just broken up a gang of international bicycle thieves. Perhaps the boy was chewing gum while in charge of a bike.

I have to ask the man in the bicycle shop. "He was riding on the footpath," the man says. "There's a lot of it around and they're trying to stamp it out."

Hayden insists there is nothing different about Queensland and there's nothing different about being a Queenslander.

"Bjelke Petersen started all this division," he said. "He wants to make it a 'them-against-us' situation. The little Queenslander against the rest of Australia. This might suit him as a local politician but it's just not right. I am an Australian. I stand for Australia."

But later when we discussed his friendship with the Defence Minister, Jim Killen, I suggested they got on because they were both bushwackers.

"Both Queenslanders," Hayden corrected. "That's not quite the same as saying we are Neanderthal men reincarnated, but some people might think so."

But he *is* sensitive about Queensland. It shows in the way he defends the Queensland Police. I suggested they were not the most well thought of police in Australia.

"I know they're not," said Hayden. "But I can only say what I know of them. When I was in the Queensland Police I worked with some very fine people, with men who were as straight as a gun barrel.

"It's not the cops so much as the way the State Government handles them. There is a chap I worked with years ago who retired recently as an inspector. He told me it was quite bloody terrible the way Bjelke Petersen used the police in the demonstrations. A lot of the cops did not want to be involved and would stand back, but there will always be some enthusiasts in any force who just welcome the opportunity to work out their own frustrations and personality complexes. Unfortunately that's what happens. I think there's a need for more discipline in the Queensland Police force."

> His background and personality are such that Hayden must find a rational solution to every crisis of conscience.

Even his most severe critics do not deny that a sense of conscience hangs over everything Hayden does. His background and personality are such that he must find a rational solution to every crisis of conscience. According to his biographer, Dennis Murphy, reader in History at the University of Queensland, Hayden's childhood had a strong effect on him.

He was born in Brisbane in 1933, the eldest of four children of Violet and William George Hayden, an Irish American who jumped ship in Australia soon after World War I. Hayden senior worked as a piano tuner but fell a victim of the depression and did not get a real job until he lied about his age and joined the Australian Army during World War II.

Bill Hayden is reluctant to talk about his childhood. He becomes moody and his voice takes on a formal quality that shows he objects to being pushed on the subject. He has to be led to agree that there was some unhappiness in his home and his father did drink. He will say no more.

Did the tribulations of his childhood have a marked effect on his life?

His answer is blunt: "Anyone who is mature and in a responsible position in public or private life who feels that is being somewhat self-indulgent, and I don't think that is a quality that ought to be encouraged."

But he was brought up in a house with no books to read and is now a most diligent reader. Was he deprived?

"There is no sadness about such a thing or a need for sentimentality," says Hayden. "Its just a matter of making up for lost opportunity. It affects a great number of households still today and that's why I am so interested in an arts policy.

"It is vitally important that children from working class homes have equal opportunity to become engaged in creative arts and creative expression within the education system."

Hayden's father took him out of a Catholic school and sent him to a State school. He left at 15 and joined the State public service as a clerk — he wanted security.

When he was 20, his father died and the main burden of supporting the family fell on Bill.

He left the public service and joined the police force because he got full adult pay after doing the basic training.

For what he did in the police force you have to refer mainly to the Bill Hayden jokes, but there was more. He started catching up on his reading.

"They had a thing called reserve duty where you got paid for sitting there all night. I joined the library and began reading quite indiscriminately. An old copper came down one night with a book under his arm and said to me: 'You want to get into the classics, like Burroughs' Tarzan. Bloody good stuff'.

"I wasn't too keen on Tarzan, but I started looking for what I really wanted to read."

In 1961 Hayden won the Federal seat of Oxley which has the coal mining city of Ipswich at its eastern tip and, in those days, spread out into a rural hinterland in the west. Labor had not held it since 1906 but Hayden wrested it from a sitting Liberal minister.

There was a national swing to Labor in '61, but it alone was not enough to give Hayden the seat. He earned it by going out and getting onside with all the farmers whom both Labor and the Liberals had ignored for years. The seat has become more urban since, but the

Sevruga? I asked. No thanks, I'll have the taramasalata. Rye? I tried. No thanks, only drink champagne. Music? I queried. Marantz? she countered. Yes, I sighed with relief. In that case, she said, we agree. I don't care for your taste in caviar or booze, but I like a man who listens to his music in style. What would you like to hear? I ventured. Marantz and the rustling of satin sheets — she kicked off her shoes and curled into the couch.

It's the Rhapsody 800. What? she asked. The hi-fi, I said. Oh, tell me about it. Well, I started, the Receiver is the Marantz SR800 AM/FM, plenty of power, dual function AM/FM tuning meter and switching for 2 pairs of speakers. That's nice, she said.

I went on — the turntable is belt-drive auto-return, (so am I, she said) has an AC synchronous motor, (so have I, she said) and damped cue control tone arm with anti-skate. The cassette deck naturally has Dolby Noise Reduction and a Super Hard Permalloy head for both performance and durability. Mmm — I like Marantz, she said.

Then, there's the speakers. Yes, she said — handle 65 watts per channel, 3-way infinite baffle design. Exciting and accurate sound. How do *you* know? I asked. Well, I chose the Rhapsody 800 for myself, she smiled — simply because it's the best in the price range, and I liked it.

Do we have an agreement then? I asked. Yes, she smiled again,

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farmers still remember him and his grip on the electorate has grown.

In 1963 he began an economics degree at the University of Queensland. He wanted to do law but chose economics because he was struck by how ignorant members on both side of the house were of it.

At the same time he was attracted to the Labor left. He wanted reform, he wanted it quickly and he wanted it to affect everybody. Now he's back in the centre.

"It is not an unexpected or unhealthy tendency to see all the wrongs of society and want to fix them up in a hurry. As you get more experience you see that the situation is not just one of sharp contrasts between black and white, there are gradations," Hayden said.

"You also have to have public support for what you do. Often the people who will most benefit from what you want to do will initially resist it the most. When I first went into parliament I had not developed full political maturity."

The influences which have shaped Hayden are many and varied. He remembers as a child, going to Dutton Park in Brisbane where people lived in tin shacks they had built during the depression. And, as a member of a Labor family in a working class area, he could not help looking up to Labor heroes.

"I can remember quite clearly the day of John Curtin's funeral. The burial service was being broadcast, and, where we lived lots of houses were jammed up close together. I could hear the women all crying. It is still clear to me."

More recently Hayden fell under the spell of Dr Max Poulter, a senior lecturer in education at the Queensland University, who was elected as a Labor senator in 1961 but died of cancer in 1962.

"Poulter was a big influence on me," says Hayden. "I met him when I wanted to study and he struck me as an outward going, very masculine, very impressive sort of chap who was on the one hand an academic, and on the other, a practical, sound sort of a person. In many ways he influenced me to persevere with my studies."

But there has never been *one* great figure in Hayden's life.

"The greatest motivation has always come from Bill Hayden," he says, in a confession which surprises those who have observed the man, no matter how casually.

He is the least megalomanic of politicians. Compared with Malcolm Fraser and his Labor predecessor, Gough Whitlam, he is almost repressed.

But Hayden will not concede this, preferring to tell a story about Gough Whitlam. "I remember when we won the election in 1972," says Hayden. "Whitlam's sister said at the time that one of the greatest influences on Gough's life had been Napoleon. I thought, 'What have we here?' But later I picked up Cronin's biography of Napoleon and got quite a surprise to find that Napoleon is a very impressive man. He was an arrogant little tyrant at times, but he was also a brilliant lawyer and a brilliant innovator of military tactics and strategy. He created a whole new concept of warfare and inspired a whole nation. These are not unimportant things."

The reasonable way in which Hayden, a self-declared and dedicated democratic socialist, can explain the virtues of a man a lot of socialists consider one of the most ruthless butchers Europe has ever known points to the most enigmatic facet of his character.

Hayden believes in reason as the main tool of the civilised man.

It does not worry him that there is a world-wide industry creating politicians to fill roles and convey images which

> Often the people who will most benefit from what you want to do will initially resist it the most.

party bosses and political strategists say are needed. Hayden does not want to use emotion and sentiment to win elections. He wants to explain his platform point by point, in calm, reasonable terms, to every voter.

Within his party his dedication to reason is seen as his greatest electoral drawback.

What he sees as logical, detailed explanation, many see as whining. Others, particularly his opponents say he is simply boring, droning on in a monotone when he should be whipping up emotion.

Hayden even lets his love of reason form his attitude to the threats to his leadership from within his own party. He says that Bob Hawke has a perfect right — even an obligation if he feels he should do it — to challenge him as leader.

"Hawke has made it clear that at the appropriate time he certainly will be seeking leadership of the party," says Hayden.

"That would be the aspiration of a number of other people and it would be a perfectly legitimate one. I do not like to use the word 'threat' about these people, it gives the wrong connotation. I would expect Paul Keating to feel that even though there might not be a prime minister's bat in his parliamentary briefcase he could at least expect to be Leader of the Opposition.

"There are other people too — Ralph Willis, Chris Hurford and Mick Young all stand out and it is not inappropriate that they have this sort of ambition. Lionel Bowen is another one who could make a perfectly authentic claim."

To the suggestion that men like Whitlam and Fraser took the view that they were not to be challenged, Hayden can only answer with another reasonable response.

"I'm not saying that these Labor men I have named are better than me," he said. "I am only saying they have the right to challenge me and it is a key aim of our party to protect that right."

The same reason prevails when he extolls the virtues of his enemies. Hayden admits that in his mind not all the Government members are bad.

"I've got an enormous respect for the Treasurer, John Howard," he said. "First of all there is his integrity. It is the general view of the Opposition that he will not tell lies in a debate in the House just to make a point.

"Despite this he's a tough debater and he's got guts. He'll get up and defend his team no matter how difficult the brief. He's also a very decent bloke to talk to personally and has a very pleasant wife. We've found them good company the few times we've crossed them socially."

Hayden is not so glowing in his praise of the Foreign Affairs Minister, Andrew Peacock, but it is still reasoned praise.

"Peacock and I talk quite often," Hayden said. "We have had some helpful exchanges privately. I think I've helped him as well as him helping me."

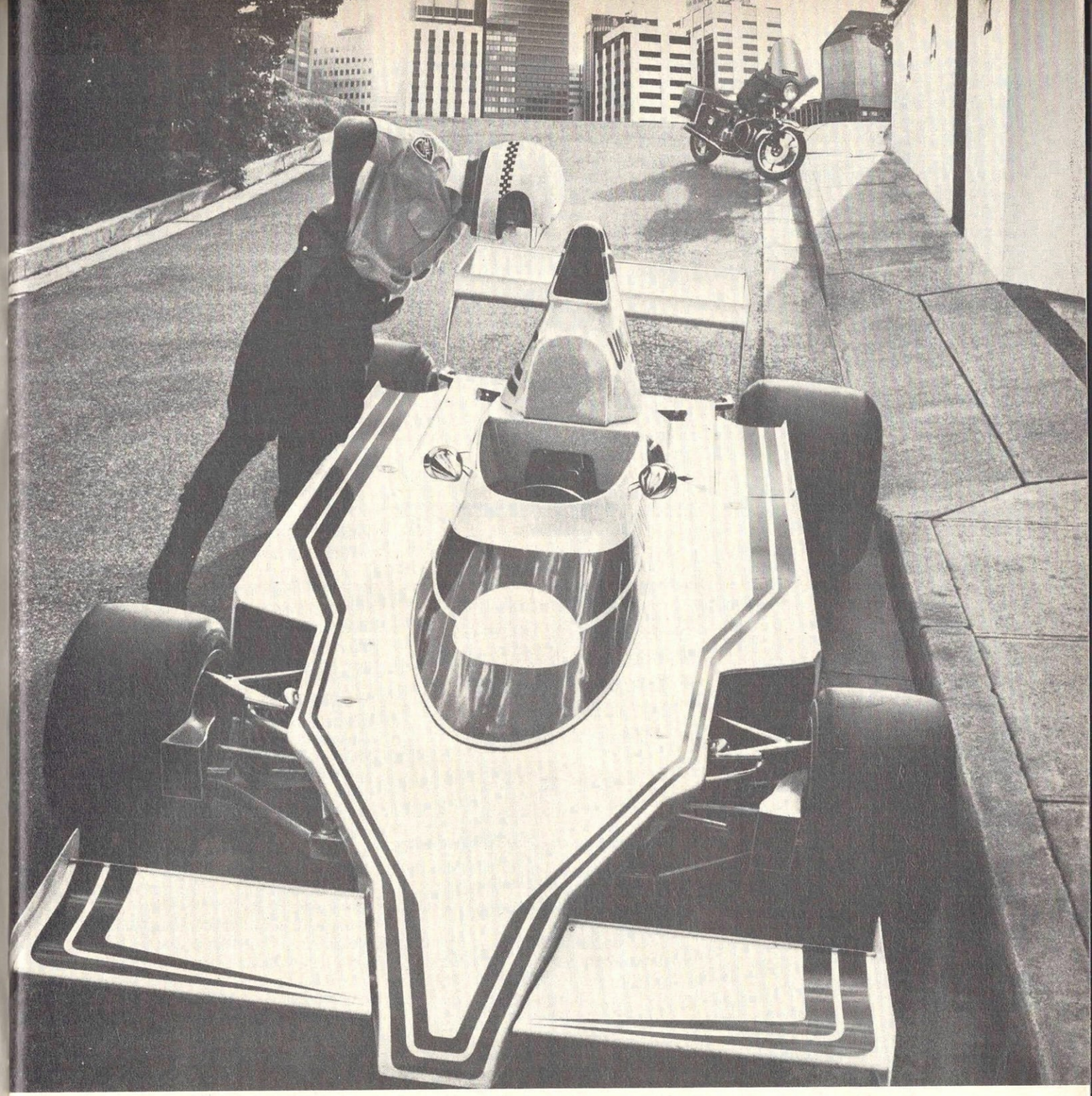
As reason lets Hayden admire Howard as a man it stops him agreeing with his economic policies.

"When I disagree with his policies I respect the integrity behind them even though they are wrong. There is no manevolence. It is different with a man like Fraser. If he left the Parliament tomorrow the whole atmosphere would change enormously.

"There's almost searing tension in that place while he's around. I don't believe a parliamentary system can operate unless there is mutual respect between all the people of the House, especially the leaders."

Hayden's reason also allows him to praise past Liberal leaders. While saying that the Whitlam Government brought the arts in Australia to a new peak, he also points out the whole process started with Harold Holt.

"Holt was a complete departure from Menzies, who wouldn't do anything for the arts," he said. "I remember asking



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Menzies about the quality of TV programs and he put me down in a brutal, unfeeling fashion. He said he liked to go home and watch *Sergeant Bilko.* Unfortunately a lot of Australians agreed with him. But Holt made the breakthrough. He set up the original Australia Council. Then there was Gorton, who was vastly underestimated in my view. You could feel his empathy with the community. He started the Film and Television School which was the basis of the Australian film industry. Then Whitlam came and made the really big breakthrough."

Hayden says his capacity for reason comes from reading the existentialists. "As a result of reading the existentialist writers I believe you have to make all decisions rationally, while still exercising your own judgement.

"But when you make your decision you must accept the implications and not try to blame others."

But does he combine the necessary emotional vigor with his rational approach?

"I can be rationally emotional," says Hayden. "But one of the problems is that people tend to put you into boxes. They say this is how Bill Hayden reacts in this situation, and if you deviate from that they are absolutely stunned. They want a predictability. If I display emotion they say that Hayden lost control of himself today. On the other hand a colleague of mine, who is well known for his sharp temperamental outbursts, will pour a bucket of water over some bumptious little bastard — who is really only good material for a future governor-general — and everybody will say it is a 'characteristic display of directness'.

"This is the sort of point I just can't win. I clobbered a television journalist one day with my briefcase and all hell broke loose. *The Australian* denounced me for assaulting a journalist. However, I *did* get a letter from one person who said, 'Good on you, Bill, but next time don't miss the bastard and make sure you've got a brick in your briefcase'."

Hayden admits that his tendency to be rational about everything creates a problem in communicating with people.

"Too many people have told me about this for it to be wrong," he said. "In a democracy like ours when you get a vote of 200 to one against you on something like this, it must have some clout with you. The trouble is I enjoy detail. I enjoy boring the pants off people."

Hayden is quite right. He even has trouble keeping an audience while he explains why he's so boring.

"The greatest joy I got when I was Minister for Social Services was doing all the detail work, costing Medibank and so on. I liked conceptualising health insurance programs, and it was intellectually satisfying to talk about it to specialist audiences, though on reflection I realise I was boring a lot of people. When I went to speak to doctors I would think, now this is going to be beaut tonight because they will be interested in how we will make these new health services better.

"But when I got into the heart of the thing I found so fascinating you could just about see them dropping off into soporific trances. Their eyes were glazed and their shutters were clanging.

"Their self-interest would come out rather nakedly, although they would try to dress it up with euphemistic self-sacrificing terms like 'patients' rights'. They just wanted the right to charge the patient as much as he could pay, and freedom of choice to them meant having the whole system to their advantage. It was a lesson to me and I am still learning it. People do not want everything explained, they just want to hear what interests them."

Hayden admits his tendency to be rational about everything creates a problem. "The trouble is I enjoy detail. I enjoy boring the pants off people."

Warming to his subject now, Hayden went on: "I suppose there were influences which made me want to explain everything.

"One was being a cop and having to prepare evidence. I came to accept that if I had the right evidence I would establish the case. This might work when you are in court but it does not work with people generally.

"Studying economics also had a dessicating effect on my emotions. The disciplines of economics by their very nature make you more rational and disciplined. This came out when I introduced Medibank. I was constantly appearing on television programs and large-scale debates in amphitheatres full of doctors. I was battling it out and I had to get every figure right.

"At that time and in that sort of debate it was a strength because although people might not understand the implications of all that was said, they could see I understood my field and could hold my own."

Hayden admits there are aspects of communication he simply does not understand. He explains: "I am always surprised at the way in which a commonplace statement can be sufficient to reinforce people's views or to dissatisfy them.

"I have always felt they needed the detailed evidence to justify an assertion but in these days with electronic communications it's all got to be said in 30 or 40 seconds.

"It has been suggested that I could take direction in the use of television but so far I haven't. I have found it difficult enough making the changes I have. You have your own personality and when you get to a mature age it is difficult to change it. I am also concerned about artificiality and insincerity. It's better for people to see the product they're buying with all the faults."

Hayden cites Malcolm Fraser as an example of how much public relations men can change a politician.

"Sometimes Fraser would come into Parliament and be smiling and affable. Wish us good morning — almost human," he said.

"It was obvious that Tony Eggleton, the keeper of the Liberal castle down there, had got to him and told him he just had to clean up his image. The next day he'd be back in, talking to no one, his normal surly and arrogant self. He just couldn't sustain it."

The question that must be asked is, if Hayden insists on projecting himself, warts and all, to the electorate for the Federal election what are we going to see apart from a man who can bore the pants off a room full of doctors?

For a start he has an honesty that can make him appear quite ruthless. Once reason has taken him to a decision he will not budge from it and he will not waste his time cleaning up the wreckage from any damage he does.

Earlier this year he demoted two of his friends, Dick Kugman and Mick Young, within the parliamentary Labor Party. Dick Klugman had been a particularly close friend.

Hayden says of his decision: "I found it necessary to bring about these rearrangements because it seemed a more effective way to present the executive."

He has never discussed his action with the two demoted men. "It was the worst experience I've had to face up to as leader of the party," he says. "I don't know how Dick Klugman feels about it, but he has shown in other ways that he has intellectual independence and a big character.

"Mick Young made it quite clear with his public statements that he was greatly pained by the changes. I was disappointed at his reaction and I wish our relationships were a bit better, but this is a problem you have to face up to when you're a leader.

"If you allow strong personal feelings to override your objective judgements you're heading for trouble. You have to put everything on a higher plane and accept the discomforts."

But there are some aspects of Hayden's life he does not wish to project at all, warts or not. These things make up what might be called the truly private life of Bill Hayden.

His family life is one of the great unknowns of Australian politics. This has been a deliberate play by Hayden. He says: "I have a fundamental principle that my wife and children have the right to develop their own lives as individuals. It is undesirable that they should tailor the development of their personalities to meet the artificial demands that come through public life.

"My wife does help me but it is mainly in my electorate, where our two younger children are still going to school and she has to be here to look after them. We don't want them left with the impression that they are secondary in our lives. My wife is very keen to ensure that the children have a sense of security and individual independence."

Dallas Hayden has none of the surface ambition of many politicians' wives. She is attractive, the daughter of an Ipswich miner, and very much at home in the house they built 15 years ago in Ipswich. She talks about her children; the eldest daughter is sharing a flat with Bill in Canberra while she studies at the Australian National University. She talks about their dog Sigfried, a German Shepherd which barks at strangers and follows her everywhere.

She talks about the time the family went skiing in the snow: "We're not very good at it."

Does she see herself as another Margaret Whitlam?

"I admire Margaret Whitlam but I don't want to be like her."

Has she thought about what she would do at the Lodge if Bill became Prime Minister?

"I haven't thought about it at all," she said. "We went to dinner there once with the Whitlams and I know there was a lot of trouble with the seating. We were in one room and the Whitlams and the guest of honor were in another. I don't think you can change the Lodge around now like they did when Dame Zara and those people were there. They have a committee now which looks after it."

Beyond his family, it is difficult to tell who Hayden's real friends are. When you ask him he gives a politician's answer: "There are a few people around who live in Ipswich. There's the State member down the road, Kevin Hooper. Bob Gibbs, another State member, a former boilermaker and a party official. There are a few local social friends who we meet too infrequently.

"My friends around here are very much working class people. I enjoy nothing more than having a few beers at one of the local hotels, the Prince Alfred or the North Star."

Hayden may very well enjoy himself at the Prince Alfred and the North Star but the publicans of both worthy houses would hate to hang by the thumbs between his visits.

People within the Labor Party say he tends to seek out Labor intellectuals. Dennis Murphy and Manfred Cross are two, but there are others like Dick Klugman and Susan Ryan. When Hayden explains a friendship he relates it to his work.

He says of Susan Ryan: "I enjoy her company because she has a creative mind and a fairly wide interest in a number of areas particularly to do with the arts. A proper arts policy is vital to a democratic socialist party and therefore vital for the Labor Party."

If Hayden, with some help from his friends, does become prime minister he has no doubt where Australia's future lies. He says: "Increasingly our future is going to be determined by the course of events in South-East Asia. There is a need for us, in a wealthy country like this with an advanced level of education, to apply our human skills in techologically advanced industries. It is wasteful to put a lot of money into education then not use what it produces. Already in Asia some countries are industrially very strong. Japan is an obvious one but other countries, like South Korea, Taiwan/Hong Kong and Singapore are rapidly improving their capacity to produce industrially. The living standards of these countries will rise and with that goes the capacity to demand more in the way of goods that the rest of the world can produce. We should slot ourselves into these opening markets."

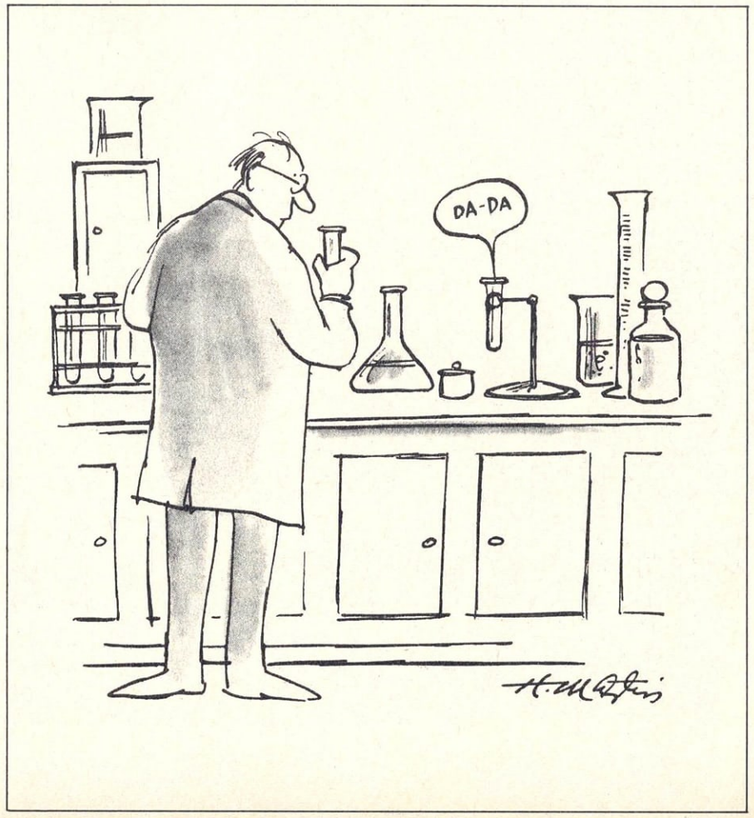
As with most things Hayden says, the concept is logical and the sentiment worthy but, as yet, he does not share either the concept or the sentiment with the Australian people. He has not got it across to them. To them he still has the air of a latter-day Cassius; he may not have a lean and hungry look but he thinks too much.

Whitlam was perhaps an even more complex thinker but when his hour came he rode to victory on a mood. The mood was summed up in the simple phrase 'It's Time'. Whitlam made his victory an emotional one.

Hayden will never win like that. He admits: "I could let go more."

Everyone admires the wholly rational man. But we do not want our leaders to be wholly rational men.

We want them to be giants, even if they do have feet of clay.



World War II's highway to hell is now a package holiday destination . . . for masochists only.

TREKKING THE KOKODA

BY MARTIN RIORDAN

Imagine an area of approximately two hundred kilometres long. Crumple and fold this into a series of ridges, each rising higher and higher until two thousand metres is reached, then declining in ridges to one thousand metres. Cover this thickly with jungle, short trees and tall trees, tangled with great, entwining savage vines. Cut a little native track, a metre or so wide, up the ridges, over the spurs, round gorges and down across swiftly-flowing, happy mountain streams. Where the track clambers up the mountain sides, cut steps — big steps, little steps, steep steps — or clear the soil from the tree roots.

Every few kilometres, bring the track through a small patch of sunlit kunai grass, or an old deserted native garden, generally set in a foul, offensive clearing. Every now and then, leave beside the track dumps of discarded, putrifying food, occasional dead bodies and human foulings. In the morning, flicker the sunlight through the tall trees, flutter green and blue and purple and white butterflies lazily through the air,

and hide birds of deep-throated song, or harsh cockatoos, in the foliage.

About midday, and through the night, pour water over the forest, so that the steps become broken, and a continual yellow stream flows downwards, and the few level areas become pools and puddles of putrid black mud. In the high ridges, drip this water day and night over the track through a fetid forest grotesque with moss and glowing phosphorescent fungi.

To ensure that all this work has not been wasted, arrange for a bloody battle to be fought on the tracks, in the thick jungle, amid the vines. Finally give the battle and the track a name — Kokoda.

It is now nearly 40 years since Major General Kingsley Norris, director general of medical services for the Australian Military Forces, wrote the preceding description of the Kokoda Trail.

Like most kids, I had heard the name at school. The terrible wartime events on the trail had happened a good dozen years before I was born. I first read Norris's description when it appeared, without attribution, as the opening of a glamorous news release about Keith G. Baverstock's trekking holidays.

Baverstock, 35, a London-born former airline booking clerk, is director of Australian Whitewater Expeditions — a travel company with a difference. For a fee — in this case, $600 plus air fares — Baverstock will arrange canoe trips, tandem bike tours through wine districts or fossicking trips up gold-producing rivers. His ultimate trek is called Kokoda.

In the light of things to come we must record some of Baverstock's news release blurb: "... the trek can be completed by the average, physically fit person. Age or sex is no bar ... but parties are limited to six participants and an experienced tour leader who has led parties across the trail on innumerable occasions." Innumerable in Baverstock's case meant five times previously. Before I flew from Sydney to Port Moresby on an Air Niugini Bird of Paradise (read former Qantas Boeing 707), Baverstock advised me to buy sturdy boots and provided a diary of things to come.

DAY ONE: *After breakfast transfer by vehicle to Ower's Corner. Steep descent to the Goldie River followed by short steep ascent to the village of Uberi. Lunch normally taken at Uberi with group setting off after lunch for Imita Ridge. First two hours very easy going on trail followed by first of 18 major climbs. The first up what was once the famous 'Golden Stairs'. Rest break on the ridge before descending to creek where night is spent.*

Day one: Sunday. We don't even get to first base. After breakfast, Baverstock says we're to wait for the hotel driver to take us the remaining 12km to the start of the trail. We bask in the sun as we learn the meaning of a New Guinea timetable: there isn't any.

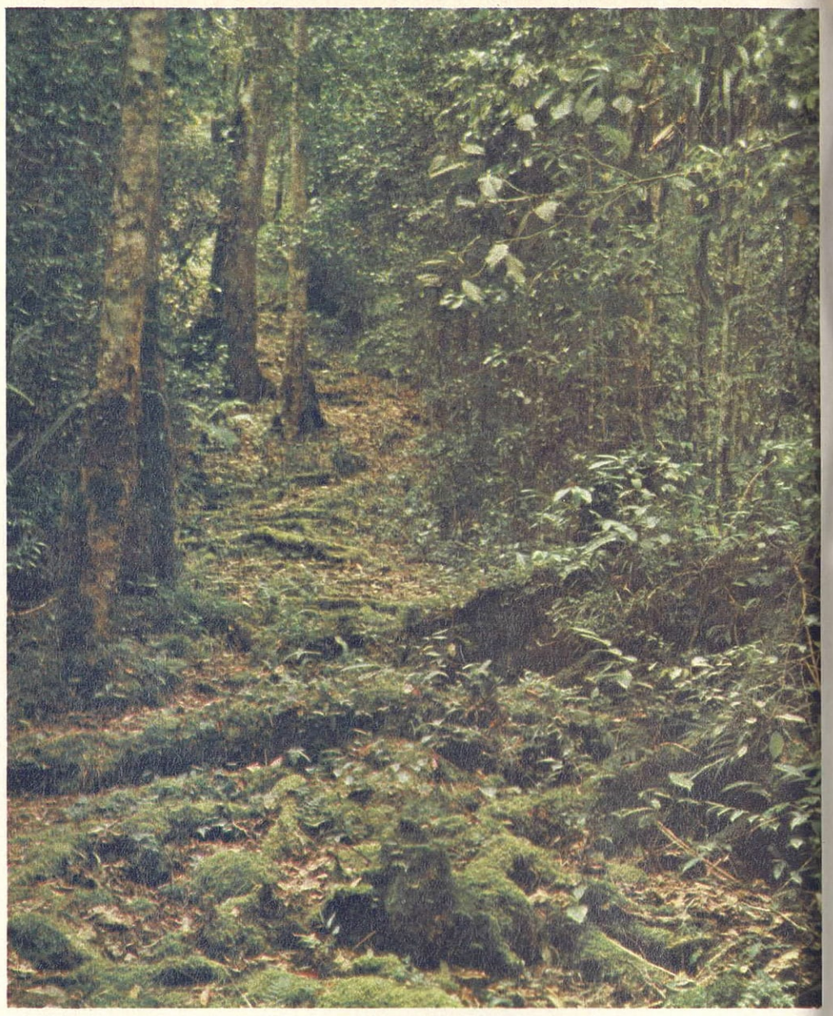
We chat among ourselves. We are five: 27-year-old Sydney advertising executive Rhonda Perkes; Sydney Hospital doctor Peter Pigott; Innisfail cane farmer Peter Edwards; Baverstock and myself. We are all looking forward to our adventure — Rhonda because she had decided a pleasant safari through the New Guinea jungle would be a more attractive holiday than a whitewater canoe trip; Peter Pigott because he had already crammed treks in Africa, Nepal and around Australia into his 35 years, and Peter Edwards, 36, because he wanted to see the country which had claimed the life of several family members during the war.

After lunch we start walking towards Ower's Corner, where the trail begins. Rhonda is the first to sound her mind: "This was one thing not mentioned in the brochure." She is the first to get blisters on her feet, but Pigott's first aid is welcome. At dusk we are still well short of our starting point and already one day behind schedule. We spend the night in a Salvation Army outpost.

Monday. Day two. We cadge a lift in the Salvo's truck to Ower's corner, and the first steps of our highway to hell. The trail is probably centuries old and in the usual manner of native pads, follows no established principles. It climbs the highest ridges, plunges down between the deepest ravines as if those who cut it generations ago were wandering aimlessly, blitzed out of their skulls by chewing beetel nuts.

To say my first reaction is horror would be an understatement. Matted mountain peaks fill the sky, reaching to the horizon, and into whirling clouds, now turning a nasty shade of grey.

Baverstock suggests we begin the first short descent — just steep enough to stop people from turning back, he says.



Left: dripping moss and vines smother the ground. Above, top: kunai grass slices our skin. Above: the remains of author's feet.

Within minutes we enter what has to be nature's own torture: kunai grass. In parts it is 4m tall, cutting any exposed skin immediately with razor-sharp edges. Arms, legs and face slice within seconds and tiny traces of blood drip down, only to congeal slowly in the moist, humid air. Thick moss and a tangle of tree roots smother the muddy clay ground.

And the sweat! It pours freely off our faces, dripping furiously from each of our nostrils. We again quietly ask why we are here. The question, even at this early stage, is too hard to fathom. Studying our map, showing the heights we're to climb, is a depressing sight. It takes a mere 30 minutes to get down the slope, but we collapse at the base around a mountain stream, the Goldie River.

Baverstock's brochure made it sound so easy. We face the Golden Stairs (during the war, engineers built 2000 log steps up the Imita Ridge) with growing apprehension. The Stairs were perhaps the most publicised part of the Kokoda Trail Campaign in '42. Pictures showed the wounded being carried down the huge display of stairs. But for us, there's no such luck. Clay and a tangle of tree roots are the only remains. Baverstock's brochure tells of 18 false ridges along Imita Ridge, and tactfully warns walkers this can be frustrating. After five or six, frustrating is a kind word. But I'm not sure which is worse: the 12kg rucksack or the climb. Both are murder. The problem of breathing enough air to keep the pace becomes our utmost concern. With sweat still oozing, our heart beats race. Pigott says to measure our rate while walking.

We're rating between 140 and 150 beats a minute, and with each and every step one's mind becomes more fearful as our hearts bounce hard against our chests.

And the pain! Each leg is crying out to stop. They're too weary. Neither are used to this sort of flogging.

Gradually men dropped out utterly exhausted. You'd come to a group of men and say, "Come on: we must go on." But it was physically impossible to move. Many were lying down and had been sick.

— From the diary of an Australian officer, writing about the Golden Stairs, 1942.

I'm also becoming horribly bored. This relentless, green jungle. Dripping vines each trying to strangle each other or each tree. The heat is fantastic. Living in this permanent sauna must be as close to hell as you can get without dying — and maybe that's a pleasant alternative. With each step the climb is steeper. False ridges, a gap in the gradient which might continue for 100m then quickly revert back to that terrible hill, seem less regular.

And the clay is increasingly wet and slippery. Maybe the boots hurt like nothing else, but they're better than Baverstock's nylon track shoes. He says he can't wear boots because he always develops blisters. And blisters, he says reassuringly, quickly turn into tropical ulcers in Papua New Guinea's climate. I suddenly prefer to hear much less of Baverstock.

A swarm of mosquitoes finds us as we near the peak. But strangely, they fade into insignificance, almost a blur, as the pain, sweat and longing for water overtakes all other thoughts.

A dozen major mountain peaks to go, just 259 rivers and streams to cross. The mountains all happen to be about the size of Australia's Mt Kosciusko, and one almost 400m higher! Baverstock keeps saying it's all in the mind. My legs and lungs are telling me differently. He says the only way to get fit for a journey like the Kokoda is to walk it. I'm sorry I didn't keep up the jogging and gym classes, instead of those office lunches and afternoon drinks. Imagine: you're charged $600 for this!

Lunch on Imita Ridge consists of a stick of Uncle Toby's muesli with water polluted by Baverstock with a foul-tasting orange vitamin extract. The treat, however, is a tin of Peck's spread — salmon and something else equally tasteless. Obviously our leader has big plans for food along the way . . .

We admire the fabulous vista from Imita summit — the first real view we've had all day because of the constant tree cover. The pleasure lasts only until Baverstock points out that we are to walk as far as the horizon takes us. Along the ridges, mostly, he says. The ridges ahead keep falling down to the valley floor

before jutting up at obnoxious angles, spreading their nasty peaks high up into the clouds. The descent to our creek site is almost as unpleasant as the morning climb. At least going down doesn't take the breath, but merely places an incredible strain and resultant pain on the legs. And oh! Those knees. The blisters can suddenly be felt. Every step toward our campsite means that blister on the little toe aches even more. After more than an hour we take a rest.

Now it's downhill for 70 minutes before we reach the creek, which will be home sweet home for our first night in the jungle. Again the canopy of infuriating trees casts a depressing darkness over the area. I'm sure only mad hikers or Dracula could live here. Baverstock scouts ahead along the creekbed — the "trail" disappeared almost a kilometre back, into the creek — to try to find a suitable sleeping place. He says there's a "glorious" spot ahead. He then hedges his bet by admitting they are all bad. Again, Baverstock is right. It is bad. But before anyone can complain, New Guinea darkness cast its sudden black net.

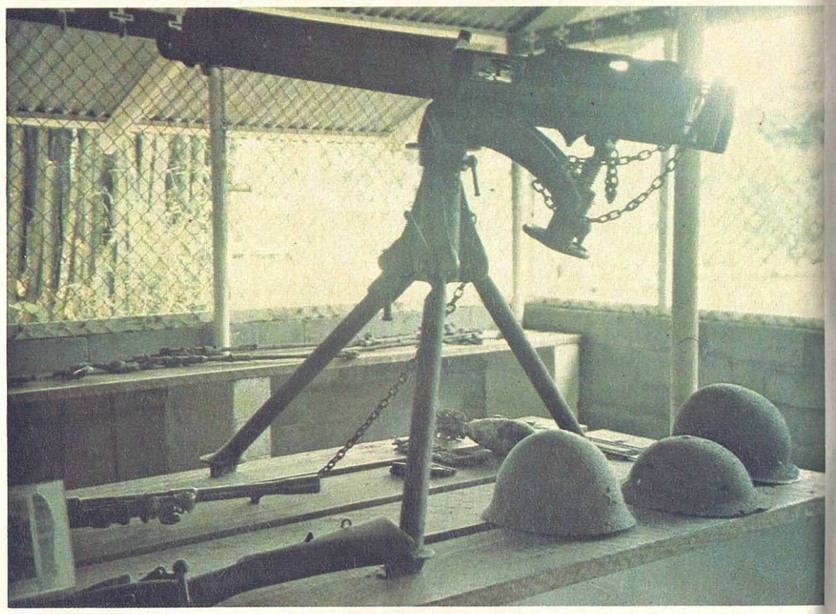
DAY TWO: *Track follows creek bed then slowly climbs. Number of creeks to cross with first 90 minutes reasonably easy going except for short steep climbs from creeks. First major climb to Ioribaiwa. Number of false ridges. Normally lunch is taken on one of these and frequent 'breaks' to gain ones breath. Steep descent from summit down to Ofi Creek where the night is spent.*

Tuesday. The task today is to attack Ioribaiwa, and Baverstock says we can expect to walk about seven hours before reaching Ofi Creek, our second stop on the trail.

Japan reached this Ioribaiwa ridge in its push for Port Moresby during the 1942 New Guinea invasion. But regrettably, we don't even get to the hill. Rhonda hurts her knee soon after our first small climb and we spend the day at a tiny creek at the base of Ioribaiwa.

Rhonda is becoming quite a problem. Quite simply, she can't keep up with the rest of us. She admits her training for the trek has consisted of "walking around the house a few times". As she lags behind on the trail Edwards stays with her — Baverstock, Pigott and myself in the lead party.

Now, as it rains — no, pours — we huddle under a tarpaulin and try to get Rhonda's knee back into working order. For her this trip is part of a world discovery; it is her way of showing female independence and getting away from the claustrophobia of her flat in Chatswood, a suburb of Sydney, and her job with a cigarette company.



Rhonda's explanation of her city-bred liberated woman's outlook on life puzzles Edwards, the drawling cane farmer from the deep north of Queensland. To him, Miss Independence Rhonda is an enigma. His approach is to put comments such as: "Are there more like you in the cities? Where I come from women are so feminine . . . are you the new breed?" . . . into a potentially explosive situation.

Pigott finds it too much. He rebukes Edwards for his attitudes towards women but at the same time directs aggression towards Baverstock for allowing her to come when so unfit. Edwards is simply puzzled as to *why* she would want to come, anyway.

Rhonda struggles on for two more days, her knee becoming more painful as she lags further and further behind. Edwards persuades Baverstock to walk with her; later it is Pigott who retraces his steps to help her after she is left to walk alone. Finally Rhonda flies out from the village of Menari.

It is now Wednesday, and we press ahead, climbing unbelievable slopes, only to reach a ridge with nothing but steeper slopes ahead. The higher we go the more punishing it becomes.

We pass the first army dug-out. It's only discovered after I almost topple into the 2m rectangular hole while crawling up this terrible track. Perhaps the word track is too kind a word for today's horror stretch. Thick kunai grass creeps into each jungle opening, which is mostly a mass of messy water and mud after yesterday's rain.

Each step casts each foot further and further into the mud, squelching loudly as our boots sink down past the ankle. But the sweat and strain from the heavy rucksack makes you oblivious to such a hinderance. Mud merely makes the legs work harder. But it also encourages the jungle's worst creatures to crawl out, searching for anything to attack.

Fat, grey leeches make their appearance, creeping into any space on our legs or socks not already smothered with thick mud.

The odd New Guinea Tiger leech also makes its appearance. These bloodsuckers not only look like tigers with their slimy, orange and black striped skin, but seem almost as big.

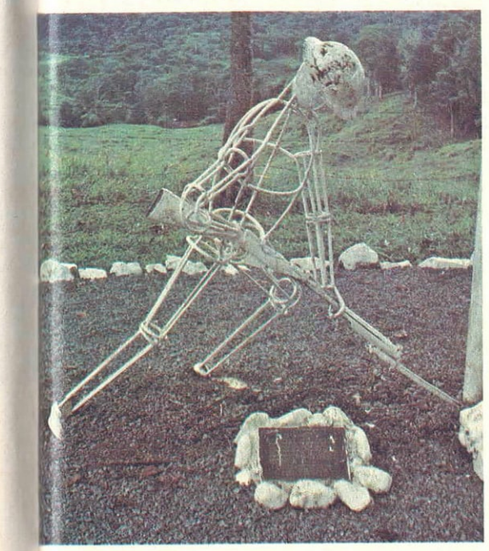
Now with bloody patches along our legs the sweat keeps pouring freely from our faces, and with the heart pounding and head now feeling the beats, the task of picking leeches off is almost too much.

Mentally, the trip is becoming more of a burden than the constant physical punishment.

The pangs for civilisation, being dry, drinking beer, lying on an Australian beach feeling warm, comfortable and free are getting stronger.

The most hideous experience, however, is still those jungle noises. The haunting sound of birds laughing overhead, perhaps at our stupidity and sense of inadequacy. Each piercing call is annoying, but the most infuriating must be a bird whose call sounds exactly like a chain saw. It is Papua New Guinea's national bird, the Bird of Paradise. I keep thinking it's typical of this terrible place: a land away from everywhere, yet haunted by nature.

I am surprised to find we have taken to a strange but incredibly satisfying habit: biting the heads, arms, feet and legs off



Far left: relics from the World War II campaign are featured in Kokoda's museum. Above: Iora creek "crossing" at Templeton's. Left: along the road to Ower's Corner is a sober reminder of the many lives lost.

jelly babies Baverstock supplies to fulfil our daily sugar requirements. Revenge, even on a jelly baby, becomes sheer beauty.

DAY THREE: *Tuesday: Climb to top of the Maguli Range — keep eyes on the trail for reminders of the Kokoda campaign.*

Thursday, and we're psychologically flagging. We're way behind schedule and begin talking about the importance of ensuring only experienced walkers attempt the trip.

Murder would be one word to describe the steepness of today's climb. The last hour's struggle to the top of Maguli Range is by far the worst we've experienced. It seems to be a 90 degree slope often requiring hands and knees to make the desperate climb. Frequently we pass deep army dug-outs, now mostly filled with healthy vines and jungle refuse, each trying to strangle each other as though the war years were only a few months away. Edwards finds a spent cartridge of rusted .303 shells lying beside our makeshift seat at the summit. It's those memories of the war which keep reminding us of the hell of those awful years.

Evening 29-8-42 — on top, amazingly. Awe-inspiring. Drenched and cold — may not survive. If I do, I feel my chance of getting out alive is better since I'll get an idea of the layout. Had many good thoughts today too on improving myself if I live.

Evening 30-8-42 — thirst sent me back to the river but a good way downstream. Dug through worst jungle yet, then down deep little stream, and just arrived all done in — my feet very bad too. If I don't die tonight I may push on along the shore a way tomorrow — I don't know why. There is no chance for me now, in this mist-filled jungle — I know that.

— From Letter from New Guinea,
by Vern Hangland.

I had read that one great feature about walking the Kokoda was that at each of the villages it was possible to fly out. During the previous few days this thought wandered continuously across my mind, but when we reached the village of Naoro and I saw the airstrip, the ruins of aircraft beside the runway, and the "souvenir" remains of the cockpit of a light plane which crashed into the nearby mountain on Christmas Day last year killing 13, I decided to walk to the next village, Menari.

DAY FOUR: *Initial walk through valley floor. Very swampy area. After approximately one hour cross Brown's River and ascend to village of Menari.*

Friday. The Golden Stairs and the Maguli Ridge had been killers, but the climb to Menari beats them all. As the mountain becomes steeper so does the psychological strain of knowing there's no way out. So we struggle on, sweat still running freely, feet still paining although they're becoming numb now. The track is gripped by tree roots, forming some foothold among an otherwise greasy, muddy surface. It's three and a half hours of climbing before the top, and each of us collapse, gasping for breath, heart racing, now feeling the drive of too many days of relentless pounding under a rucksack heavy from the rain.

I meet Menari's chief, Toli, who tells of his war-time days as a porter for Australian troops. He laughs at our packs, saying he and other villagers carried twice that load between Port Moresby and, eventually, Kokoda. And he lifts the corner of a shoddy old shirt covering his still muscular, fit body. A deep strap mark almost 5cm long is ingrained down his back. "From a stretcher," he says.

With deep wrinkles creasing near his tired old eyes, he smiles as he talks of the war days. "I helped carry one Aussie man," he says, "from Templeton's Crossing back to Ower's Corner. That's a long haul. But they were bad days. Very tough." His smile and croaking voice show a strain of his rugged life but when he peels off his shirt to show his back to a crowd of village children, it is with a mixture of pride and painful memories.

These native bearers earned a very special place in the affection of our lads for the wonderful gentleness and devotion they displayed to the sick man in their charge. He became their own taubada *(white master) and wonderful tales of devotion have been related. Their work so inspired one soldier that he wrote a poem entitled "Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels" which gained very wide popularity with the boys. One line was,*

"From the look upon their faces you would think that Christ was black,"

— Excerpt from *Record of Service,* by Bruce Robinson, 1944.

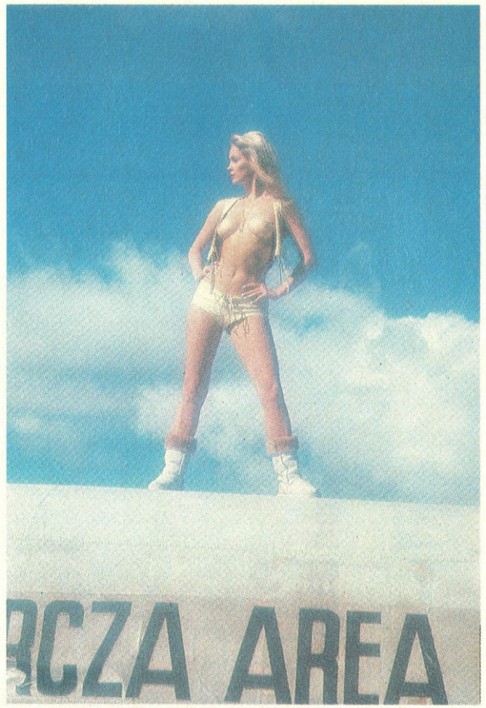
USED CARS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Sometimes one great discovery leads to another, and Australia's Cheryl Rixon is a curvaceous case in point. "I've had two terrific breaks," she says, beaming. "Bob Guccione made me a star in still pictures, and now Steven Spielberg and Robert Zemeckis are doing the same for me in *motion* pictures." Ironically, the luxurious Diamante sports car Cheryl received when she was crowned US Pet of the Year played a crucial role in her winning the part in *Used Cars*, a Columbia Pictures comedy which is scheduled for release in Australia in November.

When the famous young director of *Close Encounters* and *1941* gruffly asked Cheryl why she thought she deserved the role, our salty starlet shot back: "Because I've got an $84,000 convertible parked outside that's perfect for taking you, me, and the film's director to the premiere!" The bedazzled filmmaker signed her on the spot. These specially posed pictures were taken in and around the Tempe, Arizona, shooting set of *Used Cars*. The hilarious tribute to life in the fast lane — and love in the backseat, features Kurt Russell as a hustler, and two-time Oscar nominee Jack Warden in a dual role as dueling brothers.

F O R D


RCZA AREA

In the movie, Cheryl is sexily sensational as a distraught young model in a used-car ad being illegally televised live from a football stadium parking lot. In the course of her delivering her sultry sales pitch, a chain reaction of catastrophes results in the accidental stripping off of her evening gown, leaving the mortified beauty "wearing nothing but long gloves, a blush, and a G-string!" That must be the highlight of the movie!

DEFENCE
IT'S A BLOODY JOKE

Our armed forces are
a shambles, incapable of deterring any
serious threat to the nation.

BY DAVID HIRST

It's a miracle, a bloody miracle," the Australian Army's advertising agency keeps telling us in a television commercial which traces the amazing khaki transformation from boy to man. In fact the Army will need an even greater miracle to build an Australian defence force capable of deterring any serious threat to this nation; a threat which may well eventuate far more quickly than the mandarins who control our defence policy believe.

Every year the Australian armed services recruit 8000 miracle sons. But before the reader rests easily in bed (having checked for reds) it should be remembered that every year our armed forces lose 8000 men.

Many of these are among the best trained fighting men in the world. They are men who have signed up at as young as 17, who have seen action, and who are at the peak of their military prowess. These are the vertebrae of a service which suffers from a badly slipped disc. In official terms these men are wasted — a term derived from the Vietnam war, when wastage was a more permanent form of departure.

The advertisements which the Prime Minister, Mr Fraser, and the Minister for Defence, Mr Killen, hope will lure up to 1500 extra personnel into the armed forces portray service life as an exciting and stimulating one. However, talking to wasted personnel it is easy to get a different impression of life on the inside.

Graham Brown, a retired officer who spent 12 years in the Army and whose youthful skills are now being appreciated in industry, commented: "The advertising suggests an exciting life but I can say with all honesty that there is no autonomy for soldiers."

Brown's major complaint, common to most servicemen, is of civilian control and of uninformed public servants treating servicemen like babies.

"The interference of the public service is unbelievable," Brown said. "Sir Arthur Tange — until last year head of the Department of Defence and a public servant — made it clear to us all the way down the line that public servants were in charge when he virtually ended the career of Brigadier (Phil) Greville after Greville had tried to assert the influence of the generals. Greville was very popular with the men and that event had a very bad effect on morale."

Brown cites civilian interference in housing as a major cause of dissatisfaction. "I had 11 homes in 12 years in the army. I always had civilians thinking for me," he said.

After outlining a career of constant movement around the country and almost unbelievable interference by civilians in arranging his housing, Brown said he was once reduced to telling a civilian housing officer that if accommodation for him and his family was not found immediately, he would "pitch a tent in the middle of Victoria Barracks".

Brown was constantly separated from his family and often forced to live with parents while civilians bungled his living arrangements. He admits this severely strained his marriage and was the major reason for his eventual resignation. Many defence experts from outside the

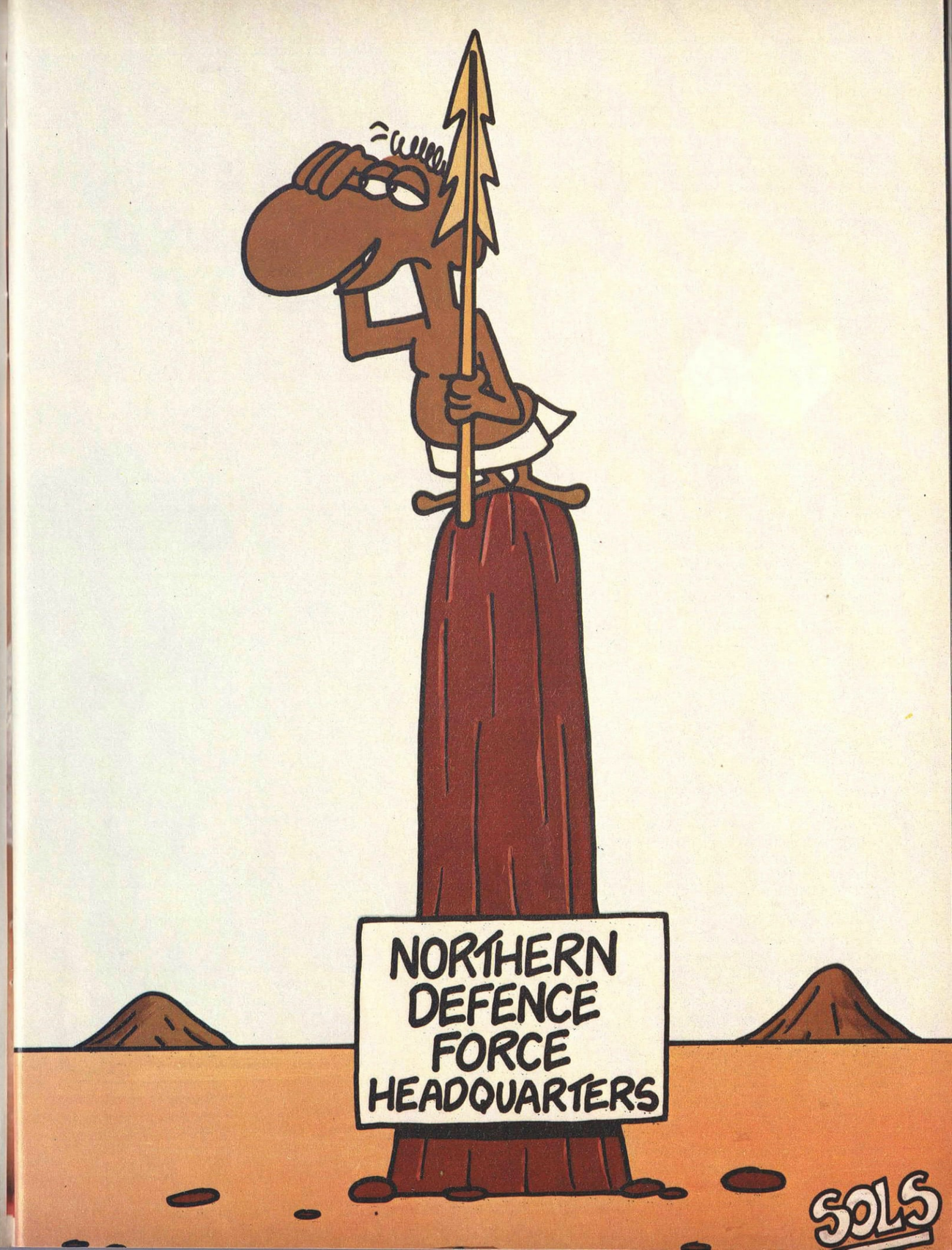


Illustration by Allan Salisbury

department believe that the major problems of Australia's defence grow out of the damp bureaucratic earth of the Department of Defence. The department is seen as the most successful job creation scheme in the country. In 1979 it achieved a milestone, which would have gladdened the heart of Sir Arthur Tange, when, for the first time, civilian employees actually outnumbered the entire Australian Army. The department now employs about 32,000 civilians compared with the Army's 31,800 soldiers.

In the financial year ending June, 1946, a time when defence was something of a priority in this country, the defence bureaucracy amounted to one-half of one percent of the defence budget.

Today approximately 15 percent is swallowed by an army of bureaucrats largely stationed at various strategic sites on Russell Hill, Canberra. A new complex, Campbell Park, has been constructed on the other side of the hill. An imaginative architect created this vast structure along the lines of a medieval fortress. Thus it has come to be known by Canberra taxi drivers as Fort Fumble.

At the main complex, Russell Hill, the buildings of the Army, Navy and Air Force almost encircle the American war memorial, a slender fluted column which rises some hundred feet into the air and is capped by the outstretched wings of the American eagle. The eagle's appearance has led to it being dubbed Bugs Bunny or the White Rabbit by sceptical locals. Defence buffs offside with the department have recently come up with a new term for this symbol of our alliance, Phallus in Blunderland.

The defence buildings are linked by large underground tunnels. B.A. Santamaria, who has been obsessed with defence over the last 30 years, said of the department: "There seems to be nothing we can do about it. They breed like rabbits." To complete Santamaria's allusion, the warren of the Defence Department indicate that not only do they breed like rabbits, but they behave like them.

Come the war these brave souls, armed to the teeth with paper clips, pens, pocket calculators, and a formidable array of computers will be able to withstand all but a direct hit. But the likelihood of the enemy ever trying to take Russell Hill, even on a sunny afternoon, is not great.

The great thing about working for the Department of Defence is that you can live off the defence threat — on staggered hours and flexi time — without ever having to fight for anything other than your own position, or that of your superiors.

One of the departments most persistent critics, has been Dr Desmond Ball, until recently the Senior Fellow in the Strategic and Defence Studies Centre at

THE US: UNREADY AND UNWILLING

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN

For more than three decades Australia's lack of defence preparedness has been explained away by the rationale that Uncle Sam is ready and willing to come to our aid. This is a fallacy. The American war machine, for all its might, is simply not ready to fight a conventional war.

That is why the hostages were seized in Iran with impunity, and that is why the Russians pretended that America didn't even exist when they invaded Afghanistan. Almost certainly the Russians — and perhaps even the Ayatollah Khomeini — knew the truth that has been concealed from American taxpayers:

- The American military is a mess. The air force is plagued by engine problems in its best jets and is critically short of spare parts. The navy is critically short of skilled sailors. The army's volunteer-army concept is an abysmal failure, producing paper divisions staffed with poorly motivated soldiers who can barely operate modern battlefield weapons. The Marine Corps' equipment is a disgrace.
- Less than one-half of the American military would be ready to fight if war came tomorrow, according to classified Pentagon readiness reports. And the other half has severe maintenance problems and shortages of spare parts and logistics. Only the elite units — the Army's paratrooper and air-cavalry divisions and the marine brigades — are considered fully ready for combat.
- A NATO exercise last year showed that US forces in Europe are unprepared for a major war there.
- Only about 13 percent of all US combat fighters are in a state of readiness on any given day.
- The American lead in military technology, supposedly the cutting edge of US superiority over the Russian military, has all but evaporated. To a large extent, that is because the Russians have been able to catch up by using equipment America sold to them.

These are just a few of the major deficiencies now plaguing the American military. Most of the truth has been known at the higher levels of the Pentagon for some time, but it took the Iran and Afghanistan crises to provoke even the first glimmer of concern elsewhere that all may not be right with the American military machine. Some of that concern finally reached the Carter White House, which was appalled when, after asking the Pentagon what could be done about a Soviet invasion of Iran, it learned there was nothing — save launching nuclear missiles against the Soviet Union. The White House was also shocked to hear that because of deficiencies in logistics and transport, it would take at least 28 days to deploy even part of the army's 82nd Airborne Division to the Persian Gulf.

The White House concern is heartening, but it should be remembered that the White House shares a major portion of the blame for the problem in the first place — although, other agencies of the government also share blame.

"We are now reaping the whirlwind of our failure to adequately prepare for the national defence," says retired General George Keegan, former head of Air Force Intelligence. "Clearly, the Soviets have seen our military unpreparedness not only as a sign of weakness but also as an open invitation to commit aggression. You cannot remain unprepared in the face of an adversary like the Soviet Union. The situation is very serious, and there is some doubt whether it's already too late."

Keegan — and a small circle of like-minded defence experts — have been making comments like that for years. Keegan and those who agree with him find the entire US arsenal, including strategic weapons, inadequate. But Keegan and the others have been proven right by current events: the Russians are taking military gambles considered unthinkable only a decade ago. And they are taking those gambles because they are perfectly aware of the fact that there is nothing that can be done about them. Not with the American military in its present disarray, certainly.

What exactly went wrong?

Part of the answer was found in something called Nifty Nugget. That was the code name of a worldwide military-readiness exercise, carried out in late 1978 to test precisely what would happen if the United States suddenly became involved in a major war. The exercise, much of it run by computer, basically found that while the US was spending all those billions on fancy hardware, there was no money left over to spend on some of the basic ingredients for the military. Like what? Like medical care: there aren't enough doctors in the military (the services are 3500 short), and according to the Nifty Nugget exercise, casualties by the thousands would die of wounds on European battlefields for lack of medical care. And there were other inadequacies that turned up: low stocks of ammunition, huge logistics shortages, and even a lack of enough food for all the combat troops. As for the combat troops themselves, Nifty Nugget found that 600,000 men would die in a European battle, and their replacements, snarled in red tape (the exercise found that mobilisation-centre computers broke down), wouldn't even have enough uniforms.

Nifty Nugget's discoveries were so shocking that the Senate Armed Services Committee called a series of closed-door hearings. Pentagon officials accepted the tongue-lashing and promised several hundred "major reforms" to correct deficiencies.

But the failures and the inadequacies have not been remedied, as the Pentagon discovered recently when it tried to find out how fast it could ship troops into the Persian Gulf. One problem: there aren't enough planes for airlift (the air force has been spending its money for planes on fancy jet fighters). What's more, the Pentagon has designed new fancy tanks loaded with equipment that weighs around 40 tons. Even a big air transport will carry only two of the heavy tanks, which means that it would take forever to move even part of an armored division.

But how were the Russians able to move so many armored vehicles by air into Afghanistan? Simple: for their airborne divisions, they build light (14-ton) tanks that are not only easily air transportable but also transportable in fairly large numbers quickly — which is what counts in rapid deployment operations. On the other hand, the Pentagon has been building only big, heavy tanks, apparently having learned nothing from the 1973 Arab-Israeli war, when Egyptian soldiers, firing missiles from old jeeps, blew lumbering American-made tanks to pieces.

The Pentagon has no plans at the moment to build light tanks, although it now concedes that Iran and Afghanistan have underscored certain American failures. So the Pentagon will build the special logistics ships the navy has been asking for for years plus new airlift planes, although it will be five years at least before they come into service.

While the Pentagon must take the major share of the blame for the presently poor state of America's defences, the White House also shares a large part of the responsibility. It was the White House, after all, that years ago decided to centralise military expertise in its own offices — a task for which it is singularly unequipped, as Vietnam proved — and arrive at conclusions of military matters with little or no input from the uniformed services.

Basically, the White House through at least the past three administrations has decided that the bulk of the military budget should be spent on the two least likely threats to security: a surprise strategic attack on the United States by the Soviet Union and a massive invasion of Europe. At the same time, especially since the end of the Vietnam War, the White House has decided that these two contingencies must be taken care of while the rest of the military maintains the *status quo*. At the same time the White House ordered that military budgets could grow only slightly, barely to keep pace with inflation.

The practical effect of this has been the pouring of billions into costly strategic weapons systems, with a few crumbs left for the rest of the military forces. The predictable happened: all those fancy missiles, aircraft carriers, and computers, came at the expense of the rest of the military structure. No one seriously questions America's capacity to deter nuclear attack, but any contingency short of nuclear war seems beyond its capabilities.

the Australian National University. Dr Ball is considered one of the world's foremost authorities on defence and his prolific outpourings of papers and books on the subject have continually embarrassed the department's leadership, particularly Sir Arthur Tange.

Tange is believed to have virtually cut off diplomatic relations with Ball prior to Ball taking a position with the International School of Strategic Studies in London last year. Although Ball could not be expected to win the war against an entrenched department and one of the most entrenched departmental heads in Canberra, the fact that one man, without access to classified material, could so consistently embarrass the department and therefore the political leadership, suggests that all is not well at Russell Hill.

Dr Ball challenges the department's general assessment, that, as Australia cannot defend itself alone then we must rely on the Americans.

This is an attitude which seems to be maintained by the government in spite of the fact that the Americans have made it clear that they are most unwilling to become involved in another land war in Asia.

Australia's dependence on the US has resulted in a proliferation of American bases in Australia which have made the country a potentially expendable outpost of the US. The dependency philosophy has also determined Australia's arms aquisition programs which involve the purchase — usually from the US — of state of the art weaponry which is usually quite unsuitable to our own needs and results in what Ball calls an, all teeth and no tail defence structure. Ball writes: "Indeed, in Australia's case the emphasis is not just on teeth, but on big teeth rather than the whole mouth."

Ball points out that, although strategic guidance has directed that the capabilities of the services should not be dependent on . . . "a single or number of units, the loss of one of which would seriously reduce their capabilities", the military has persisted with this bias. The result is . . . proposals for one (or perhaps three) aircraft carriers and a single squadron of air superiority fighters.

Such state of the art weapons are suitable only if Australia was to go to war as an adjunct of the US as in Vietnam and where our systems could provide support for sophisticated US forces.

Here again the fault seems to lie with the Defence Department. Although intelligence guidance from such organisations as the Joint Intelligence Organisation (JIO) seems to advocate a more self-reliant posture, the department has given in to the urgings of the forces and the overseas based corporations which produce the latest and most expensive weapons. This contradicts a major reason for establishing a department

which was to rationalise procurement, rather than allowing single bodies to lobby for what they want regardless of its strategic suitability.

Thus, after 10 years of procrastination, the Afghan crisis created the atmosphere for Australia to proceed with the purchase of 75 fighters to replace the Mirage, a purchase which will be the most expensive in Australia's arms aquisition history. The suddeness of the government's decision is, in some ways, reminiscent of the F111 purchase in 1964.

It is also an uncritical continuation of the follow-on imperative of replacing the best with more of the best. But as the "state of the art" technology costs skyrocket the number which Australia can afford diminishes leaving us with smaller units which can be more easily put out of action.

The department's continued attachment to the follow-on imperative has meant that Australia must rely on overseas weapons systems if only on the basis of economies of scale.

When it became apparent that Australian industry could not hope to keep up with the latest overseas technologies, Australia's own defence industry became virtually mothballed.

Australia's present policies rely on being able to quickly purchase spent weaponry and re-equip our forces. The problem that this represents is that the lead time — time to re-order and supply — can be up to four years and, in the advent of broader international mobilisation, countries will be reluctant to re-supply Australia at the expense of their own armory.

If Australia's political and military leaders can learn anything from World War II, it is that Australia was extremely fortunate in 1934 when Essington Lewis, then head of BHP, foresaw the coming war and greatly expanded the production of steel.

Colonel J. O. Langtry, of the Strategic and Defence Studies Centre comments: "Any country looking at us from overseas would see our armed forces as show ponies. They would see that we have no sustained depth or endurance and self reliance. We must have a demonstrable capacity to deter across the entire defence spectrum, which we simply haven't got. The armed forces, particularly the Army, would use what they have and that would be it. Then you've got the situation where industry cannot come up with follow-up material."

The complacency of the public to the defence of Australia has been greatly encouraged by the acceptance by successive governments of the concept of "no foreseeable threat" for the next 10 to 15 years.

This theory has been blamed on the Defence Department's advice and, it would seem ironical that an organisation of such magnitude should continue to flourish when it has discounted its own *raison d'etre*.

This is too simple on a number of counts.

As the Defence Department commented when replying to the author on assessment: "To limit this analysis to specific individual scenarios would be to run substantial risk of preparing for the wrong war."

It is also obvious that Australia is not in the position, for instance, of European countries where an immediate and perceivable threat may exist.

The department states that while a foreseeable threat may not exist at the moment they have constantly reminded the government that one could develop.

Since the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan, the department has been

> The fact that the bulk of our army was used up to defend Bowral suggests it would be hard pressed to guarantee the security of the nation.

quick to advise the Government of the "deterioration in our strategic prospects" and the Government has acted promptly in announcing defence initiatives. Whether this, as far as the government is concerned, is a case of banging the drums of war in an election year or the beginnings of a movement towards self-reliance is yet to be seen.

Mr Fraser, has taken a position that would seem to increase our reliance on the US, by making the country less expendable. At the same time, we may be becoming a more attractive nuclear target.

When considering "foreseeable threats" it is necessary to account for the period a potential aggressor would require to expand a threat force capable of invading a resource rich and under-populated country like Australia.

While the official view of the time necessary for a potential enemy to develop a threat to Australia seems to be between five to seven years, other estimates indicate this figure may be long out of date.

Recent studies show the warning time from perception of threat to firing the first shot could be as short as 15 months and Langtry, in an analysis of a number of studies of the time factor, argues that this period, for a country like Australia, could be as short as 10 months.

In the advent of Australia having to operate on its own without the five to seven years warning period, it is illuminating to look at what the Army could put into operation within a month's notice. Major G. L. Cheeseman of Army Force Development, argues that: "Quite clearly, . . . Australia's present and projected Army strength is insufficient to sustain in operations a balanced combat force much greater than a battalion group."

The Army operation which followed the Hilton bombing and was called out for the defence of Bowral involved such a force.

While it is probable that the Government overreacted to the Hilton bombing, the fact that the bulk of our active army was used up in an action which served to guarantee the security of visiting heads of state, suggests it would be hard pressed to guarantee the security of the nation against a number of landing task forces acting against selected areas of industry, particularly in the north.

Ball points out that the Army is at present capable of a short term deployment of 5100 troops and of only 3700 over a sustained period. With the Air Force operating on a 40-hour week basis the invaders may have time to wait for HMAS Melbourne to chug halfway around the continent to deter an attack which might well have accomplished its tasks.

But, as the Defence Department agrees scenario training is only as useful as the specific assumptions of which it is comprised. This implies that it is impossible to create a defence force capable of withstanding a threat across the entire defence spectrum, and in a sense an assumption of defeat in areas of even low level threat.

Langtry restricts his criticism to the political leadership rather than the bureaucracy and feels that successive governments, while never refuting, have always deferred acting on intelligence advice. It is his view that key areas of civil defence and the defence industry have been allowed to run down to a deplorable state.

He cites the case of the Mirage replacement. The Australian Government retained the new Mirage-Dassult fighter on the replacement short list, even though the fighter is entirely unsuitable for Australian defence, having been built specifically for combat in Europe. However, the French offer contained substantial involvement of Australian industry in its production.

The two other contenders, the American aero-space corporations McDonnell Douglas and General Dynamics, were thereby encouraged to increase Australian participation in this multi-billion dollar acquisition. Eventually both companies came up with a better deal for local industry, but it has since been found that Australia has neither the capacity or skill to assist substantially in this project.

At a time when the defence of Australia is coming under scrutiny, the Defence Department is concerned about its public image. But it cannot strike out and attack its own Minister or the Prime Minister, who its officers must defend even if they violently disagree with their direction or lack thereof. In such a situation the leak is the only method of forcing realities into the public eye and therefore to the direct attention of political leadership.

In March, when the Prime Minister was offering the US the north of Australia as a bombing strip and the rest of the country as supply, reserve and support teams, a number of extremely embarrassing leaks occurred which had the Americans wondering whether we would be of any assistance to them at all. In the 1979 Defence Report the question of manpower levels was buried with the indication that there were some minor deficiencies in areas of the services.

On March 5, Laurie Oakes writing in the Melbourne *Age* quoted from a cable from the first assistant secretary of the Defence Department to the departments present head, W. B. Pritchett, revealing these manpower problems included the fact that the RAAF was so under-manned that its commander regards it as operating on a five day, one shift a day, week. "Air crews have not become fully proficient in their operation roles because of cutbacks in flying time," he said.

"A shortage of maintenance personnel and supervisors has badly affected the efficiency of the Mirage fighters and Canberra bombers." This was at a time when Mr Fraser was offering the US assistance in aerial surveillance of the Indian Ocean. In a detailed minute paper, Air Marshal McNamara expressed deep concern about the Air Force's "chronic manpower shortages".

At the time the Prime Minister was offering the US the services of Colburn Sound, Brian Toohey, writing in the *Financial Review*, revealed that the Americans did not consider that the back-up facilities of industry, electronics and engineering were capable of servicing two American aircraft carriers.

Since then the argument concerning Colburn Sound has raged on with joint offers to up-grade the facilities. There has been little discussion about the wisdom of placing an important military target, which would employ up to 10,000 Americans, close to Perth.

While Qantas enjoys the benefits of highly trained pilots, provided care of the taxpayer through the RAAF, and business utilises the managerial skills of Dunstroon's finest, the Defence Department waxes fat and the government jumps the gun.

Meanwhile greater horrors confront those who look at the position of the department in reference to such vital matters as mobilisation of Australia in the case of enemy attack.

Colonel Langtry and Dr Ball have recently edited a book *Problems of Mobilisation in the Defence of Australia* (Phoenix Defence Publications, 1980). The importance of industrial and manpower mobilisation to Australia is that we must be able to show a potential aggressor that we can escalate our level of deterrents faster than a likely aggressor. It's a question, as Langtry puts it, of being able to communicate to a potential enemy: "Do you want to play for two bob, four bob or 10 quid?"

Of the 32,000 Defence Department employees only one person is concerned with the mobilisation of Australians in the advent of war and his powers are so limited that it is widely believed he has given up. The two most important areas of mobilisation, those of manpower and supply are not even considered worthy of representation in the department.

The department argues that the forces have their own mobilisation plans, but whatever they are it would seem appropriate that the department, whose job it is to rationalise and administer matters which concern all services, should have a mobilisation plan. Langtry comments: There has been little or no mobilisation strategy since the War Book was done away with in 1950."

While the department's employees shuffle papers they may also give a thought to Australia's total inadequacy in what defence analyists call the "lower end of the defence threat".

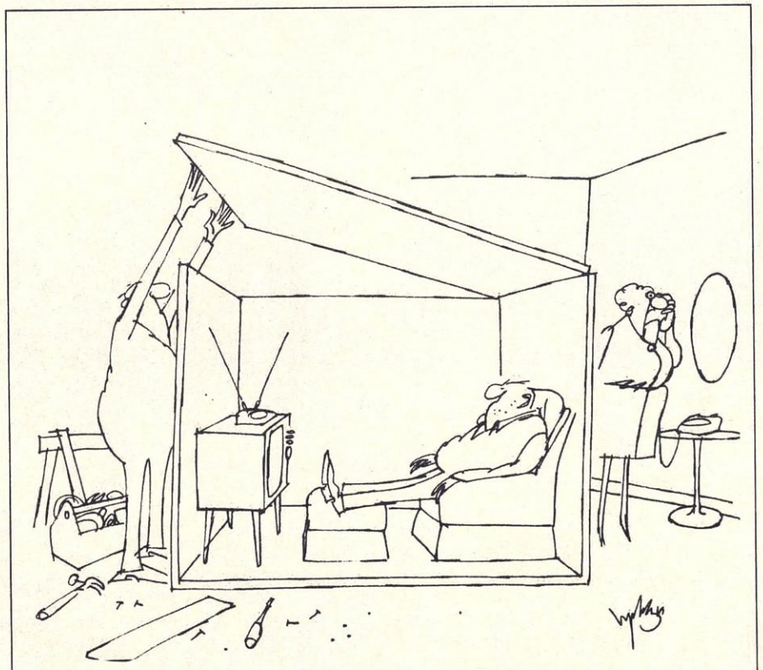
This includes internal sabotage, economic threats and reprisals, interference with key industries and ports and similar internal activities.

The F111s may look very impressive and dangerous lined in a row at Amberley Air Force base, but dedicated foreign agents would be encouraged by the fact that they could wipe out much of our strike force by blowing up that neat row.

Similarly, it would be a relatively easy task to wipe out oil refinery facilities at Kurnell or run an anchor through Bass Strait and totally disrupt oil supplies. The extent of damage which could be done to Australia's vital industries would be limited only by a saboteur's imagination.

These are some of the miriads of problems confronting Australians as we enter what Doris Lessing has already termed "the third intensive phase of the twentieth century wars".

Our position, the result of government and departmental complacency, is the price we pay for procrastination.



". . . Hello, NASA? . . . I have a crate for the next moon shuttle . . ."

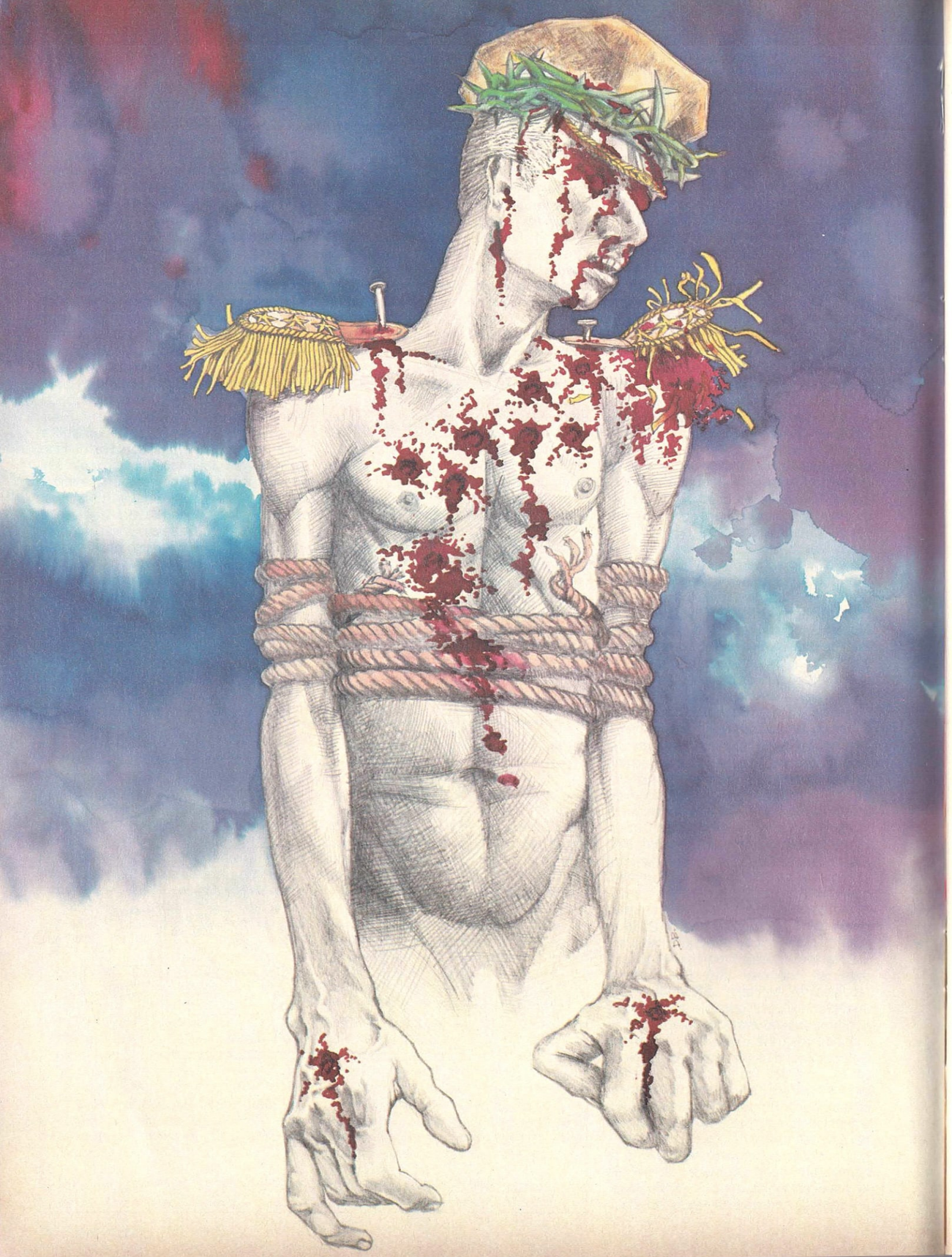


Illustration by Danny Burke

For the bewildered people of Iran, the bloodshed continues as one dictator replaces another.

THE GENERAL

BY IAN McMINN

The Iranian Airways Fokker Friendship drones over a monotonous brown landscape flecked with the white of early spring. Far to the right is the Caspian Sea, barely visible. Occasionally a road twists through the plains to bisect a small cluster of houses. We are cramped, hungry and tired, yet there is an unstated elation: to be free of Teheran.

The Shah has fled. His appointed Prime Minister, Shapour Bakhtiar, is hiding in Paris. The bloody morning of February 11 remains more than a memory.

Joe Morris Jnr, of *The Los Angeles Examiner,* was killed that day. It was his third tour — he'd been up on a roof top when the fighting broke out, the real fighting before the garrison was stormed and the army laid down its arms, beaten by the will of Khomeini. I guess Joe became a little careless, the chaos had become normal, at least for him. So he popped his head up to see what was happening and someone down there saw it and blew it off. That had made all of us very sad, for Joe was a fine man and a good journalist.

To be rid of the confines of the Teheran Intercontinental is the real freedom. An end to the endless shuffling from floor to floor, speaking to no one else except journalists. Forced to eat the same food, day after day, until you know the menu at the French restaurant by heart. Caviar while the city burns.

After a while one riot becomes the same as any other. You lose your fear and get sloppy, like the London *Daily Telegraph* writer who demanded directions in the university and was led across the courtyard with a knife at his throat. You did not 'demand'. But you forgot, like Joe forgot.

The intercom spits out some words. For a moment the chat stops. Haroum Hardeghi, my interpreter, mentions that we will soon arrive in Tabriz. I fiddle with my camera, then lift it to my eye. There is a tap on my shoulder. A concerned man stares at me through dark, brown eyes, rattling off a terse command.

"He says you must not film from the plane. There is an airfield below. It is air force. They will arrest you."

"How does he know so much, Hardeghi?"

"I will talk with him."

The arrival is like any other in this part of the world. A run-down terminal, a constant state of confusion over baggage, tickets and of course the overwhelming, suffocating sense of officialdom gone wrong. There are the normal mixture of friends, relatives, merchants and drivers. There are also soldiers, looking bored. One comes across and taps my camera boxes with his M16. Hardeghi says something. He nods before moving off.

The old Mercedes cab takes us down the bumpy road to the Hotel Tabriz

Hardeghi is excited: "The man on the plane says we must go to the police station. There we will find the revolutionary council. We must ask for permission to visit the jail. Savak agents are in the jail."

"Where is it?"

"I will find out at the hotel."

"Does the CBS crew know about it?"

"No, he told only me. We are both Turkish."

There is a doorman at the hotel, dressed in a green uniform with a scarlet sash dropping from his broad shoulders. The receptionist listens to our request for two single rooms, smiles and with a grand, pathetic gesture sweeps his arm across the pigeon holes behind him. Upon each one hangs a key.

We walk up the marble staircase and pause beneath a waterskiing poster. Lake Urmia is still and blue, the man is lean, the woman full and beautiful. Their hair flies back and the spray cascades behind them.

A few minutes later we are back in the cab. The light is fading as we head down the Shahrazad. There is little traffic. Occasionally, a woman, head bent in the wind, crosses the wide, empty thoroughfare, a black chadour hiding her face.

At the main intersection we almost collide with a taxi carrying the CBS crew. For a moment the comedy of the situation escapes us as we slew about the headless statue of Reza Pahlavi. No doubt the Shah would have laughed.

Two young boys guard the entrance to the police station. They stand almost at attention and get very excited when they spy the news camera. There is much discussion and Hardeghi goes into action while I smile and nod. We are brought into the foyer where I produce a battered, blue card that was issued to newsmen on the day Khomeini came from the sky. From the main office a tall, moustachioed air force officer strides towards us.

The frozen, beatific smile of the Ayatollah Rhetali looks down upon the central desk, which is littered with all manner of forms, ashtrays and Coke bottles. One big brother has been swapped for another.

"The captain says you must film the revolutionary council before he will grant permission to visit the jail," says Hardeghi.

"No problem."

It's difficult to describe the naivety of the immediate post-revolution days. I feel like a school photographer arranging a class of kindergarten kids. The pecking order is vague, everyone wants to be near the air force officer. They stare down the lens. Brown eyes, stubble faces, bum-fluff faces and ragged clothes form an image of bewilderment and pride.

Snow has fallen overnight and lies in dirty heaps, reflecting the reddish glow of dawn. We stop outside the jail for a shot of a tank, rearing from the ditch like an abandoned, prehistoric beast. A couple of young boys stand guard and behind them are the massive iron doors of the Tabriz prison. I flash the blue Khomeini card and they take us inside.

A huge man comes forward and from a wide, brown belt hang a set of keys and a small revolver. In a high, squeaky voice he announces: "My name is Jamshid. I am boss. You will come."

He leads us down a small corridor. It becomes darker before entering a courtyard in the centre of the prison. Jamshid takes out a small pocket torch and flashes it into a cell. A command is barked out. Half a dozen men rouse themselves.

"That's good," I say. "Hardeghi, hit the handlight and ask him to tell them to stand against the bars." All but one does as he is told. He tries to hide his face.

> The Shah was a simple man and for all his power would not acknowledge the corruptness of the court.

Jamshid lifts a massive fist and the prisoner drops his hands. His eyes stare at the ground, the others look straight ahead. One even attempts a smile. It's school photograph time again.

Each cell is the same as we move through the ancient sandstone maze. The walls are damp and it smells of urine.

"This time, ask him to bring them out of the cell." Jamshid looks worried and calls for more guards. They are blinking, cornered, cowering rats. The camera records their fright, their rags, their embarrassed attempts to brush their hair or avoid the light and the camera rolls on without compassion or understanding.

"Come. See the generals." We follow the jailer to a cell the same size as the others, but there is a difference. It is clean and comparatively comfortable with only two men inside and it doesn't smell. One man who is asleep wakes and watches us before burying his head in the pillow.

The other man has short-clipped, steely grey hair. His eyes are inquisitive. There is a presence about him that implies respect. A packet of tailor-made cigarettes lie before him, a mark of distinction.

"Turn the light this way, Hardeghi." "You speak English?" a soft, well-modulated voice asks. "Yes, I am Australian." "Then please help me." "If I can, I will."

"I am Mahamoud Bidibadi. I was martial law administrator in Tabriz." Jamshid shows annoyance, yet stays in the background. "I am a man who became a soldier. From the very start that was my choosing. As a young man I was good at sport . . . a leader . . . later they selected me for Sandhurst. They were the days immediately after the Shah returned from his first exile. I knew Pahlavi well and would ride with him, hunting and fowling in the hills around Teheran. At 24 I went to England, to learn my craft. I loved that country's sense of civilisation, its ordered way of life and for a while I lived and felt the sharpness of my youth, a wayward but pure existence before my king ordered my return."

"Why?"

"The Shah said he wanted loyal men to support and witness the resurrection of the Persian empire. Darius and Xerxes would flow within our life. Their spirit would encapsulate our dreams. Pahlavi had a vision of transforming our split and feudal ways into a world power. Yet he was a simple man and for all his power would not acknowledge the corruptness of the court. Many times I told him that his closest friends were profiting by his greatness. He would drink coffee in the morning and after the pleasantries I would urge my king to understand his people.

"He would say, 'Bidibadi, find yourself a wife and serve me'. As my king decreed I did, as if there were no other choice, and I found a wife, a beautiful woman who bore me three sons and each day would fill me with a soldier's duties and each night would bring the pleasure of a father and a husband."

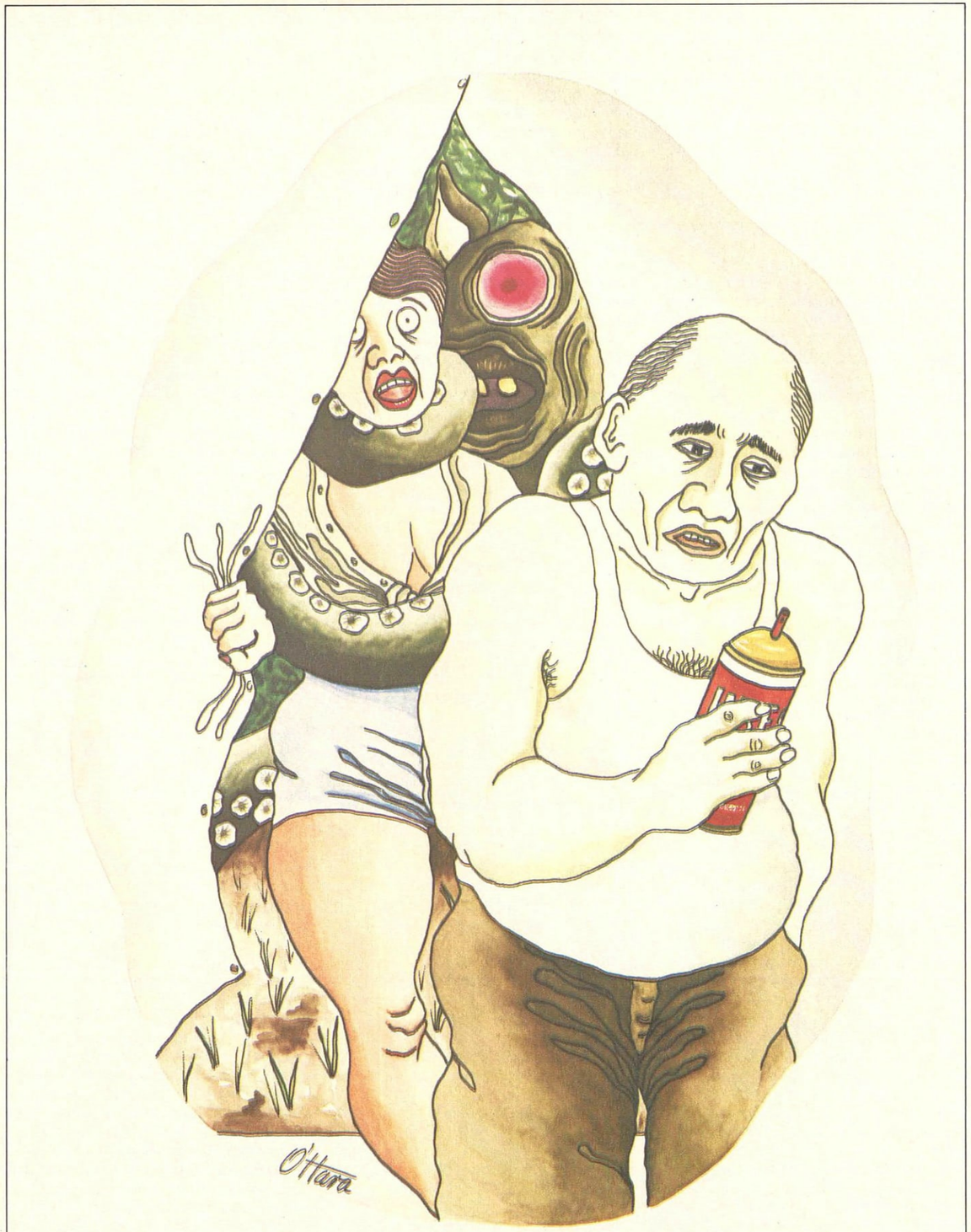
Bidibadi's words are beyond me. I scratch them down on useless paper. Hardeghi whispers: "Be quick, the jailer cannot understand."

"Court intrigue sent me here. They wanted me out of the way. I am a soldier, I obey my commander-in-chief. In a way it was good, to be free of the facade of the Peacock Throne. It was to be reborn, then this terrible revolution . . . I knew it was coming and I wrote to Pahlavi telling him. My letters went unanswered."

I wanted to go, yet there was a compulsion to hear the end. His hands are steady, his eyes do not falter: "I am not a bad man, yet one day when the mob was stoning my men, spitting on them, firing upon them, I ordered to fire into the crowd. They were my men, I am a soldier, what could I do?"

"What can I do for you?"

"Please take my story with you. They



"Nope! Nothin' here about monsters — just flies, mosquitoes and cockroaches!"

will never kill me in Tabriz. I am too well liked. They know that I am not a bad man, it is not my fault the Shah has fled. I was a soldier. Now, I want only to be a man, to live my days out as a man with my wife."

Jamshid says something. He is angry and points to the door and we follow into the darkness, afraid to turn around and look for the last time.

"The driver is a revolutionary, Ian. He says we must pay respect to the Ayatollah Rhetali."

"Is it necessary, Hardeghi?"

"Yes."

The streets of the Shahrazad twist as if to defy reason. They are narrow, girded on either side by clay brick walls. They are a maze and deeper and deeper we go until the Mercedes stops and we see before us a small crowd and above them, a portrait of Rhetali.

Must it always be young men with semi-automatics that stop and question you? And will their eyes always shine with such fervor?

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Must it always be young men with semi-automatics that stop and question you? And will their eyes always shine with such fervor? They are no longer words to be understood, but commands to be obeyed.

"The Ayatollah is in prayer. He will see us soon."

Around us, inquisitive brown eyes. Women gather children. Some choose to lie on the ground. They stare until you return their gaze and find eyes quickly averted. A man comes forward and speaks in hesitant English. His tone is vehement.

"You BBC?"

"No."

"BBC no good. BBC support the Shah."

I begin to protest, but he moves on. There is a murmur as the doors open. Bodies press forward but are repelled by the Ayatollah's aides. Our driver urges us forward and we cross the threshold, remove our shoes and walk softly into a small sitting room. The Ayatollah rises from a chair and extends his hand. His fingers are long, his palm is soft. The ritual is to begin.

As always, it starts with tea poured into tiny cups. The Ayatollah adjusts his grey cloak around his thin body, flanked by two men wearing the blue of the Iranian air force.

"And so we shall begin." says one. "You are surprised by my English?"

"Yes."

"Do not be. It is faultless."

"Then you can ask the Ayatollah how he as a man of God, can justify the killing?"

The translation is long and the Ayatollah replies, his hands punctuating the air. At times it seems he grasps for a point, plucking it, then presenting it in a low voice and in a rapidity that even Hardeghi confesses he cannot follow. The room is humble, befitting a man of religion. And yet it is a strange mixture of Western furniture and Persian rugs. A servant enters and removes the tea.

"The Ayatollah Rhetali welcomes you to his home and hopes that you who must bridge a thousand years, will understand," the officer begins. "There can be no compromise until the word of Allah is law. The blood that flows is regrettable, but within its flow, there is freedom for His children."

His voice continues and words weave well-worn patterns. It is the unquestioning absoluteness of their delivery — until

Must it always be young men with semi-automatics that stop and question you? And will their eyes always shine with such fervor?

I recall a young man coming up to me in the university grounds. It was afternoon, a particularly violent and bloody afternoon in February, a few days before the Imam was to arrive. There had been a demonstration and the chant was "death to Bakhtiar". As the day progressed the numbers grew. Groups marched around the campus, holding placards, raising fists to the helicopters that hovered overhead. The mullahs tried to placate the crowd, but its energy grew and then burst into flames and anger.

A woman fell to the ground, a man swung a stick, someone raised a gun and from the street there were the sounds of crying.

They came in waves, car-load after car-load, disciplined and precise. They burst through the street barricades, levelled their guns and fired in quick bursts.

"Savak, Savak" became a scream and we ran for cover. Helicopters beat the air above us.

Moments later they were gone and in their wake there followed a silence.

"This is their justice," the young man said, "this is their tactic. You see, you see. Tell the world."

"Yes."

"My name is Ahmad, I am neither marxist nor religious, but the people, like a drowning man, must cling to whatever straw they can. Khomeini is their straw."

Tea is served again. Rhetali says something. Hardeghi says I must film him. So we go through the process and catch his face on celluloid and know it to be a farce and smile before taking our leave.

Dinner at the Hotel Tabriz is a perfunctory affair. The menu is intricate, the wine list persuasive and, in a small way, it reflects the contradictions facing Iran. Alcohol is banned, there is no meat. The waiters fidget and we sit through a lacklustre meal in a massive hall that echoes footsteps.

I invite Hardeghi into my room to plan the journey through Kurdistan. He slumps on a chair and we break out a bottle of Scotch that we'd smuggled in. He is a young portly man and prone to deep fits of melancholy.

"This shit," he begins, "it goes on. No cigarettes, no booze, no women, this hate . . . for what? I go to Teheran to work and learn a trade. I work hard and get a job in the Intercontinental. I save my money and look forward to travelling. I am encouraged and then this shit. And now you know me as Operator Three."

"But you do it well, my friend."

"Yes, I get my friends connected to any part of the world. I failed only on the day of the revolution. 'Operator Three is a good man', they say. Remember that night when you were pissed and wanted to speak to your wife. I got through that night."

"Yes."

"But it is useless. I am under scrutiny. They do not trust me. So I speak to no one and find excuses for not joining their demonstrations. And now I am treated like a dog and they wait for me to make a mistake. This shit." Hardeghi pours another drink. He is tired.

"This used to be a first class hotel. Now look at it. The waiters hang around like starving mongrels. There is no heating. The electricity fails from hour to hour. See the children in the streets. Remember the boy who pointed the gun at you, this afternoon? He was the son of a mullah and his father was proud and laughed before taking it away from him. But the pistol was loaded and he could have killed you.

"How can you begin to understand this country? You talk about right and wrong. Justice. There is no justice. One dictator has replaced another and the women cover their faces, the men protest instead of work. There is no fun. This is your shit revolution."

Operator Three lapses into silence. Teheran was full of Hardeghis, people of Western values who wanted only to live in relative comfort and safety.

What of the people who invited me to their home for dinner? The only time I came close to breaking out of the confines of the hotel. Two men and their wives, who sat and smoked opium as we might sip a Scotch. They spoke of common things: work, children, music, never politics. And they were proud of their stereo, their rugs and paintings and the men told me they were students, one of architecture, the other a student of engineering.

But for a year there had been no classes and they wondered where they would fit in. It had been a good night, ending just short of curfew, and they protected me on the way back to the hotel when a zealous revolutionary came from behind a sandbag, stopped the car and stuck his M16 through the window, so close that I held my breath for fear he would smell the whisky.

The night is quiet. An empty page taunts me and I flick back through the pages of the diary.

"Monday January 22. It is 3am, woken by some drunken hacks, yelling and screaming in the corridors. Remember the Lear jet, cruising at 30,000 feet, sipping a gin and tonic, chewing on a crab sandwich.

We cross into Iranian airspace and an F-5 appears from the clouds, nosing in like a shark, sniffing before it dips an arrogant wing and floats away.

Below us the airport. Lines of Jumbos, dead, dumb beasts. We wheel our baggage across the tarmac and into the darkened terminal. Mervyn, the cameraman I am to relieve is there, unshaven, decked out in khaki: "Shit, am I glad to see you man."

He leads me through immigration, a black room. Someone flicks a cigarette lighter. The flame dances and an official scans my passport and stamps something. "You have 72 hours." We all pile into a taxi. The word anarchy spills out. "Oh, no man, this is quiet." And I look out and see fire and street barricades. "But this is how it starts."

Book in. Room 903. And Mervyn rolls a joint, Lebanese Black, never go out without a smoke. "It's better this way, more real".

Tuesday, January 23. Head like a brick. Remember room 1402. The hacks' room. Sign the chit, double whisky. "Last time I saw you was in Zaire, or was it Nairobi?" Look out and see fires in brothel section of town. Used to be the best brothels in the Middle East. Still possible, but $200 a night. Money's not the problem. Get caught and lose more than that.

Then it builds up. On January 27, pro-Shah demo outside the Majlis. Impressive, huge. Khomeini's boys hang around the outskirts. Someone stops me. "You CIA?" "Non, Francais." Later, furious scenes outside the university. Remember being hoisted on to a shoulder, filming as we surge forward. A scuffle in the campus centre and the crowd shouts "Savak" and a man is strangled before me. Lose the NBC crew, scared.

We get very drunk in 1402 and, with sounds of shots from the street, we dim the lights and play *Deep Throat* on the video machine. Men without women, almost painful and then the lights go on before Linda sees the rocket orgasm and we yell out: "What's happening." Mervyn announces that we've lost the last tape and that proves too much to handle and we all go to bed disgusted.

It gets worse. One cameraman shot. Another likely to lose an eye. Indiscriminate shootings. Joyous eyes, mad eyes. "BBC?" "Non, Francais." Burning cars, pluming black smoke. Almost a festive mood. Another day slips by in this padded cell. And we sit around, gossip, go to another demo, hear the same arguments, sit down and write it and say: "Shit, we've got to get out of this place."

Sunday, February 4, Khomeini is here. Amazing scenes, as if it were God himself. Hooded eyes, soft barely audible utterances: "We must cut off the hands of the foreigners."

An Iranian photographer stops me: "One night I got drunk and called the Shah a bastard. They put me in jail for three years. Khomeini is the only one who tells the truth. We don't want to be America's policeman; we don't want to take orders from anyone; we will fight the Russians if necessary. All we want is Pahlavi's money."

The Battle of Teheran began last night (February 11). Airmen supporting the Ayatollah took on the Imperial guards. More than 100 dead, mass defections. The main garrison is stormed and arms are distributed. Joe Morris Jnr is dead.

It took us a week to get back to Teheran. We went to the border at Bazargan and filmed the seizure of arms and drugs. We went to Mashad and were told by the Kurds that all they wanted was autonomy. They hadn't had a nation for 2500 years. Now was the time. They were determined and armed and it was obvious, even then, that internecine fighting would continue and could be quelled only by genocide.

I don't remember the exact day, perhaps I should. But it was morning and I was sitting down to breakfast in the Polynesian restaurant reading *The Kayan*, an English newspaper. There were two photographs of Bidibadi, the general.

In the first, there was lettering across his chest. He looked scared, maybe doped. It was taken at 3am, before facing the revolutionary council in Teheran. Immediately below there was another picture. His chest was cut by bullets and his head lolled to the left.

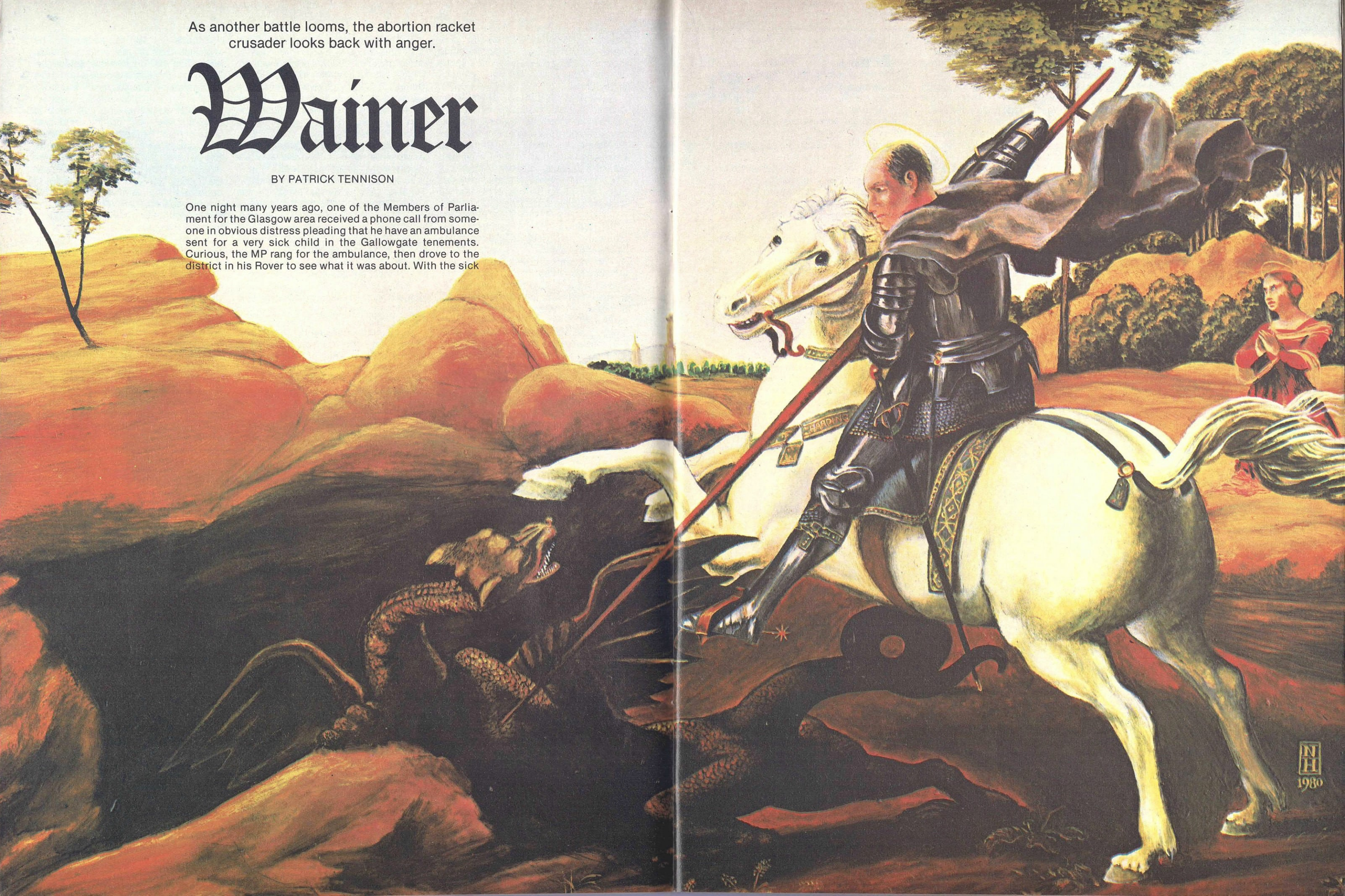
One night they took him from Tabriz and tried him in a dimly-lit room before seven judges. The crime was "corrupting the earth". ○—■

As another battle looms, the abortion racket crusader looks back with anger.

Wainer

BY PATRICK TENNISON

One night many years ago, one of the Members of Parliament for the Glasgow area received a phone call from someone in obvious distress pleading that he have an ambulance sent for a very sick child in the Gallowgate tenements. Curious, the MP rang for the ambulance, then drove to the district in his Rover to see what it was about. With the sick



child driven off in the ambulance, he asked who had called him. A boy stepped forward.

"I did. I rang the ambulance first myself, but they wouldn't come. I rang the police and they wouldn't help either. Then someone said to ring the lady at the telephone exchange because she knows everybody and where they are. She told me to ring you, and she got me your number. I had to do something. That boy was very sick. It was the only thing I could do."

"What's your name?" the MP asked, "and how old are you?"

"My name's Bert Wainer. And I'm nine."

In 1967, something inside Bertram Wainer just went snap. From that tiny detonation soon were unleashed a series of explosions that rocked the police and medical professions — especially in Victoria, but in other States as well.

He publicly denounced corruption and double standards that he discovered in both. As a result of his actions, two major judicial inquiries and several other court hearings later, he has seen some police jailed, others no longer in posts they once held and many more no longer members of the force. An often lonely and shunned crusader, he blasted open the gruesome abortion rackets everyone knew were flourishing but, until then, no one was game to tackle.

Now, as he enters another campaign, Wainer looks back with some anger.

He has one of those big, round, cannonball heads that look as if they've been cast in some human foundry. With it comes a body and will to match. For what he's been through, all parts have had to be tough. Like the last dozen or so turbulent years he has weathered, the man is a mixture of apparent contradictions.

Inside the toughness is gentleness and unfailing courtesy.

"Ah, we're both punctual," is the welcoming comment in the reception area of the establishment he has named the Fertility Control Clinic in East Melbourne.

He gestures and leads politely to his private office tucked away in the lumbar region of the maze of passages, doors and stairways.

"Coffee?" he asks gently as he settles behind his brown wood desk, his left hand reaching for the nine letters placed there for his arrival.

In operating theatres above, members of his staff are going about the now routine business of abortion — or "termination of pregnancy" as it is called now that it enjoys a new legal status he helped achieve. But here, and in adjacent offices used for counselling and various forms of advice on matters sexual, there is calm and orderliness.

Wainer selects just one letter from the bundle. It bears a Coburg Post Office box number, the one for Pentridge Prison.

"I was expecting this," as he opens the envelope. "I know what it'll say."

Eyes still quickly scanning the words on the two long pages. "Umm. It's a standard letter. I get at least two a week like it. Some are about things that can be dealt with by the padres. Some are malicious charges against the police. Some are very truthful."

Wainer still has links everywhere. Inside and outside Pentridge. Inside and outside police headquarters. Inside, outside and all around the medical profession. After all his campaigning, the official inquiries and court hearings of recent years, some close alignments have withered. Others have grown stronger.

"Seven years ago I helped untangle an escape and drug ring at Pentridge. I helped smuggle someone into the prison.

"Alcohol was freely available there

> I helped untangle an escape and drug ring at Pentridge. I helped smuggle someone into the prison.

then. Drugs could be got. Anything. In one case a wig was made for an escape bid.

"But, do you know, the police ended up charging only one warder who smuggled in some vitamin tablets. He lost his job. The others went merrily on."

He speaks huskily. An indistinct voice still bearing a thick Glasgow overcoat that sounds as if it's coming from somewhere in the depths of a deep, Clyde-side fog.

"My involvement with police and the underworld came through my innocent step into the abortion world. It escalated into areas of organised crime.

"In 1971 I went to Don Chipp when he was running Customs. He didn't believe me.

"Those days the press had a cliche about me — Wainer and his Untouchables. Chipp said: 'I've my own Untouchables, you know.'

"I arranged for one of his to meet someone in a drug ring who wanted to expose it. I said: 'No one from the Victoria police', but he sent a man who'd retired from the Homicide Squad.

"Useless." His hands part wide in the air.

Last year he tried to force a Royal Commission into police-drugs-gambling corruption in NSW.

"But Neville Wran was always going somewhere. To Germany. To ALP conferences. He was always doing something else."

As well as corruption, he has to battle the cover-ups that are part of it.

"In Queensland the man convicted of the Whisky-a-Go-Go bombing, John Andrew Stewart, was found dead in prison from some unspecific heart disease. There was mention it was myocarditis, a viral infection of the heart.

"In point of fact his face was covered by a pillow when he was discovered."

Then Neil Collings.

"He was another key witness I lost in Sydney. In a room for prisoners which abuts on to a court he was given some tablets, and promptly died."

Cases, incidents come from him as dispassionately as if he were giving a lecture . . . emotions well controlled.

"We had a case in Melbourne of a man who arranged to have someone stab two people. At the committal hearing the culprit was charged with attempted murder and a string of other offences.

"One victim died, the other spent two months in hospital. When the case went to the Supreme Court he pleaded guilty to causing grievous bodily harm, and was given 12 months' probation.

"He has two uncles who were senior members of the police."

He watches closely and fearfully the rise of militant police unionism, seeing it as a new protective apparatus for police malpractices.

"We're approaching a crunch point in this country with police unions dictating to governments. It first reared its head in Queensland. Whitrod put it down. Then Whitrod left.

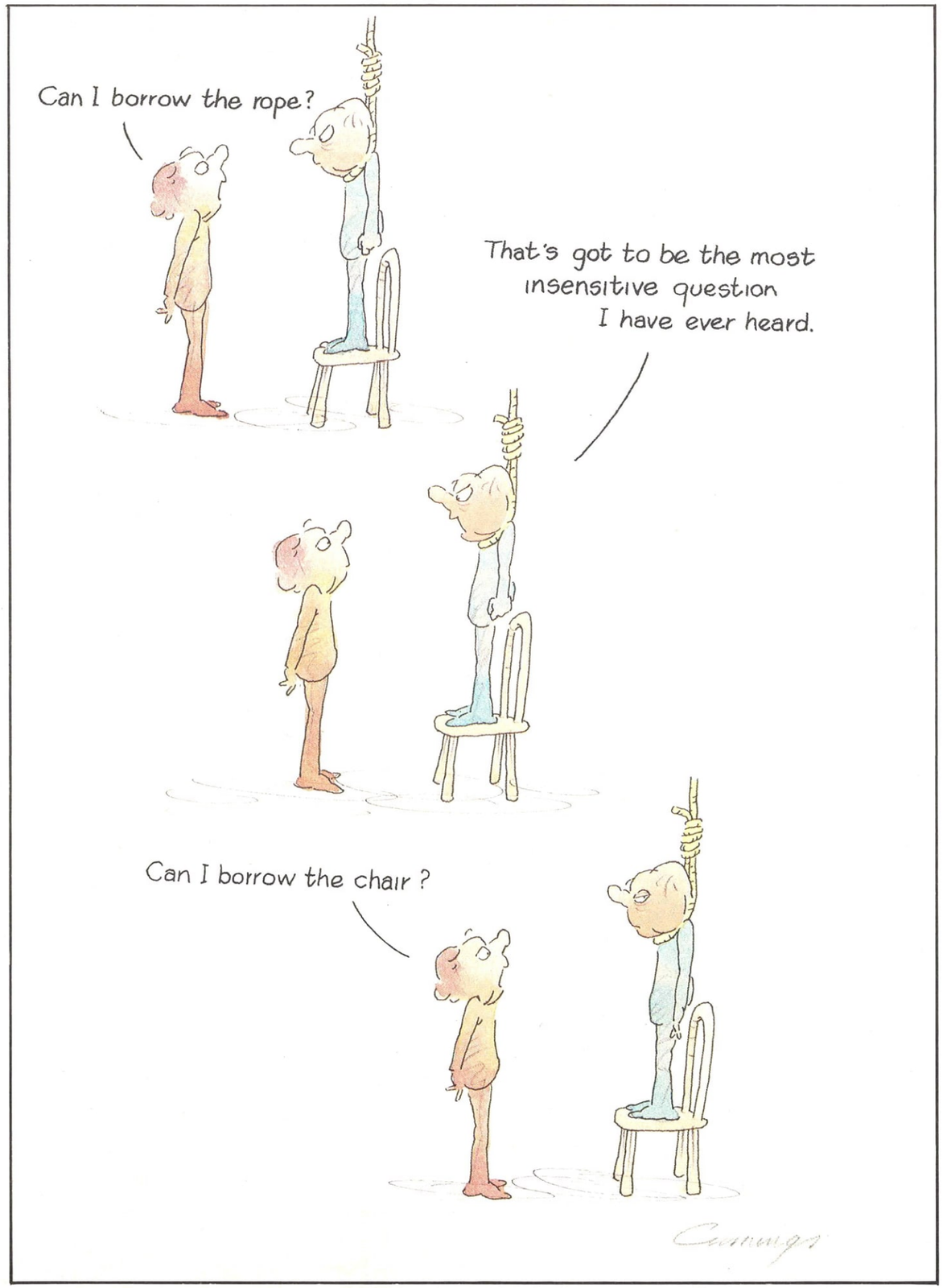
"Now we're seeing it in New South Wales and Victoria."

Thirteen years ago Dr Bert Wainer was an ordinary family doctor with a general practice in St Kilda. Before that he'd been a doctor in the Australian Army and CO of the Army's repatriation hospital in Brisbane.

In his St Kilda practice he frequently treated women who had been victims of unskilled and unscrupulous abortionists. Some died. Others survived, but were crippled physically or emotionally.

He saw that under Victoria's strict anti-abortion laws of then, only women with money and the right friends could have proper, safe abortions.

He sought reform at first through the entirely orthodox channels of the Australian Medical Association. He even persuaded some fellow members to put a half-hearted recommendation for amendment of the existing law to the



Victorian Government. Which promptly ignored it.

His eventual decision to plunge headlong into a personal battle against the vicious old system was triggered, unwittingly, by the hanging of Ronald Ryan at Pentridge on February 3, 1967. Among the crowd keeping passive vigil outside the prison walls as the execution was performed inside was the GP from St Kilda whose impatience with injustice would now erupt. When, at that dawn vigil, he saw mounted police riding their horses into the ranks of the peaceful crowd, the flame touched the wick.

He performed one, then two, abortions on women who had come to him for help. He then told the police what he had done and sought openly to be charged so the brutality and unfairness of the law could be paraded before the public in a court. But the police refused to co-operate.

Melbourne at that time had a small squad of well known — including to the police — practising abortionists. Some of them agreed to help in his campaign; they were tired of paying bribe money to police to avoid prosecution.

He received a small amount of coverage and help for what he was doing from the media, but they generally preferred not to know. His opponents were Establishment: the Government, police, the medical profession. Deceitful. Dishonest. But still Establishment.

Eventually, a reluctant State Government appointed an inquiry, with terms as limited as it dared make them, into his allegations of widespread police corruption around the furtive abortion industry.

From the inquiry came charges against only three policemen, who were later tried, convicted and jailed.

A flow-on from that was a second inquiry, with wider terms. It resulted in 32 police being charged on various counts of bribery, corruption and misconduct, out of a total of 55 named in the inquiry report. All 32 however, ended up being acquitted.

"I've lost count of all the death threats I've had." Then, one hand resting on the eight still unopened letters on the desk: "There could be another one among these.

"Last year I had a bullet through my car. A year earlier a missile came whistling through my living-room window.

"It was worse earlier. In '70 and '71 there was a lot of shooting. In '71 my sister Beryl's house was bombed."

Throughout, police have shown only a passing interest.

"In '71 I saw two men climbing over my back fence. i rang the police and then fired a shot near the intruders as a deterrent. When the police finally arrived they asked me whether I'd been drinking and what drugs had I been taking."

Once when he was away on holidays one of his sons, during a weekend check of his home, found the burglar alarm broken. He rang the police.

"They told him to tell me to check out my car in the garage, saying it could have been planted with a bomb. My son asked if they could check it out, but they said that was a job for the bomb squad and that squad didn't work at weekends."

Sometimes it's funny . . .

"One day my wife dropped one of my sons off at home and as she drove away a police car followed her. My son saw this, got into his car and began following them.

"Another police car appeared and began following him. When I saw this happening, I got into my car and joined on the tail of the procession. Then another police car appeared and followed me.

"Six of us, all in a line and my wife leading, just drove around in circles for a while. Crazy."

Only rarely now do his pale blue eyes lose their philosophic tolerance. He

> Last year I had a bullet through my car. A year earlier a missile came whistling through my living-room window. In 1971 my sister's house was bombed.

recalls the five anti-abortion demonstrators who broke into his clinic last September and invaded the operating theatre.

"I called the police but the inspector who came with them wouldn't move them. So I turned on the nitrous oxide machine, thinking maybe I'd anaesthetise them. They became very upset."

Several attempts have been made to set the clinic alight. Late last year it was broken into yet again and some petty cash stolen.

"When I reported it to police they said I should use guards. I wonder how many armed security guards they have at the Royal Melbourne Hospital?

"We were advised later that the intruder had been caught and sentenced to six months. They didn't tell us about the case, though, until after it happened. And they sent us back $30. They must have taken some of his own money from him, because he only stole $23 from here. So we made a bit of profit on that one."

Changing times and the events have turned Bertram Wainer into a stoic. He can be pleased or saddened at the turn events take. Never astonished.

Today the kid from Glasgow employs a staff of 40.

His clinic is a pleasant place. It is entered through a garden, in itself a grand gesture in this locality of high real estate values. Scarcely any of the clients entering the building would know it was once the residence of a judge, Sir Redmond Barry, who pronounced the 1880 death penalty on Ned Kelly and who, cursed by Kelly from the dock, was himself dead before the month was out.

Wainer enjoys the irony of now using as his professional base what was once the home of the most feared judge of his time.

Not all his legal tussles have been victories. Last year he brought a libel action against the secretary of the Victoria Police Association, Mr Ted Rippon. In the funny ways the law can operate, Wainer both won and lost that action.

In an earlier TV confrontation, Rippon had suggested Wainer feigned a heart attack to avoid giving evidence at an inquiry into police corruption.

Wainer sued. A case expected to last five days ran three weeks. Costs mounted accordingly. In the end, Wainer's action was vindicated. Yes, the jury said, he had been libelled.

But it also found, under the legal heading of "qualified privilege", that Rippon had some justification for his remark as he was responding to an attack by Wainer.

It now seems that no one on the jury thought through the question of costs. And the judge promptly awarded them against Wainer — all of them, his and Rippon's — making a total bill of $80,000.

Wainer was left mentally reeling. Later he discovered the mistake that had been made . . .

"I was indirectly approached by a member of the jury through someone else. What happened in the court was in no way what the jury wanted. I've discovered the jurors were confused and didn't understand the law. Although the hearing lasted three weeks, apparently the jury were all for me even before it began. But they had to sit it through.

"At the end the judge asked them a series of questions. Had I been libelled? They said yes. Was what Rippon said about me on TV truthful? They said no.

"But then they were asked whether he had justification and had the right to answer as he did for the police group he represented. And they said yes. So they found in favor of the defendent? It was yes again.

"I'm now told they had no intention that I should be faced with the whole bill. But they said nothing about costs and were amazed when the judge announced he was awarding them against me."

He enjoyed a happier result from an earlier suit when he took out a writ against radio commentator on all things, Norman Banks. In a broadcast, Banks had suggested Wainer's blurred and indistinct speech could perhaps be the result of drinking or drug-taking.

Wainer won an out of court settlement of $12,000 and sent Banks a telegram:

"Thank you very much. Have just bought a new Citroen. Am extremely grateful. Kind regards, Bert Wainer."

He is pleased to report no sign of continuing unpleasantness.

"I gather Norman bore no grudges. Six months later he invited me to appear on his program. I still have some admiration for him for that. In any case, I imagine his station's insurance company paid the money.

Telephone calls interrupt his conversation at the rate of one every 10 or so minutes.

"What school? Okay, Get details. Tell them I'll do it."

"Yes, I know him. Tell him I'll call back."

"Who? Ask him to make an appointment."

"No, I'll speak to him. Hello. Yes, I got your note. We're doing something about that. I'll keep in touch."

He is never hurried, always courteous.

"Who? Rotary. When? Tell them okay."

Then: "All these service clubs. I think I've more Rotary spoons than anyone."

He agrees to talk at a seminar on Problems with Sexual Medicine — "Heavens, how do they think up these titles?"

Although the clinic is widely regarded as an abortion centre, he says this is not its main work at all.

"We are in to all sorts of things, but mostly it's giving advice. Counselling. In fact, our abortion rate is well down, mainly because of the greater awareness people have now on contraceptive methods, and because more unmarried mothers are today keeping their children.

"Our peak year was 1977, when we were doing 65 abortions a day here. It's now down to 35 a day. There's been a similar decline at other places doing abortion, such as the Queen Victoria Hospital and the Royal Women's.

"For the first time there are now fewer abortions being performed throughout the whole western world. And it's mainly the result of better sex education.

"We know from our counselling that many young women were earlier unaware of their sexuality. In learning about it, they also learn about contraception. Previously the attitude of the medical profession was terrifying; they wouldn't help anyone under 21. That was a major reason for so many unwanted pregnancies. And, after all, what's the main reason for abortion if it's not unwanted pregnancies?"

A clinic abortion today costs $110. Ten years ago, when the trade was carried on surreptitiously and often in unhygienic conditions, the fee usually ranged between $200 and $2000. His clinic today also enjoys authorisation by the Medical Board to train doctors throughout Australia and a steady stream from nearby, mainly Asian, countries in what are called "termination procedures". This official recognition gives him special satisfaction — something he scarcely dreamed possible 10 years ago.

As part of the general clinic program, he and other clinic personnel fulfil a steady stream of engagements at schools and service and mothers' clubs.

"Our talks at schools range over a number of related topics that students these days want to know about: family planning, biology, awareness, not hurting other people, contraception, abortion.

"Kids are open about the questions they ask. Five years ago they didn't ask many questions."

> By the time I was 50 I'd had four heart attacks, cancer of the throat, a broken marriage and been bankrupt.

All that is still only half his work. He remains involved in the types of turmoils that pre-dated the clinic's establishment. Because he is the man he is, he continues the work of seeking to make society cleaner and law enforcement authorities more honest. That's why his callers and confidantes include criminals as well as doctors, police of all ranks who agree with his aims, as well as lawyers and social workers.

"We have in our community today criminals who are licensed to kill. If certain police want to kill me — and some do — they won't do it themselves. They'll engage someone with a record and still living a criminal existence who has become an ally of certain police elements in order to continue his profession.

"As well as being criminals, these men are also police informers. They buy immunity from police action by occasionally helping police do their job. In return, they're prepared to do certain special jobs the police want done. Such as sometimes killing people.

"I could be killed and my body put through a shredder so I'd be totally obliterated. That's one way that's been used to dispose of unwanted bodies. At one time a crematorium in Melbourne was paid a retainer to operate after hours for the secret disposal of bodies.

"It's not just police and criminals. I have a list of barristers who can fix things because they know the right police to contact. There are willing magistrates who can always be depended on to give the right decisions in their courts.

"It's very lucrative. Criminals involved continue to exist on the proceeds of robberies because they divvy up part of what they get with their police protectors."

Despite regular death threats and a few attempts in the past to kill or at least injure him, Wainer believes he has good reason to feel safe personally.

"Police don't like me because I put some policemen in jail. But they can't have me killed because the underworld sees me as a protagonist of theirs. And it would have to be from the underworld that the police would draw their hit man to eliminate me.

"Crims won't do it because they know I give them a fair go. They've told me. I've treated some of them. I'm always ready to treat them. I've also more good friends within the police force than most people imagine. A lot of police are sick and tired of corruption in the force.

His wife, Jo, has threatened to put up a sign on his door: "Please go away. Bert has troubles of his own."

But Wainer says he'd probably take it down after a while. Or people would ignore it anyway.

"By the time I was 50 — just 18 months ago — I'd had four heart attacks, cancer of the throat, a broken marriage and been bankrupt.

"I could have had an easy life if I'd chosen another route. When I began campaigning against abortion corruption, a doctor who was then one of the leading abortion operators, offered me $250,000 worth of property and a half share in his practice if I'd join him.

"I'd have been a partner in a highly prosperous conglomerate that made money not just from abortions but from the sale of babies women wanted disposed of after they were born.

"A live baby was worth $1000 on the secret market those days.

"I never wanted to get involved in all this. You never emerge from these things unscathed. But, well, I am . . ."

He grins. Hands open wide across his chest as he seems to suggest: You give me the answer.

But why him? If we can't trust the police, what about our politicians?

"No. No. Politicians don't like all this. They see it as too dirty. They'd make enemies. It could harm their parties. There are no big votes in it. I've been asked

to run for politics. One party wanted me to run for the Senate.

"I said: 'All right, put me number one on the ticket.'

"Now they've stopped asking me."

During the abortion exposure scandals of 10 years ago, one of Wainer's confidential informants was a PMG telephone technician who offered his phone-tapping services.

About the time the abortionist made his offer to Wainer to join his practice, Wainer had a meeting with him and threatened him with public exposure.

Returning to his surgery, the doctor rang the police to complain that Wainer was putting on pressure, and Wainer's PMG contact told Wainer of the call.

Within minutes the doctor had a call from Wainer: "That policeman you just complained to is a friend of mine. Don't make any more complaints, I warn you."

The doctor, who was paying high money to the policeman he'd talked to, had good reason to wonder just how powerful was this man Wainer he was dealing with.

Wainer's domestic retreat 22km east of Melbourne in the hamlet of Research, lazes on and around a series of tumbling grassed hills. It is a tall accumulation of bricks and windows. Inside it seems to have been undecided whether to be a small cathedral — some parts have high ceilings — or a modern underground rail station — it's also got a series of passageways, steps, large and small spaces.

Brassily brazen indeed is his polished professional plate on the split wood gate at the property entrance. But it does have some in-built protective measures. His house, back from the road, stands on a rise from which occupants can readily see approachers. All around the building are lights which, at one flick of a switch, can illuminate the whole area. It has special glass windows; insiders can see out, outsiders cannot see in. They are also bullet proof.

Here Wainer lives with his wife, Jo, their six-year-old daughter, Zoe, and at varying times the four children of his first marriage, who are aged 16 to 22.

There a sunny Sunday afternoon finds him, as always, smartly dressed: pressed slacks, sports shirt, blue jacket. And he's carrying three handkerchiefs.

He sips from a large mug of white tea. Nearby the ever-present cigarette packet. Yes, he's willing enough to talk about his strange past. About the father who died four months before he was born. About his widowed mother's struggle to provide for herself and three small children in a Glasgow tenement in the slum area of Gallowgate.

"No, it wasn't the Gorbals. It was beside the Gorbals. It was so dreadful the Gorbals didn't want it."

He produces some color pictures of it, taken on a recent visit. It's derelict now, although some people still live there.

"One of my sons was with me that visit. It was so awful he couldn't say anything. He just turned very pale."

His mother tried to run a small confectionery business. But in the Depression, when people struggled to buy bread, who had money for lollies. She scrubbed floors and stairways. She mended old clothes and tried to re-sell them. Then she re-married. Her second husband was a lovable Irish horse-dealer. He was also an alcoholic. And there was little horse-dealing in the Depression.

Bert Wainer's escape route was education. At school he was often hungry, but he won scholarships. He wanted to do something. To belong. He joined briefly the Communist Party, but was expelled. Then the British Army.

Post-war Glasgow being little improved on the pre-war Glasgow, the family migrated to Australia. They arrived in Melbourne on his 21st birthday: December 30, 1949. He drifted. Tried jobs in the city and the country. Long buried inside him was an ambition to be a doctor. He went to night school and matriculated. Another scholarship, to the Medicine School at Melbourne University. Still short of money, he joined the Australian Army to complete his course and then become an army doctor. Promotions took him to the post of CO. A staff car. Two batmen. But he never got used to the idea of other ranks saluting him.

> I detest abortion. I love life. And I'm extremely fond of children. Happy, laughing children are one of the world's special joys.

At the Brisbane hospital he met many conscripted men shipped back wounded, some mutilated, from the Vietnam war. So many. It curdled his earlier affection for military life. He quit, moved back to Melbourne, opened the small general practice in St Kilda.

"A lot of people think they know what I'm like from a certain public image that's emerged and which is incorrect. That I'm pro-abortion, anti-police," Wainer said.

"A lot of people who know me well regard me as a conservative.

"In fact I detest abortion. I love life. And I'm extremely fond of children. Happy, laughing children are one of the world's special joys.

"Abortion is often the lesser of two evils. And if it's going to be done it's much nicer the way we do it."

Nor, he insists, is he anti-police: "Communities need police forces. I'm only against misuse and abuse of police power. I've nothing but the highest respect for the sound, honest policeman doing his job in an upright way.

"I've been in both the British and Australian armies and I strongly believe in universal military training for young men. It's good for them and it'd be good for the country. It could generate a lot of employment. I opposed the stupid ballot-lottery conscription we had for Vietnam. Army training should be for everyone."

He says he works only for "people's issues". He has turned down all sorts of requests to join movements against pollution, uranium, and nuclear warfare.

"Someone else can save the whales while I try to save people. Now there's this thing called animal liberation! No, I'm in no way a trendy."

Now he sees a curiously new human issue looming.

"I've been approached by a number of lesbian couples who've been in stable relationships for several years saying they now want to have a child by normal means.

"With artificial insemination it can be done, but there could be medical and legal problems. And the Festival of Light will be shocked.

"They could use the alternative method, which is go out and seduce a male. But these women find that sort of relationship with a man repugnant.

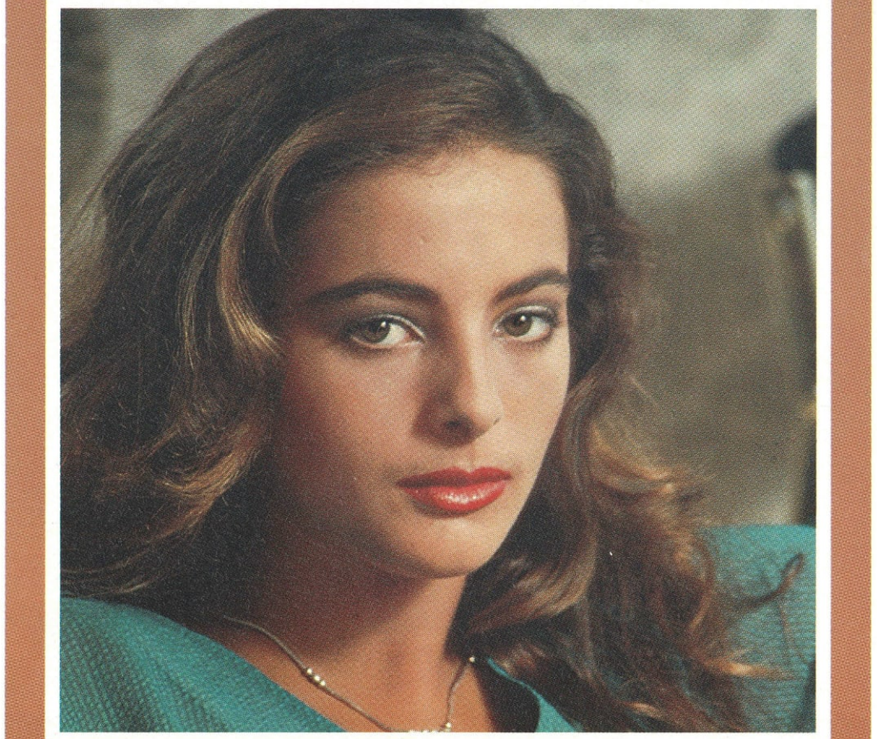
"Demonstrably, women are women. Should these women be denied the right to be a mother because of their home relationship?

"I've discussed it with psychiatrists who say the child won't be in a deprived situation. We've had in-depth counselling sessions with the women. Their relationships are very stable and of some duration. When the child goes to school it will probably ask where's its daddy. But there are many children at schools today whose fathers are dead or who have deserted.

"It's curious. I'm generally accused of doing harm to unborn children. What might happen now if I help bring into the world children who would otherwise never be born?

"We're still studying it. But I'm sympathetic to the women. I know the AMA will say it's unethical, because they haven't thought of it yet. I don't know whether it will be breaking the law, but I've no doubt they'll think of something."

If the AMA does not, you can be sure Bert Wainer will.



DONNA

GIRL ON THE MOVE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL HOLLOWAY AND WALTER GLOVER

Lucky Canada! It's about to become the home of Donna Turner, our Pet of the Month. "I hate to love and leave you," says the 18-year-old Sydney girl, "but adventure and ambition call, and I can't turn down a chance to see more of the world. Although I was born in Australia, I spent eight years in Canada — in fact, my father lives in British Columbia and it's going to be wonderful to see him again. But I *will* come back to Australia. It's where I want to live."

"I will come back. It's where I want to live."

Grooming, John Coiffure; fur, Angelo Furs; shoes, Raymond Castles; clothes, Carla Shir, Helen Barnard Agency, Estelle, Superset.

"I've just had my 18th birthday," says our 34-23-34 Pet, "and my father has a wonderful present waiting for me when I arrive — a red Corvette Stingray. He's also arranged for me to study acting and ballet because I am determined to be an actress someday. I've done a little amateur theatrical work and freelance modelling, and I hope that after I've done my studying I'll be able to get into films."

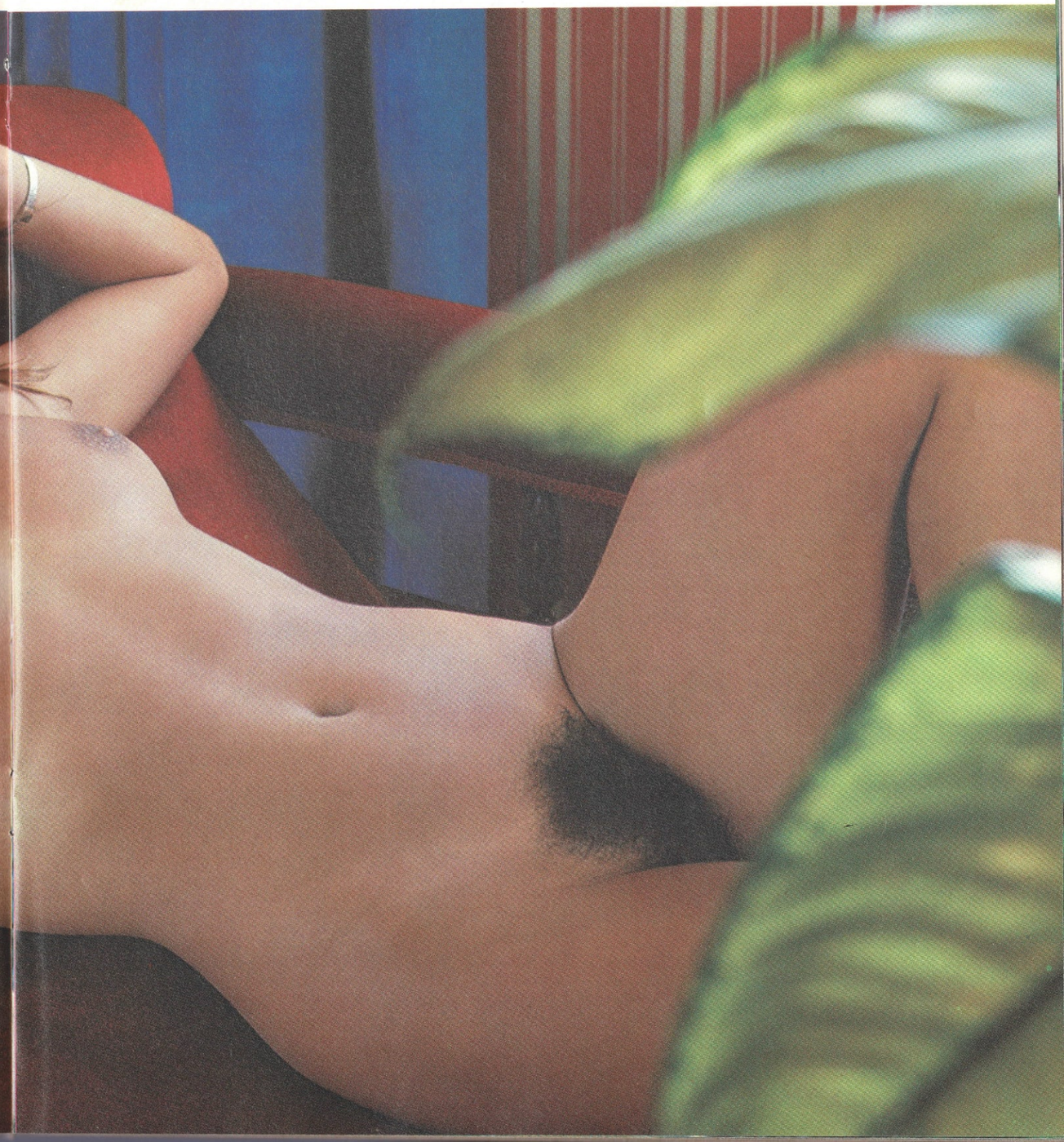
"One of the sad things about going away was having to sell my horse," admits Donna. "I really didn't have a choice. You can't smuggle a horse into Canada in your handbag! I love riding, and I'm into the whole western trip — cowboys, Indians, horses, western movies and all that riding off into the sunset routine. For me it's a fantasy, or escapism — call it what you will — but it's fun."

"I'm not looking forward to long distance love."

"I'm going to really miss my man — in and out of bed."

"I'm going to miss the sun and the beach, but most of all I'm going to miss my man," confesses Donna. "I just know I'll cry at the airport! Of course, he's planning to visit me, and there will be lots of letters and massive phone bills, but I'm not looking forward to long distance love. I'm going to really miss my man — in and out of bed."

And we'll miss you too, Donna. Hurry home!



MISS DONNA TURNER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

WHO SAID 'MEN SMOKE DRUM'?

The natural satisfaction of full flavoured, imported Drum.
It's the most enjoyed ready—rubbed cigarette tobacco in Australia.

ST205L

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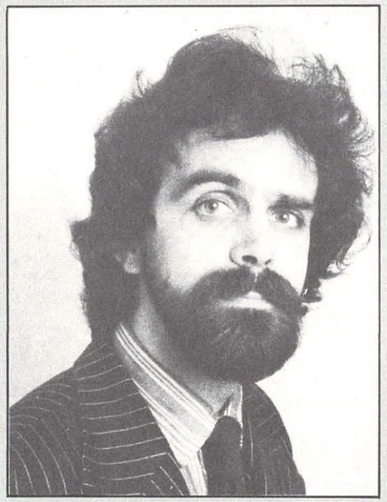
ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION



BY MICHAEL KENNEDY

The author, a prominent conservationist, attended the recent Antarctic Marine Living Resources Convention as a delegate. Through the Friends of the Earth, he has been involved in several major battles to save our marine resources from extinction.

BEGINNING OF THE END FOR ANTARCTICA

A large question mark hangs over the future of the huge continent of Antarctica and the waters which surround it, as the result of the political and economic self-interest displayed by the 13 countries that make up the Antarctic Treaty.

And Australia's performance has been particularly reprehensible. While we have professed great concern for the conservation of Antarctica's marine living resources, we have in fact aligned ourselves with other claimant states in a selfish desire to maintain control over a potential goldmine.

We have played right into the hands of the fishing nations — Russia, Japan, Poland — who have shown time and again their flagrant lack of concern for the protection of the environment.

Although our Government would deny it, our interest in Antarctic conservation centres on the protection of the mineral and oil wealth of the Australian Antarctic Territory. We claim sovereignty over almost one half of the continent and we are in a position to greatly influence its ecological future. But in the two years of negotiations which led up to the Antarctic Living Resources Convention in Canberra last May, our support was conspicuously lacking from any of the conservation initiatives proposed. It was left to the US to do the running, with support from New Zealand, Norway and the UK.

The main aim of the Convention has been to draw up a management plan for the controlled exploitation of Antarctic marine life, particularly krill, the main food of the great whales and the most critical link in the entire Antarctic ecosystem. Conservationists from around the world attended the final conference fully aware that the fate of millions of marine animals depended almost totally on the outcome. They feared — and still fear — an ecological catastrophe should the continent be over-exploited.

The Antarctic waters are indeed rich in life and vast in area, but the food chain is short and consequently fragile. The survival of the endangered blue and humpback whales, among others, could be gravely prejudiced if krill fisheries are allowed in unrestricted. In fact, man has never before proposed exploitation so low in the food chain, and in such large quantities.

Whales and seals have been hunted to the point of extinction in Antarctic waters before, but so little is known about the biology of krill and just what levels can realistically be harvested that a repeat of the whaling experience could prove to be an even greater disaster.

For this reason the conservationists who attended the Living Resources Convention, myself included, drew up a set of proposed amendments to the convention, ensuring the safest possible management regime. We were ignored. No attempt was made to set maximum quotas for krill catches. In fact the countries involved deliberately dodged the quota issue because it meant addressing the issue of land claims in Antarctica and was politically unacceptable. So regulation went out the window.

This failure to regulate harvesting also raised the possibility of over-capitalisation of the fisheries — the bane of fishing agreements all over the world. Without effective controls the krill become a common resource, for which all fishing nations are in competition and the biggest and quickest fleet wins. Given that scenario, it is easy to imagine the krill being fished out of existence very quickly. The effect on the Antarctic food chain would be devastating.

While these possibilities were being canvassed in Canberra by the conservationists, the official conference proceedings were taken up with geopolitical pettiness. The USSR wanted the EEC delegates out, or at least denied voting rights. The EEC spent the entire time fighting for its rights. The Soviets blocked all conservationist proposals, no matter who proposed them. And while all this was happening, time was never available for full and proper discussions on protecting Antarctica from ecological disaster, the purported aim of the Convention.

The antics of the 13 signatories to the Antarctic Treaty left me with little hope for the future of the world's last great wilderness and the life forms that inhabit it. The mechanics of the Convention — membership restrictions, concensus voting — will probably work to the detriment of proper conservation in Antarctica, and the economic self-interest of all those countries with any sort of tenuous land claim will certainly do so. The only ray of hope is the fact that the principle of the ecosystem approach to management survived the Convention intact, meaning that a framework for Antarctic conservation exists should the member nations choose to use it.

Conservationists want at least a 10-year breathing space before krill fishing begins. This would give time for the required basic research into the Antarctic food chain.

At the moment, it is known that krill is a basic food for a number of species. As well as whales these include penguins, seals, squid and fish like the Antarctic cod.

Beyond fish there are a number of birds which get at least part of their food from krill, petrels and albatrosses among them.

At least 10 years' research would be needed to see what percentage of the food eaten by these species is krill. It would also have to be found how much krill is eaten by smaller fish species which are in turn eaten by bigger species.

Antarctic waters are basically richer in all nutrients than other warmer waters. A lot of this nutrient drifts north to fishing grounds in South America, South Africa and Australia.

Research would have to be done to show how the harvesting of krill in the Antarctic would deplete this northern flow of nutrients and the consequent effects on these northern fisheries.

The Antarctic Marine Living Resources Convention is a good example of the philosophy of nationalism and the pitfalls inherent in it. Countries have been unwilling to give up any real sovereignty or control because of their desires to protect future options, and Australia is as guilty as any of the others.

Perhaps the day will come when nations will be prepared to put a common interest in the welfare of the world ahead of their own selfish claims, but it may be too late to save Antarctica.

"Although our Government would deny it, our interest in Antarctic conservation centres on the protection of the mineral and oil wealth of the Australian Antarctic Territory."

1980 AUSTRALIAN *Pet of the Year*

It's time for Australia's first Pet of the Year, and our readers are invited to help us choose the winner. The *Australian Penthouse* Pet of the Year prize is the richest glamor event in the southern hemisphere with prize-money and gifts totalling more than $50,000 to date. For a full list of prizes, see Page 144. This year's Pet of the Year will be chosen from the first 11 girls to grace the pages of *Australian Penthouse.* They have been: (opposite page) **Jessica Castles,** March (top left); **Carmen J. McCall,** December (top right); **Lyn Barron,** February (bottom left); **Susie Peters,** May (bottom right); **Kelly Russell,** January (this page, above); **Julie Press,** November (top right); **Cherie Marsh,** April (adjacent, right). Now turn the pages for our four finalists. To vote, write to Pet of the Year, GPO Box 4084, Sydney, 2001.

LILLIAN GASINSKAYAY

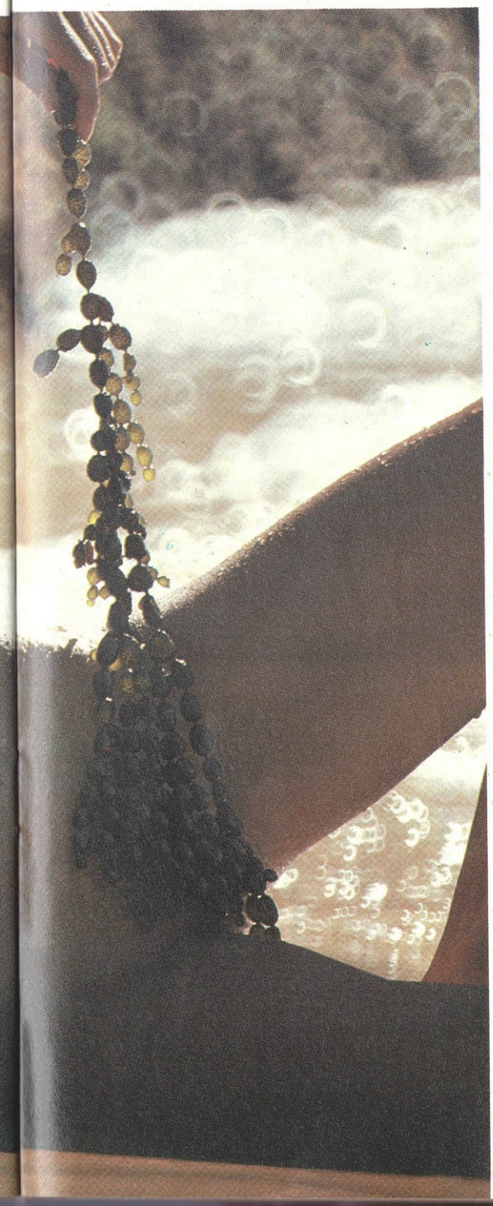
Lillian Gasinskayay became famous around the world as the Girl in the Red Bikini who jumped ship in Sydney to trade life in Russia for fun in the sun. She took the bikini off her 37-24-34 form for the first (October 1979) issue of *Australian Penthouse* and proved she was all woman . . . and a philosopher as well. "I believe that beauty comes from within," she told us, "but it helps to have a special person bring it out." And Lillian confided her ways of doing just that: "A man wants a beautiful girl; a girl who is clever, intelligent, fun to be with . . . but most of all, a man wants a woman who will treat him as a *man.*" And so say all of us!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER CAINE

DEBRA RIETBERG

"I can rage all night in the company of a swinging, free-spirited man," says Sydney's Debra Rietberg, who appeared June 1980. "All I need is the feeling that we're communicating, whether we're talking or not, and we really get off on each other's company," she says. Debra, a diminutive 34-24-33, was photographed on our *Penthouse Pet* cruiser, and says her appearance in the magazine was the highlight of her life. "Men would smile at me knowingly even when I went to the deli," she said. "Of course, I wouldn't say anything but my flatmate would nudge them and say 'Yep, that's Debbie!' They would be so thrilled." We can understand that. So are we.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL ABEL



TRACEY WALLACE

When Tracey Wallace appeared in our July issue she also appeared on the *John Singleton Show* in Sydney, and then went out with her mum, dad, brother, relatives, best friends and neighbors for a night on the town. Tracey's Pet of the Month appearance put her on Cloud Nine. "We all dream of doing new and enjoyable things," said the 33-22-33 Pet. "When you get the chance to demonstrate a dream — such as appearing in *Australian Penthouse* and showing why you are so proud of being a woman — then how can you say no to making a fantasy come true?" We have no answer; simply the knowledge that Tracey's fantasy was our pleasure.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER GLOVER

LINDA FERGUSON

Lovely Linda Ferguson is turned on by the thought of travel, diamonds — and older men. Perhaps that is why 21-year-old Linda brought gasps of approval when she appeared in the August 1980 issue — gasps which made her an automatic choice for a Pet of the Year finalist. Linda, 34-25-35, makes no secret that her ideal man is refined, trim, European-looking, well dressed, and preferably with the whim and wherewithal for travel. Her two live-in men to date have been aged 48 and 39. "I suppose I'll be a bit like Ronald Reagan in America and capture the geriatric vote," says Linda, "but I hope I have a good, all-round appeal." Amen to that.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL ABEL

Photograph by Walter Glover

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

RICHARD NEVILLE

> I'm 38 and I don't want to be an eternal expatriate wandering in the wilderness. I don't want to spend the rest of my life living in London basements with the shadow of *Oz*.

A few years ago the idea of Richard Neville as a daytime television idol of the blue rinse set would not only have been laughable; it would have been unthinkable. But times change and the former "car salesman for the hippy culture", literary rebel and parent provocateur has taken to his new role of resident social conscience on *The Mike Walsh Show* like a duck to water.

Since he first landed in court on obscenity charges more than 16 years ago, Neville has seldom been out of the headlines for long. Disillusioned by Australia's draconian censorship laws, he and co-editor Martin Sharp answered their critics by moving the entire operation of their infamous *Oz* magazine to London, where it became an instant cause celebre of the Underground. However, Britain wasn't quite ready for the Neville brand of social realism either. After publishing an issue devoted to the sexuality of schoolchildren, Neville and friends were back in court — and this time went to jail (albeit briefly) for their troubles.

The London *Oz* trials and the 1970 publication of his book *Playpower*, brought Neville international fame and notoriety. He became a popular symbol of Sixties' youth culture — in his own words, "the plastic hippy on the David Frost programs".

It was a role he enjoyed for a time, until the zing went out of flower power and youth liberation became a reality rather than an ideal.

In the mid-Seventies, he flitted between London, New York and Sydney, establishing himself as a colorful and versatile journalist and broadcaster.

But it wasn't until earlier this year, with the publication of *The Life and Crimes of Charles Sobhraj* (excerpts of which appeared in *Australian Penthouse*, January and February), that Neville finally laid to rest his naughty boy image. Even his critics had to concede that, at 38 he was no "enfant", although there may be traces of "terrible" lingering on.

The Sobhraj book, co-authored with his long-time lady friend, Julie Clarke, laid bare the soul of a self-confessed murderer who had preyed on hip young overland travellers.

In his younger days, it is hard to imagine Neville being able to sit in the same room with such a man, but in 1980, professional objectivity over-ruled his heart.

Neville now divides his time between a cottage in the Blue Mountains west of Sydney and a weekday lodging in the city, where freelance writer Liz Porter interviewed him for *Penthouse*.

Penthouse: During the *Oz* trials you were described as "reminiscent of a younger (and slimmer) Oscar Wilde". You were in the dock at the Old Bailey where he had been more than half a century before, both on charges which involved outraging public morality in some way. When you came back to Australia a few years ago you said: "I've got nothing to declare but my curiosity." When Wilde went through American customs he said: "I've got nothing to declare but my genius." Do you identify with Wilde in any way?

Neville: He's a character that I suppose had a formative influence in my younger days and I admire him for his wit and anti-trendy stance, because he opposed the conventional morality of the time. History has proved *him* right rather than the people who exiled him. When he was sentenced, all the prostitutes in London danced in the streets. But none of his prosecutors or the jury are ever remembered, while history has vindicated him. And that's why Wilde has to exert a certain amount of fascination for a person growing up in Sydney in the late Fifties as I was, because he was very cynical about contemporary values and he did flaunt them. Yet he was a success in their terms, *but* he went too far.

One lesson about Wilde is: that if you are living on the fringe, then you can't resort to the establishment techniques to protect that lifestyle. That's why I've never resorted to legal action. Some years ago there was a black activist from London called Michael X who was on trial in Trinidad. Part of his defence was a roll call of those who had been working with him to try to improve race relations, and one of them was me. A Sydney newspaper wrote this up as "Australian named in murder trial".

That was legally open to action and very provocative. For once I didn't conform to Wilde's dictum that the best way to overcome temptation was to yield to it.

Penthouse: Did the sentence of 15 months' jail at the *Oz* trials come as a terrible surprise? Hadn't you expected it to end with a fine?

Neville: Well already the judge had been so crazed, he discharged one member of the jury for being unmarried and pregnant. One witness, Marty Feldman, said from the court: "Look, I'm really sorry Richard, you haven't got a hope with this madman on the bench."

Penthouse: Were you frightened of jail?

Neville: Anyone who's been to a boarding school in Sydney is well-equipped to cope with Wandsworth Prison. We were acquitted of the major charge, but convicted of the lesser offence of publishing an obscene magazine — and this only because of a misdirection of the jury.

We were initially given 10 days' incarceration to await sentence, and as it turned out much later, the judge was doing this because he thought we were all junkies and was expecting us to go through these horrific withdrawal symptoms so he could say: "Ha ha! Do you see what I mean about *Oz*?"

But as we weren't junkies, all we did was play chess and talk to the guards. I must admit that after a week in jail some of the YPs (young prisoners who were separated from us oldies) — these blacks with honeyed skins and hair down to their waists — did begin to look slightly attractive.

The most arduous part was being in the same cell with my two co-editors. A 24-hour office. No one should have to smell the dirty socks of his colleagues.

Penthouse: One newspaper report of the time suggested some inmates misunderstood the involvement of schoolkids in the offending issue of *Oz* and thought you were child molesters, and you know what happens to them in jail!

Neville: Oh no, not even the prosecution could conjure up that accusation. The fact that there were school children involved in producing that issue of *Oz* got people very excited. The prisoners were great. They were all wandering around singing this song that John Lennon wrote called God Save *Oz*. The murderers became my . . . uh . . . "intimates" [laughs] . . . I learned how to rob gas meters . . . burgle houses . . . they were terrific.

Penthouse: Did you find yourself, as a journalist, getting people's stories?

Neville: Theoretically, of course, you're not supposed to talk to people about their sentences. Yet they were delighted to disclose their crimes. I was writing their love letters and helping with their appeals. I can remember another time I was decorating a Christmas tree in jail and then suddenly I was being called before the Governor and told I was being let out and I was cross. A Christmas in jail would have been rather interesting.

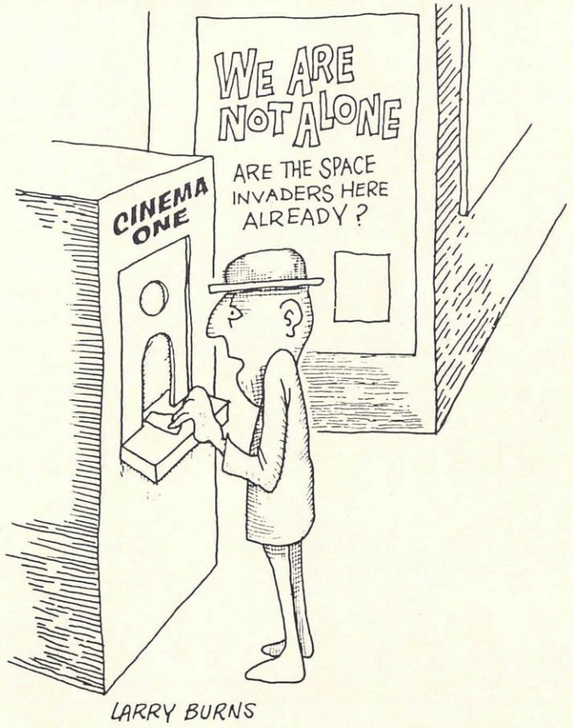
Penthouse: You've been on TV before, in England, and you said in about 1968 that you were always cast as the plastic hippie opposite Malcolm Muggeridge.

Neville: Did I say that? Well, after *Oz* began in London, and when the counter-culture started to get itself established, the BBC needed a push-button spokesman on alternative lifestyles and I was called on quite regularly. I lived in this basement, editing *Oz* and had a phone. And the BBC didn't know any other hippies who could be highly vociferous and needed a few bucks.

Penthouse: Tell me about being vociferous. Both you and your sister, Jill, are highly articulate. Were you encouraged to speak out as children?

Neville: My father was silent and strong and straight, and my mother was very funny; she never stopped talking.

Penthouse: But you two still managed to get a word in?



"Four, please!"

"Putting it in plain language, Mr Bloodwurst, your heart is in your mouth."

Neville: Well, we used to practise when she wasn't at home.
Penthouse: You say the sort of things that people quote . . .
Neville: Yeah, I was the copywriter for the revolution.
Penthouse: Did you know that Oscar Wilde used to practise his epigrams before he used them?
Neville: I don't think that I rehearse any lines. But now people's mouths drop open if I use words in a certain way, because it's a dying art, like the Japanese Noh theatre or something. I feel I'm continuing a tradition. It's not just Wilde, it's Dorothy Parker, Congreve, Sergeant Bilko. My mother turned me on to Dorothy Parker. I know all the Parker and Benchley stories: like how they used to sit in a tiny office and get very lonely. So they put a sign on the door which said "Mens". Or Dorothy saying, "I must get out of these wet clothes and into a dry martini". They were just part of my upbringing. I was suckled on epigrams; to me they just come completely naturally.

Language is an extremely beautiful tool. But it's decaying. People use language with less and less facility, and I think the vocal use of language, as opposed to the written or performing use, is an art form. I do believe conversation is an art form, or even socialising . . . a declining art form. I'm just a blacksmith of conversation and I don't have any other natural gifts. But it's never been marketable before, so I guess that's what's drawn me to television.
Penthouse: What's your reaction to the rise of ockerism in the time you've been away?
Neville: Well, it's been made respectable, partly through people like Paul Hogan. What started out as satire has now ended up glorifying it, which is strange really because I don't think Barry Humphries' send-up of Les Patterson or Edna Everage has led to those figures being glorified. But I think ockers have got a respectability now, especially through TV commercials. And there's one ocker with his own talk show. That's where we've changed: you couldn't have had that 10 years ago. I think John Singleton and Hogan have helped defuse things.

The ocker is now a satirical type, and that's taken a bit of the sting out of it. I think that ockers know they're ockers now, and before they never did. And at least that self-identity means they know there are other people who are not ockers. Before, ockers were incredibly insecure and resentful and that's why they used to beat up people like me. It said much more about them than it did about my long hair.
Penthouse: What do you think of "Come on, Aussie, come on"?
Neville: I think there is a fairly nauseating rise of chauvinism — not male chauvinism so much as chauvinism of the old-fashioned kind, which is quite apparent in some TV spectaculars where all the performers huddle together singing Waltzing Matilda. We're the last surviving repository of jingoism.
Penthouse: What about the national inferiority complex?
Neville: I think the cultural cringe is declining — except for the ABC. They have to bring a Michael Parkinson here to do interviews. But I guess the cultural image is being replaced. Robert Ruark once said something about before you destroy one kind of cultural manifestation you should always replace it with something of value. In destroying the cultural cringe maybe now we're just getting jingoistic ockerism in its place.
Penthouse: You have opinions about the importance of sport which are not shared by the majority of Australian men, it seems.
Neville: I do think that sport is romanticised in Australia. I'm not talking about archery, bushwalks, swimming in the ocean, even non-violent competitive sports. But I have a few theories about what happens when you divide human beings in teams and you pit them against each other in bodily contact sports — Rugby and hockey and that sort of thing.

> People follow sport because it stops them thinking about anything else. It's completely uncreative. I think it's the great Australian disease.

I wonder why people take it seriously, why people who do that are turned into stars? Although some of the individual players are certainly courageous geniuses. I would like to see a list of all the people who had broken collarbones, who've been turned into quadraplegics. I don't think sport draws agression out of a society; I think it stimulates and pours it back in. Lorenz, writing on agression, put the argument that sport was a safety valve. But the newest research tends to indicate the opposite.

A man did a very simple experiment — he got 10 warlike societies and 10 non-warlike societies and looked at their leisure occupations and their sport. Now you would think that if that theory were true, violent societies would have very non-violent sports and vice versa, but they discovered completely the opposite. The more warlike the society, the more vicious their sports.

My one joke on the subject is that people say the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, I say it was caused on the playing fields of Eton.

I think also that people follow sport because it stops them thinking about anything else. In the long run of history when you look back at football games, who won and who lost, what does it matter? It's not exactly building the Pyramids, is it? And yet all that energy goes into chasing a ball around the field, which causes so much injury and stimulates a lot of agression. And it's completely uncreative. I think it's the great Australian disease.
Penthouse: Why is sport so important to Australian men?
Neville: Television and sport are the meaning of life for most people in this country. Australia is not a society where the men are going to curl up in libraries and read Dostoyevsky. So what do people do? I think on the whole they are compelled to live fairly drab, uneventful lives in which their whole weekend is built around sport. It's their fun and excitement, just like producing *Oz* was to me. But my main argument is that it's all spectacle. The people on the playing fields are one thing, but what about all the people going into the grandstands and throwing beer cans at the umpire? I just find it like head-hunting in New Guinea — although that at least was integrated with the culture.
Penthouse: On the *Mike Walsh Show* you said that the only Olympics you approved of were the old-style nude ones. Was that just the Richard Nevilleism of the hour?
Neville: All I've said about sport could in a way just be grafted on to the Olympics plus jingoism. There are fine individual performers. We once had a runner, Landy I think, and I'll never forget reading in *Newsweek* when he retired (this was about 10 years ago) that he said: "Suddenly just running in circles round an oval against a watch didn't make sense to me any more." To me most of the Olympic events make no sense. I think in Athens when all these Olympians were completely nude with beautiful bodies it was like an art form. Like moving sculptures trying to achieve some sort of human perfection. The nude Olympics I could get excited about. But it's not the cornerstone of my political philosophy. It was a throwaway line.
Penthouse: Do you think there is a younger generation now which is more tolerant than before?
Neville: We were very intolerant of old people when I was growing up. I don't share that intolerance now, because obviously I see myself moving towards that age group. But I've found some of these younger people more open, a little bit more sensitive, and looser, and yet if they've been watching television all their lives they shouldn't be. So maybe television does break down prejudice and bigotry.
Penthouse: Do you think Australian men have changed in the time you've been away?
Neville: Talking only about my peer group, which is flaccid white middle-class degenerates, they have softened up in the past 10 years. They have been affected to some extent by Women's Liberation.

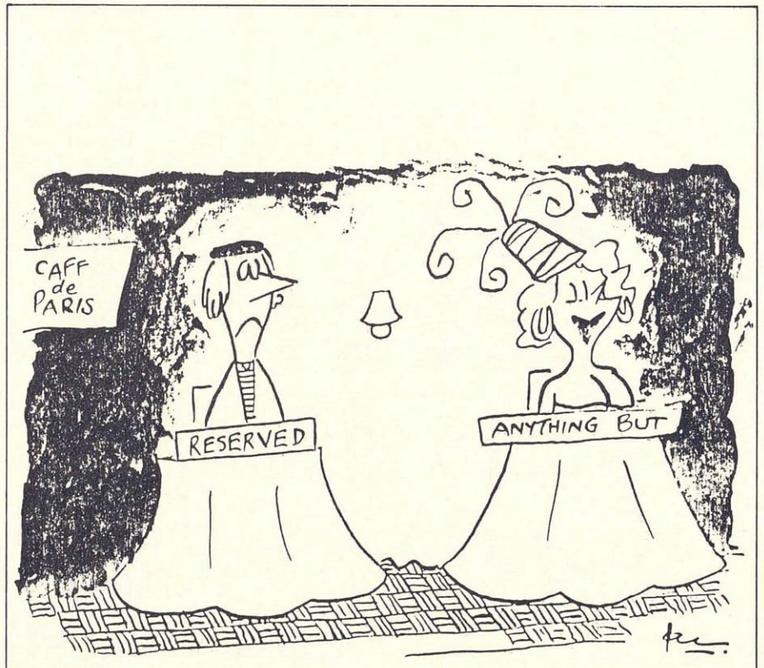
There is more tolerance to women getting out of the house and into everyday life, and sometimes a little bit of justifiable amusement at the difficulties career women now find themselves in.
Penthouse: Were the men you met in New York more sympathetic to the women's movement or to independent women in general than their Australian equivalents?
Neville: I would say they're more browbeaten by women than Australian men because in the publishing circles in which I moved, all the people I had to deal with in connection with writing the Sobhraj book were women. And I'm talking about high-powered editors and literary agents . . . just powerful media figures in Manhattan. They're a real tough new breed of executive womanhood which I don't think has really come to Australia yet — probably Ita Buttrose to some extent behind closed doors is very tough, I don't know. Because they've got the Manhattan competitive instinct and that American directness and rudeness . . . it's really like fighting the Viet Cong.
Penthouse: How did these women evolve?
Neville: I think out of the Jewish highly intellectual success ethic of Manhattan — it's a highly competitive city, built on speed and adrenalin, not built on diplomacy and politeness like England, not built on mateship, like Australia. It doesn't have any of that Anglo-Saxon softness or decadence. I think women there are very anxious for success, and to get to the top you've got to be a bit of a shit. These women are extremely competent but tough. There just happens to be a very high percentage of women in Manhattan running the show, they should call it Womanhattan.

And men have reacted in two ways: they've become either gay or impotent, and or celibate. I think heterosexuality's on the defensive in Manhattan. But I can only talk about the refined decadent kind of circles in which I move.
Penthouse: There's obviously quite a way to go here, before the New York pattern starts.
Neville: Yes, television here is very masculine, both in what's behind the screen and what's in front of the screen. I've been in rooms full of people who run the show, whether it's television or publishing, and it's 99 percent male. So it does have a long way to go here.

On the other hand, Australia has produced a lot of strong individual women, they're giants in their own right. We haven't produced that other breed: the less visible sub-Germaine Greer Margaret Fink breed.
Penthouse: What were the good aspects of living in New York?
Neville: Well, I think if capitalism's about anything, it's about gambling. And publishers do take gambles there. I suppose I went to New York because I was waiting for that phone call to say: "Listen can you go to Delhi and interview a criminal tomorrow?" New York is a place where it happens. If that happened in Sydney it'd be: "Can you hitch-hike to New Delhi today and we'll pay you tenpence a week?" I think creative people have a fairly raw deal in Australia. Television may be a bit exceptional, because it didn't grow up under the shadow of molten lead or Victorian England.
Penthouse: What's happened with Charles Sobhraj? We heard that he'd been released.
Neville: Sobhraj is still in jail in India, although reports in the press recently gave the false impression that he had been released. The prosecution case was very weak. He persuaded a French traveller to sleep with one of his female accomplices and she gave him four Mandrax tablets. In the morning the Frenchman was found unconscious. Charles and his gang left the hotel room and went to Agra. The man was taken to hospital where he died. Charles was convicted in a lower court of culpable homicide and sentenced to several years in jail. That conviction has now been overturned, basically on the grounds that there was not a great deal of evidence against him.

But Sobhraj still has to account for another murder in India and several cases of drugging and robbing. And even if he ends up being acquitted in India, he will then have to face much more serious charges in Thailand, where he is accused of five extremely brutal murder charges.

He is wanted for two murders in Nepal, one in Pakistan, and he's wanted in countries like Greece, France, Yugoslavia and Afghanistan, where he's escaped from custody. If he goes to Thailand he could face a firing squad. The Indians have stated that they won't let him out of the country until he's faced all court cases and completed all sentences. He's already serving sentences for crimes going back nine years.
Penthouse: Has your view of Sobhraj changed at all since the book?
Neville: I think that anything that happened to Sobhraj since the book came out has completely confirmed what we said. And the latest news is that he drew



up a petition to the High Court of India charging the senior prison officials, including the governor, with corruption. Apparently he had tape recorded them accepting a bribe which he had offered. With this tape recording he was going to press corruption charges. The jail authorities were terrified, so he said that he would withdraw this High Court petition if he was granted control of the feeding facilities for all the prisoners. This was granted. He now runs it, and he makes a fortune from it. Had you read the book, I don't think you'd find that unusual. I'm glad that I don't have to be in regular correspondence with him. An acquaintanceship with Charles is a burden.

It's difficult, because if you're always directly honest to Charles about your feelings towards what he does, then he won't communicate with you. While writing the book I always had to withhold judgement in order to encourage him to talk.

This is a slightly hypocritical situation. Any journalist finds himself in that situation to some extent because you want to establish rapport and maintain objectivity. Now the book's finished, I don't give a fuck what I say to Charles, so communications have really broken down and that's good. It's like a weight off my shoulders. But it's really like what Socrates once said about sex: the whole time of writing the book was like being chained to a tiger, and now the chain is severed.

Penthouse: Do you feel guilty about making him into a kind of superstar through the book?

Neville: No . . . I mean that I always was aware that there was going to be the possibility of a Sobhraj T-shirt industry. And my answer to that is that our book *is* the case against Sobhraj. All across Asia our book is on sale and is serialised. That has completely tightened security against Sobhraj, it's made it much more difficult for him to escape. It's alerted authorities in other countries. For instance, I recently heard that Greece worked out that he was the man who escaped from one of their jails and they've put in their extradition application. So I think the book has tightened the noose around his neck, alerted people to the dangers of being overly innocent abroad. It says something about criminality in this century which hasn't been said before, I think there's intellectual fall-out from the book which is worthwhile which is why it's been set, I understand, on a number of university courses on psychology and criminality.

Am I overreacting? I think that the price of making one man feel he's being glorified is very small, especially as that man already had an enormous word-of-mouth reputation on the road.

Penthouse: The *Oz* obscenity trials were a landmark as far as Australian attitudes to permissiveness are concerned. Things have obviously changed a lot since then. Are there any changes which particularly stick out, as far as you're concerned?

Neville: The very first issue of *Oz* had an interview with an abortionist, and that issue was prosecuted for obscenity. Now *The Women's Weekly* goes on about abortion all the time. And it even talks about incest. The subjects for which we were prosecuted in *Oz* are now the regular diet of women's magazines.

Penthouse: What do you find attractive about Australia now you're back?

Neville: Boomtown frontierism. There are not so many tramlines of behavioral patterns. I do find actual life on the street quite unpredictable and quite horny — quite exotic, erotic and alive. The experience of going to Tamarama and having a swim is one you could have under no circumstances in London, and New York could probably re-create an artificial Tamarama and it would cost a thousand dollars a minute.

On a very primitive level I like the mountains and the ocean. Sydney's a very beautiful and glamorous city, and it's as far away from the rest of the world as the nearest airport. And I like its affinity with Asia — that's something that's completely changed since I was here last time. I think the next 20 years will really be the two decades in which Australia will work out its identity.

I can't exactly define what I like about Sydney; it's just that I'm 38 and I don't want to be an eternal expatriate wandering in the wilderness. I don't want to spend the rest of my life living in London basements with the shadow of *Oz*. I don't want to be one of half a million freelance writers in New York on the great search for the green card, which permits you to stay, living the rich life in an environment which I find kind of corrupt and banal and materialistic.

Penthouse: What are your aims in TV journalism — particularly on the *Mike Walsh Show?*

Neville: I just want to engage society at any level. I'm interested in a lot of people who are labelled anti-social or layabouts. For example, I've had incredible conversations with people in bikie gangs, who represent everything that middle-class people like me are taught to hate and to fear because they're supposed to be into gang rape and vandalism.

I want to explore aspects of social change — lifestyle on the dole, how the super rich live, teenage sex, the Hungarian connection and other social groups whose attitudes are shaping Australia. This is video adventuring, just going into a society or situation, whether it's Kathmandu or Cabramatta, just to see what's going on and to communicate the experience — testing our tolerance levels.

JULIE

"I prefer that my man is the domineering one in bed."

BEHIND THE SCENES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL ABEL

If you feel you've seen Julie Jones before, you're probably right. Our delightful 23-year-old Pet is an actress who has appeared in episodes of *The Young Doctors*, *The Restless Years* and in TV commercials. And you'll see her again in *Timeless Land*, an Australian series set in convict times, and in *A Special Place*, the pilot for a new series.

Dress, Flash Fanny and The Duchess; underwear, Raymond Castles; shoes, Evelyn Miles; greenery, The Plant Hire Company.

Julie wants to be famous, and she confesses that while she was posing for *Penthouse,* she thought about people she admires, like Marilyn Monroe. "I'm doing this for everyone to see and enjoy," she says, "and I also hope it will help my career. These photo sessions were very similar to acting . . . you get very involved in the part you're playing at that moment." Between acting jobs, drama training and modelling, Julie keeps her 36-24-34 figure in fine shape by taking classes in jazz ballet and tap dancing.

"I'm emotional, sensual and a touch temperamental," admits Julie, "but I'm basically a romantic. There's nothing I like better than to make my man happy. Sex is an important part of my life, and I prefer that my man is the domineering one in bed. I'm open to experimenting . . . doing something different, but new moves in our love life should be instigated by him."

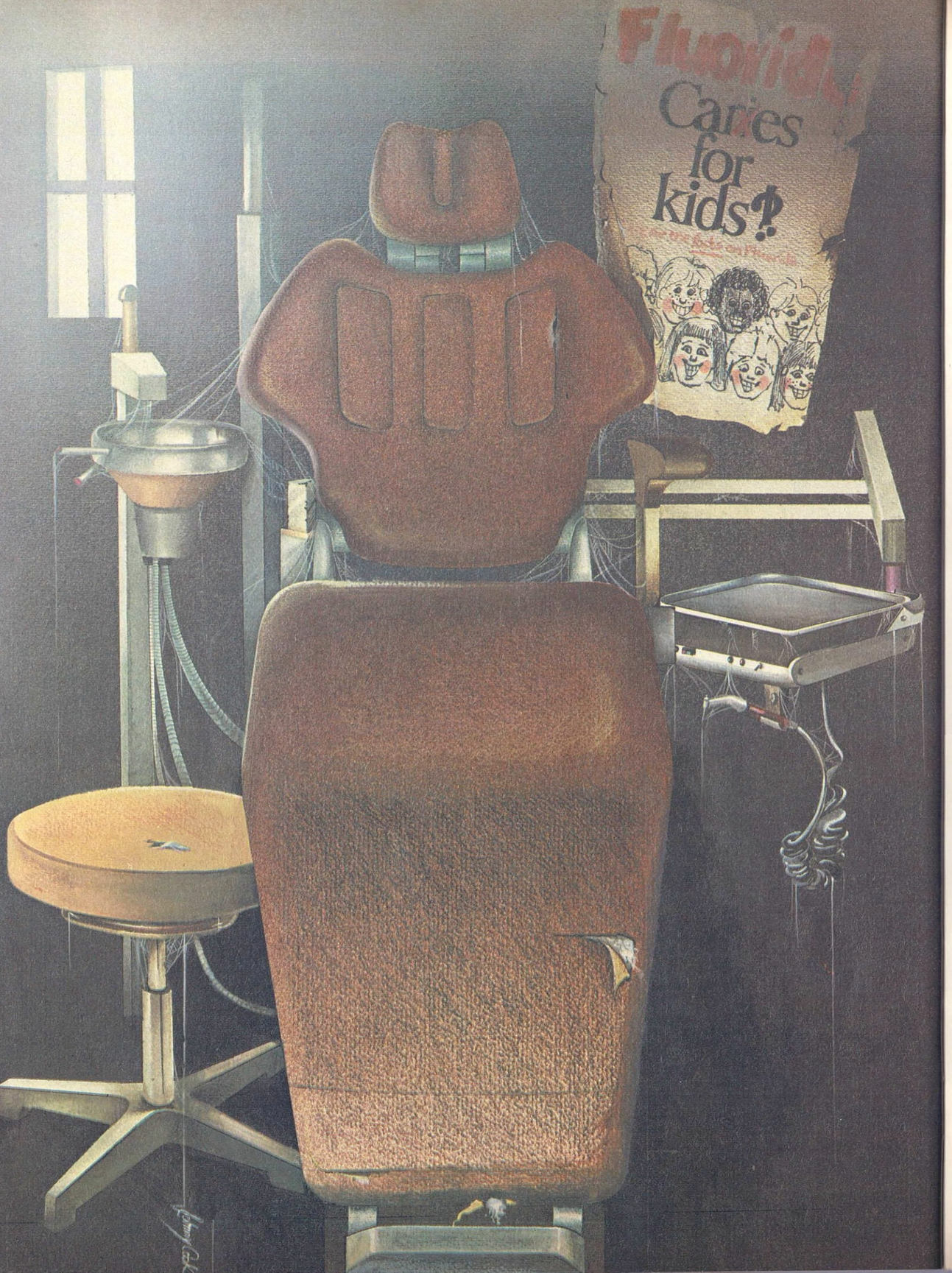


Illustration by John Cook

When he successfully
tested a vaccine against tooth decay,
Dr Geoffrey Smith thought
he'd made a major breakthrough.
But the dental establishment
didn't want to know.

THE SUPPRESSION OF DENTAL VACCINE

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE

FLUORIDE FALLACY, PART III

About 12 years ago, Dr Geoffrey Smith vaccinated his two youngest children against tooth decay. Today, each has 28 permanent teeth and neither has a filling or a cavity. Dr Smith achieved this by radically changing conditions in the mouth which give rise to dental caries, or tooth decay. He stimulated the production of antibodies which prevent decay-causing bacteria from colonising the teeth.

If you aren't aware of this remarkable development, one reason is that Dr Smith does not fit orthodox dentistry's view of the classical researcher. Most of his working life has been with pharmaceutical companies, rather than in the halls of academe, and he has not followed the traditional forms of academic research.

Dr Smith does not reject the values of traditional research methods: after all, he is doing his best to initiate the type of formal research into his vaccine which could lead to its being marketed for general use. Unfortunately for Dr Smith, and perhaps for all of us, he has fallen foul of the dental establishment in this country and can gain no support for his proposals. Dr Smith first took on all the big guns of Australian dentistry when he made public his concern about water fluoridation, but the big trouble started when he tried to spur local interest in the development of the dental vaccine, which he has been working on since 1966 and which, according to Dr Smith, has the potential to prevent up to 90 percent of tooth decay.

For his efforts, he has been denied a licence to practise. Essentially that denial was brought about by Dr Smith's attempts to gain publicity for his vaccine, attempts which he was quite aware could lead to problems with the dental establishment. Those attempts, in a professional milieu where such activities are anathema, were an expression of Dr Smith's frustration at the stone wall he met every time he tried to interest someone in sponsoring the research necessary to evaluate the vaccine.

The first stumbling block was a widespread incredulity among senior academics in dentistry that one man

could come up with an answer to a problem which is engaging the attention of well-staffed, multi-million dollar overseas research teams.

According to Professor E. Storey, dean of the dental faculty at Melbourne University, it's simply not something we should be working on in this country: "We haven't the resources to get involved in that sort of area, particularly where there are two large groups working overseas.

"The thing to do is to wait and see what comes out of that — and the chances of getting a vaccination against caries are pretty remote."

Professor N.D. Martin, dean of the faculty at Sydney University and Professor of Preventive Dentistry, while adamant that the use of an immune response — that is, a vaccine — to counter tooth decay hasn't reached the stage where its effectiveness has been demonstrated, isn't quite as convinced as Professor Storey that the microbiological approach will be fruitless.

"I think there are a tremendous number of possibilities in terms of producing the kind of reaction in oral bacteria which stops them sticking to the teeth," he said. "This is what we're looking for now."

That is also one of the key points about his vaccine that Dr Smith would like to see evaluated in an extraordinarily difficult task in the face of rampant scepticism among senior officers of the Australian Dental Association.

Dr Gavan Oakley, chairman of the association's national committee on fluoridation, perhaps expresses this view most succinctly: "Vaccine research may throw up some new kind of decay preventative measure, but I don't think it will come from Dr Smith. I think it will come from a university which is doing fully-fledged evaluation of vaccines.

"I don't think Dr Smith has made any contribution to the issue of dental research in that field. If he claims to have made a breakthrough, the way we do it in professions — and it's not a conspiracy against the people — is to expose our scientific judgement and method to scientific journals. He has chosen not to do that."

As Dr Smith says, it's this kind of attitude which blocks his attempts to finance research. Any potential sponsor of dental research turns, naturally enough, to the dental establishment for an assessment of the project. Who, in the face of such a negative response, would outlay even the $60,000 to $80,000 needed just to get the project started?

Yet the most crucial aspect raised by Dr Oakley, one echoed by all the pillars of Australian dentistry, is the fact that Dr Smith has not published in the traditional manner, in the traditional journals, so that his work can be evaluated by his peers.

It needs to be said that all Dr Smith seems to be trying to do at this stage is to reach the point where he *can* publish something concrete. He doesn't claim to have done more than scratch the surface of the problem.

In his own defence, Dr Smith says: "My life has been spent in the commercial field of working with pharmaceutical companies, not in the ivory towers.

"In a pharmaceutical company, the publication of papers in scientific journals is controlled so that the publication of those papers will come out when the product is being marketed. You will not find a paper on a pharmaceutical product written when that product is in the middle of development. It is given to doctors to test and try, and their reports will be put into journals when that product is available for marketing.

"The information about the vaccine is in black and white in patent offices all over the world. It is not in scientific journals because I have never been an academic researcher."

> The 60 vaccinated children between them had 26 decayed surfaces — a reduction of about 85 percent.

That point of view has gained some grudging acceptance, even if the word "patent" rings alarm bells in the minds of most researchers.

But, say the sceptics, if Dr Smith is no longer in the position of being bound by his commercial obligations, why has he still not chosen to publish in the accepted manner?

Dr Smith: "I came to Australia to get the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute in Melbourne to evaluate the work so far.

"They told me exactly what they needed — two years and $60,000. They needed a sponsor to put up $60,000. Now, that sponsor will be a pharmaceutical company or an entrepreneur interested in getting patentable material out of it.

"If the dentists put up the equivalent of one filling each — $15 each, 4000 of them — they could have the whole bloody thing. They could have the vaccine patents for Australia, which I assigned to the Australian Dental Association in December 1978.

"What we are talking about all the time is people who live in ivory towers and who are completely unaware of the hard facts of what it takes to get a pharmaceutical product out world-wide. It's going to take $7 to $10 million in research and development to market the product, and that will not be committed unless the research work is so convincing that it's worth spending that much.

"The dental vaccine will only be convincing when people of the calibre at the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute have answered certain questions.

"The Walter and Eliza is one of the top three research institutes in the world for immunology and it's in a unique situation — it does experimental as well as clinical work.

"It is half a mile from the Melbourne Dental Hospital."

Dr Smith is certainly not alone in his assessment of the *bona fides* of the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute. Professor Martin has a high opinion of the director of the institute, Professor Gus Nossal: "Nossal is regarded by most people as no fool. I mean, if he felt there were something in it (the vaccine), most people would see the possibility of doing something with it."

Does Professor Nossal see "something in it"?

According to Dr Ian Mackay, head of the clinical research unit at the institute, when Dr Smith first approached him on the matter three years ago he was favorably received.

"We couldn't see anything intrinsically wrong with the theoretical and practical approach to the vaccine proposal," said Dr Mackay. "I felt there was enough going for it to make a trial worthwhile. I think I can speak for the director of the institute when I say we were very interested.

"Unfortunately, the institute didn't have the resources available at the time to help fund the project. All we could do was make the right noises to back up Dr Smith's attempts in that area."

Although he has not been an academic researcher, Dr Smith has had the resources of companies like Glaxo and Nicholas at his disposal while he pursued the dental vaccine. He has followed developments in the area for 20 years.

After performing laboratory tests on the vaccine he used it in a series of trials with three different groups of children over about four years.

The largest group consisted of 120, half of whom were unvaccinated to act as a control group.

Three different sets of tooth surfaces were evaluated for three years, providing a total of 1560 tooth surfaces at risk within each group.

At the end of the trial period, the unvaccinated group returned a score of 247 decayed surfaces. The 60 vaccinated children between them had 26 decayed surfaces — a reduction of about 85 percent.

The antibodies used were derived by Dr Smith from Streptococcus mutans, and were not injected.

The immune response he apparently succeeded in achieving was the result of two applications with a brush to the gums and mucous membrane of the mouth.

Since 1960, it has been clear that tooth decay started in the following way: Streptococcus mutans in the presence of sugar, builds up sticky polymers from the glucose molecules of the sugar: these "gums" help the bacteria colonise the teeth and form active plaque; within this plaque, the bacteria metabolise and produce weak organic acids as waste products.

These acids attack tooth enamel and eventually lead to cavitation. Therefore, tooth decay can be prevented in a number of ways:

1. Streptococcus mutans can be killed or inactivated by a number of antibacterial agents. For example, antibiotics such as vancomycin, gentamycin and penicillin; or, chlorhexidine gluconate in very low concentrations; or, Lugols Iodine.

2. The presence of sugar in the diet is essential for caries to proceed, sugar can be excluded from the diet, which is impractical for the majority; or sugar substitutes may be used, for example, xylitol.

3. It is possible that a minute contaminant of commecial sucrose, a dextran from leuconostoc mesenteroides, contributes to the cariogenic potential of sucrose.

Further refining of commercial sugar can remove the contaminant.

4. Anti-Enzymes can prevent the build up of active plaque; and certain enzymes can break down already formed plaque. Methyl-a-D-xylopyranoside is a specific enzyme inhibitor, and certain dextranases can break down the polysaccharide polymers of established plaque.

5. Acids attack tooth enamel to initiate tooth decay; if enamel can be protected or coated, acid attack can be minimised.

(a) fissure sealants give an acid resistant coating to enamel.

(b) by applying a principle enunciated by the metallurgist Bielby, enamel can be polished at very high speed with abrasives harder than enamel. The result is to produce an amorphous surface layer many times harder than underlying enamel.

6. The "ideal" way to prevent an infectious disease is to trigger and mobilise the bodies own defence system of antibodies, by vaccination.

In 1969, Dr W.H. Bowen reported in the *British Dental Journal:* "Monkeys vaccinated developed substantially fewer carious lesions than control animals. The results of this exploratory trial encourage the belief that vaccination may provide a means of preventing dental caries."

In 1977, Dr James Carlos, director of the National Caries Program in the US, told *The New York Times*: "A form of vaccination will emerge within the next 10 to 15 years and bring with it a powerful impact on both the dental profession and society."

Both authorities are talking about vaccines derived from Streptococcus mutans — as is Dr Smith's vaccine, first described publicly in a patent lodged in 1971.

Dr Smith: "I believe that the lingual tonsillar crypts, which are situated on the distal aspect of the dorsum of the tongue, are the key to triggering the local immune defences of the mouth. It seems that the oral immune system must first be 'primed' by introducing antigens to these crypts; then, and some time later, a second dose of antigens must be applied topically, to the mucus membranes of the mouth.

"Thereafter, specialised cells within the mucus membranes, produce secretory IgA type antibody which passes out into the oral fluids and prevents the colonisation of the teeth by decay causing bacteria.

"No needles are used in the vaccination procedure: the primary dose is applied to the lingual tonsils on a minute paint brush, and the secondary dose is incorporated in an abrasive paste and rubbed into the gums on a tooth brush.

"The lingual tonsils atrophy at about 12 years of age, so the child must be immunised well before this age, ideally at 12 to 30 months, with annual boosters thereafter."

Dr Carlos suggests it will be another 10 years before a vaccine becomes available, but why should a dental vaccine take all of 30 years to develop when you consider the polio vaccine was developed in a third of the time.

Dr Smith: "I believe the dental vaccine is experiencing such a prolonged gestation period for three reasons: dentistry exists today to treat the ravages of dental disease, not prevent it; dental research alone is not equipped to develop a vaccine — multi-disciplinary teams including immunologists and microbiologists need to be established; in the early 1940s dentists "discovered" fluorides and since then have insisted that fluorides are the answer to preventing tooth decay.

Dr Smith is convinced his vaccine is safe, since he has used it on his own children and at least 400 others, but by 1974 he had spent eight years in research and, he estimates, two hundred and fifty pounds sterling "in pursuit of a dream". He was ready to give up.

Later that year he met Dr Seiji Matui,

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"Now that's what I call a painting with a message!"

GROOM AT THE TOP

SAVING FACE

If looking after your face means a quick rub with the Solvol, you may have something to learn.

When Bianca married Mick, the second thing she did was put him on to moisturisers. Rolling Stone Jagger was typical of men everywhere: facial grooming meant little more than a light rub over with the Solvol. Australian men were among the worst skin care offenders — until recently.

Sales of moisturisers and sun creams have taken off, leaving the many cosmetic companies with a new market to think about: men.

For many years, wrinkly, wind-worn, sun-drenched men had been secretly sneaking into their wives' or girlfriends' bathrooms for a splash of moisturiser, but now there's a whole range of skin care products made just for men.

More than any other part of your body, your face is you. When people visualise you they think of your face. When you are tired, nervous, anxious, unhappy or undernourished, your complexion is likely to look dull and lifeless. When you're well fed, well rested and well loved, your state of being is likely to show in a complexion that glows with healthy color.

Day-to-day skin care begins after you've washed and shaved. Balms, moisturisers, after shave lotions, facial masks and massages tone the skin after the rugged night before.

Moisturisers don't actually put moisture into your skin — they help to lock in water and natural oils, and lubricate and soothe rough, dry skin.

Facial masks takes this process one step further by aiding circulation and leaving the skin feeling moist and vital. Finally, an application of a body rub, balm, moisturiser or sun soothing creams two or three times a week will help keep your skin in better form for those harsh sunny days and long, heavy nights ahead. Spend a little time saving your face — it's the only one you'll have.

Left to right: Old Spice after shave skin conditioner $5.95, Madame Korner skin care vital moisturiser $7 and plant extract $18, Faberge macho after shave moisturiser $9.95, Tabac after shave balm $7.25 and soft after shave $9.25, Lagerfeld after shave $33, Aramis after sun soother $13.50 and solar shield cream $12.50, Brut 33 skin conditioner $2.95 and Brut 33 skin moisturiser $2.95, Juvena for men moisturising face cream $9.50, face bronzer $8.50, after shave moisturiser $7.50, sun foam $9.50, sun protective cream No. 5 $6.50, sun gel No. 3 $7.50, sun fluid cream No. 3 $9.50 and after sun treatment $8.50, Baxter of California, from Pinocchio's boutiques, Sydney and Melbourne, skin toner $14.50, under eye concentrate $16.50, enriched night cream $17.50, super shape toner $17.50 and special vitamin soap pack of 3 $13.50, Pierre Cardin baume apres-rasage $23.75 and Baxter of California face mask $14.50. All prices are approximate. Products available from leading stores, boutiques and selected pharmacies.

THE SUPPRESSION OF DENTAL VACCINE

Continued from page 123

director-general of the Chiba Serum Institute in Japan, who asked if he could use some of the vaccine for testing. In the middle of 1975 the results of a test program using rats showed enough promise for Dr Matui to say he was very interested, but that he could not raise the $3 million he thought would be needed for further work; after all, dental caries is not a lethal or severely crippling disease.

Dr Matui suggested that Dr Smith try to interest medical immunologists in the project.

"Three medical research institutes came to mind," said Dr Smith. "The Salk Institute in California, the Pasteur Institute in Paris and the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute in Melbourne.

"At the time I was a part-time consultant with Nicholas International, the multinational pharmaceutical company with its headquarters in Melbourne, and Maurice Nicholas, the president, also sat on the board of the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute.

"I decided to take my family to Australia and we arrived in Melbourne in November 1976. Unfortunately, that same week Maurice Nicholas died. However, within three weeks I met senior staff of the institute, told them the background to the vaccine, and suggested that the dental profession needed help in answering some specific questions.

"I asked the experts if they would help answer these questions and the director of clinical research said that in principle, they were very interested."

For two years Dr Smith tried to get backing for the research, at first quietly and then by arousing public interest — which brought about his first brush with the establishment.

After some magazine publicity, a senior Victorian dentist accused Dr Smith of supporting anti-fluoridationists and warned him, unofficially, that he was sailing close to the wind.

Finally, Dr Smith called a press conference in October 1978 to demonstrate the vaccine.

The inevitable followed, and he was summoned by the Dental Board of Victoria to answer a charge of "publicising skill and knowledge with the intention of attracting patients".

Dr Smith: "I had anticipated the charge brought by the dental board and put my practice on the market. As a result, the dental board took no action.

"In 1979 I sought to renew my registration as a dentist, so I could supervise clinical trials of a new toothpaste. The Dental Board of Victoria refused to renew my registration unless I gave them certain assurances relating to my stance on fluoridation and the vaccine, and this I couldn't do."

Research into dental vaccines is being carried out in Australia, notably by Professor A. J. Wicken of the University of NSW's faculty of biological sciences and Dr K. W. Knox, director of the Institute of Dental Research in Sydney. Work on Strep mutans is part of their investigation of cell-wall antigens, one of the key stages of vaccine research.

But, warns Dr Knox in the tradition of orthodox scientists everywhere. It's a long, slow process — and anyone who expects a vaccine will soon become available to replace water fluoridation is not only jumping the gun on the vaccine, but also being naive in assuming fluoridation will automatically end when one is available.

"Do you rely just on boiling your water to avoid getting cholera?" asks Dr Knox. "Of course not, if possible you are vaccinated as well. If two methods of avoiding a disease are available, why not use both?

"There are many problems to be sorted out, but while we keep an open mind on the situation, and while there are more detailed studies carried out at the laboratory level, we can learn more about the basis of a successful vaccine.

"We should have a rational method, not an empirical method — not just a case of something being tried and seeing if it works."

Dr Smith agrees on the need for a rational approach: "Even now, the dental profession does not know how fluorides work. Fluoride therapy, therefore, is empiric, not scientific.

"Dental research for the past 40 years has been dominated by fluorides, yet scientific knowledge is doubling itself every 15 years. The fluoride era started 20 years before Fitzgerald described the cause of tooth decay, yet fluoride dogma is as strong today, 20 years after his discovery."

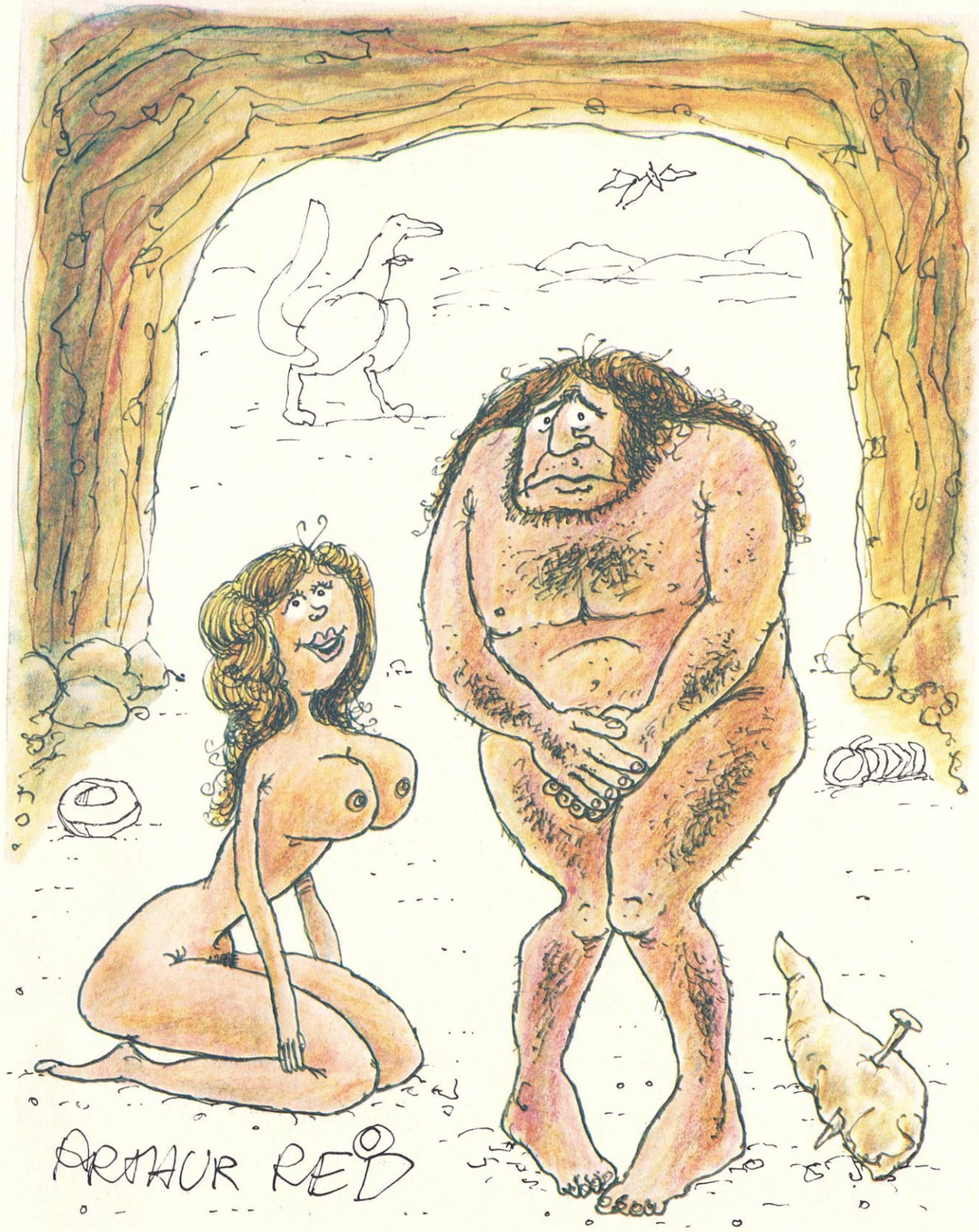
Dr Smith feels the lack of impetus in the search for a dental vaccine owes as much to a feeling of confidence in the safety and efficacy of water fluoridation as it does to any desire for proper scientific caution.

"I no longer believe," he said, "the dental profession has either the will or the ability to seek alternatives to fluoridation."

Whether or not that is really the case, it's highly probable more and more Australians will be drinking artificially fluoridated water, and treated with an array of fluoride-containing products, as the standard defence against tooth decay for many years to come.

Only time will tell who is right — us, or those countries in the rest of the world who have opted out of fluoride.

"I think we could safely rule out suicide, Watson."



"Don't be so embarrassed, Og. I'm sure it will evolve yet!"

SPLIT ENZ SHOW THEIR TRUE COLORS

After eight years of ups and downs, strange haircuts and reshuffles, the weirdos of Australian rock have finally made it.

BY PHIL JARRATT

Photographs by Pamela Bliss

Backstage. At the Palais in St Kilda, Melbourne, a monument to another time and style squeezed in between the low-rent fun fairs which dot the sleaziest beachfront this side of Asbury Park, New Jersey. Backstage, and Neil Finn, all nose and neck and pointy-toed shoes, is standing uneasily in a corridor, coping with a barrage of technical questions from the members of a local high school garage band. "Did you get to listen to that tape we sent ya?" Finn nods. "Yeah, I did. Good stuff but a little too E Majorie, I thought." The kids nod solemnly. Finn is 21 and the youngest member of Split Enz, the hottest band in the country. He is the composer and singer of I Got You, which, on the night in question, is the number one song on the Top 40s of Australia and New Zealand and the principal reason *True Colors*, the band's fifth album, has already sold more copies than the first four put together. Put simply, Neil Finn is white hot. Outside the stage door 20 or 30 prepubescent girls who had seats in the front row and screamed all through Neil's songs, are now screaming for a more direct form of social contact. The security men, who

haven't seen this sort of thing for quite a while, can't resist removing the bolt from the door and giving the girls a tantalising peek. At least a dozen pleading faces appear at the gap every time. "I just want to look at him," sobs one little girl. At ten past midnight, just on an hour since the last encore, the six members of Split Enz, op-shop elegant and anonymous in their street clothes, blast out the stage door behind three decoys. The remaining fans are so bewildered by this procession of ordinariness that Neil Finn is a good two blocks away before they realise they've been had.

Just another night on the road, except that this was the last night of a gruelling six-week national tour which established Split Enz as the best performing band in Australia (not for the first time) and sent the album and single soaring up the charts. Split Enz, who were once considered too bizarre for mainstream tastes, too troppo to put bums on seats, sold out everywhere except Mackay (where weirdos are shot without trial).

Caverns like the Palais, and the Capital Theatre in Sydney, sold out weeks ahead of the gigs, and by the time the band hit the sticks, big-city airplay had ensured full houses everywhere. Frontier Tours Management, which had reluctantly taken on the tour as a double bill with The Sports, a top draw Melbourne band, suddenly found it had the first hit tour by local bands since the heady days of Sherbet and the Skyhooks.

The Sporting True Colors tour, timed to coincide with album releases by both bands, was conceived as a low-budget experiment in the drawing power of local acts. The Sports opened the show, but in the beginning Split Enz were the band who came on next, rather than headliners. Within a week *True Colors,* the album, had taken off, the rock press was raving and Split Enz, after eight years of ups and downs, strange haircuts and reshuffles, were bona fide pop stars.

"Promoters and agents are the arse end of this business," says Tim Finn, 27 and the only remaining foundation member of Split Enz. "They're all so scared of losing money it's pathetic. They thought the tour would stiff and consequently they ran it very badly. We always knew we could do it. People were amazed when we sold out places like the Palais and the Capital, but Jesus Christ! They only hold 2500 people. So we should, and now the album and single are number one we could do the whole tour again, and pack 'em in again."

Sprawled on the bed in his dingy hotel room rolling a joint, Finn is far from arrogant, although there is the suspicion that arrogance would not be entirely foreign to him. He is stocky, with bright blue eyes and a decidedly nocturnal complexion. The high-rise haircut beginning two inches above the ears, which became the band's trademark, has long since grown over. These days Finn looks frighteningly normal off-stage. The rest of the band, with the exception of the zany percussionist Noel Crombie, have followed suit.

"Our strangeness was creating a bit of a barrier between us and the audience," says Finn, lighting the number and making no secret of the fact that at 2pm the ritual signals the beginning of the rock and roll day.

"It was fun and it provoked a lot of interest, but the image was so strong that it seemed to be getting in the way of the music. People were distracted by it so we decided, after a lot of deliberation, to tone it down."

In fact, the visual presence of Split Enz not only distracted fans from their early music, it made their first recordings almost pointless. Singing songs about being in a frenzy was one thing, watching

> The stage act was so good, so weird, that it left little room for the effect of the music.

the frenzy take hold was quite another. The stage act was so good, so weird, that it left little room for the effect of the music. Which, right from the start, was as creative and surprising as it was undisciplined.

Split Enz (which, if you take enough acid, is a name which implies departure from the land of the long white cloud) left Auckland bound for glory in the early part of 1974. Rock and roll dreamers Tim Finn and Phil Judd had put the band together a couple of years before and risen to considerable heights in New Zealand without really trying.

Judd, who was at art school, and Finn, at university, found a natural talent for writing songs together. They formed an acoustic line-up and played university and concert gigs, building a reputation as an avant garde cult band.

The sojourn to Sydney was made to see if the original songs and presentation the band had developed could bring them fame and fortune. Finn and Judd had added players as they saw fit, including the invaluable hirings of keyboard player Eddie Rayner and Noel Crombie, the weird and wonderful percussionist and costume designer, and when they burst on the highly competitive Sydney rock scene they numbered seven — an impossible split of the take for an unknown band. Nevertheless, the band worked six nights a week for never more than $200 a gig (which, if you subtract the considerable expenses of a play-anywhere pub band, amounts to around $100 a week each) and fast established themselves as a cult band around the universities.

In the audience one night at Melbourne's Reefer Cabaret — a dope-oriented wing-ding which enjoyed brief infamy — rock promoter Michael Gudinski caught Split Enz in full-throated frenzy and immediately signed them to his fledgling Mushroom record label. Gudinski, who was then riding high with the Skyhooks, saw in the Enz a rare talent for making original music which made them a good, long-term proposition. Their first album, *Mental Notes* was released a few months later and was snapped up by very nearly all of the two or three thousand people who make up a cult following. The band starved while the critics, raved.

Says Tim Finn: "The kids didn't know much about us. We weren't on *Countdown* very often and we didn't make singles. We were trendy and culty and revered by the critics, but we were an enigma to the public.

Mental Notes did nothing to dispel the notion that these were weird boys indeed. Phil Judd's Dali-inspired cover art depicted the band standing waist deep in water in what might have been a swimming pool or a flooded living room without a roof. A mutant baby appeared in the doorway while an elderly chap played piano in the shadows outside and a head waiter looked on grinning. Mmmm.

Inside the sleeve the pop-eyed faces of the band appeared out of the blackness. They all looked demented. The music, long and complex arrangements full of keyboard deviations and inexplicable tangents, was no more accessible. But some of it was great. The Enz seemed to be suggesting that if you took the trouble to get on to their wavelength, you reaped the rewards. Either that or they were having an almighty wank.

The second album, *Second Thoughts,* was recorded in London the following year, 1976, and Split Enz gave further evidence of their complete disregard for the basic conventions of the recording industry by having a second shot at four songs off the first album. And if their appearance had been a little daunting before, on this sleeve they looked downright dangerous. Noel Crombie had masterminded a whitefaced cabaret clown image (Berlin, circa 1936) complemented by haircuts which defied both fashion and gravity.

Produced by Phil Manzanera, Roxy Music guitarist and a darling of the London underground, the album was another step away from the rock/pop mainstream. Pop music had not yet been revitalised by the punks, and it was trendy to shun the singles market and record albums which nobody but seven journalists working for rock magazines understood. It was also expensive and somewhat nerve-racking for the people footing the bills. Gudinski kept the faith, but there were some who were beginning to wonder if Split Enz was ever going to deliver. In short, nothing was happening. The band toured and attracted reasonable crowds, but only in New Zealand were they considered top drawer. And in New Zealand anyone who crosses the Tasman and cuts a record is God. Inevitably there was friction within the band and a major split. Phil Judd, who with Tim Finn formed the songwriting vortex of the band, opted out for good.

"We had a personal falling out," says Finn, "and Phil tried to leave three or four times, but the Split Enz thing was so powerful, he'd been involved in it for so long that he didn't know how to leave. Finally, in 1977, he made the break."

Of the 17 changes in the band's eight-year history, Judd's departure was the most traumatic. Finn took the reins firmly and, with Eddie Rayner set about forming a new line-up. They settled on a six-piece, rockier line-up and, after much deliberation, invited Finn's 17-year-old brother, Neil, to join as guitarist.

In June the new band recorded in London again with three new members, a new producer and a bunch of songs that were very nearly Top 40 material. *Dizrythmia* was bright and breezy, and another financial flop. The band spent most of 1978 vegetating in London and waiting for someone to take a shine to it. Even Tim Finn began to have doubts.

"I knew we had something good and precious, but I began to think it would never sell," he recalls. "It was a bad year for all of us because we really thought we were going to make it."

Somewhat humbled and heavily in debt to Mushroom Records, Split Enz returned to Australia in 1979 to a period of hard work and consolidation.

Another album, *Frenzy,* sold better, but it wasn't until they cut a single, I See Red, that commercial success seemed like more than a desperate wish.

I See Red was produced by a 20-year-old pain-in-the-arse boy genius from London called David Tickle. At 18, Tickle had been house engineer at Ringo Starr's studio in Ascot. He'd gone on to produce Blondie and other notables. He talked nonstop about his ability to do just about anything. His saving grace was that it was all true. Tim Finn loved him.

"He's so young, he's like a brilliant kid," says Finn. "He comes on a bit strong, but you find he can do all he says he can. His life runs like a dream. He doesn't play an instrument and he's not really musical in the conventional sense. He thinks in colors. He'll say a song needs more orange, or more green, and I know exactly what he means."

True Colors, recorded in Melbourne at the end of 1979 and released in March this year, was Tickle's triumph almost as much as it was the band's. After eight years on the road and five years in recording studios the potential was finally realised. Tickle had cut away the bullshit, left the sound spare and compelling, and made the band stars.

"I've been wanting this to happen for a long time," says Tim Finn, changing positions on the bed and toking on the joint. "Quite a relief really. For so long we were known as just a live band because people always have the most superficial impressions. The most obvious thing you do will be the thing that attracts the most attention. We cut our hair differently and wore

> Producer David Tickle had cut away the bullshit, left the sound spare and compelling, and made the band stars.

abstract clothes. Now they like our music too. That's great."

We are joined by Neil Finn, an affable young man whose extensive wardrobe features an inbuilt time warp. It looks like he picked up most of his clothes at an auction of James Dean's deceased estate ... pointy-toed black leather shoes, pleated and cuffed trousers which balloon at the top and taper at the ankles, rayon sports shirts. It must be vaguely reassuring for the mothers of Australia whose daughters beat on the stage door that Neil looks exactly like the fading photograph of Dad up on the mantlepiece. Better the devil you know ... "I had to leave a pinball parlor in Sydney the other day," Neil volunteers. "First time that's ever happened to me. No one ever knew who I was before. A couple of kids recognised me and spread the word. It was awful."

Neil, I ask, was Tim ever a source of embarrassment to your parents? I mean, did they ever tell him to grow his hair or get out?

Both Finns chuckle at the memory. "Mum did once. Tim came home with his hair shaved off in a pattern and she got a bit upset."

"It would have been embarrassment," adds Tim. "I don't blame her — I'm embarrassed too. Right at the beginning both our parents had difficulties understanding what was happening. We looked so odd they couldn't really see where it was leading. I think some of their friends would point out pictures and articles. They knew nothing about rock music then but they never stopped us from developing our interest in it because they do have a love of music."

The Finn brothers grew up in a small rural community south of Auckland and, under pressure, admit to a home environment which was both stable and happy. Boarding school during term and holidays by the family pool.

"We had good childhoods, a fact that definitely affects our approach to this business," says Tim.

NEIL: "Destroys our street credibility though."

TIM: "Bullshit. All the best pop stars are middle class."

The Finns bounce off each other with an ease that indicates an unusual closeness for brothers six years apart. "Yeah, Neil and I have always been close," says Tim. "We were the only brothers and I always felt I had something to offer him, even before he was involved in music."

"When I was about 10 or 11," says Neil, "Tim would take me and my friends outside and tell us what great little guys we were. He'd point out our talents and suggest ways for us to develop them. Incredibly supportive. Then when he started the band I was the first fan. I always felt that one day I'd play with Split Enz, but when it happened it came as a complete surprise. I hadn't even placed myself on the short list but Tim had a lot of faith in me. They all did."

Is it a drug-oriented band?

TIM: "We're far too sensible to dabble in anything that's going to hurt us."

NEIL: "Well, there are some drugs. Nothing heavy."

Were you whacked when you came up with the idea of looking demented on stage?

TIM: "Our imaginations were kind of working that way anyway."

NEIL: "There were some psychedelics involved."

Two floors below the Finns, in another sleazy wing of the St Kilda flophouse they call home in Melbourne, I find keyboards player Eddie Rayner hunched over a 17-inch wingspan Porterfield Collegiate biplane ("Rec. children 8 yrs and over").

Rayner grins. "The band is so old now that it's been through the senile stage and we're all returning to our childhoods. I find building models a relaxing thing to do after a gig, a good way to wind down." Rayner, allegedly the quiet man of the band, also winds down with a water pistol

backstage. "It's just the mental state you find yourself in after so long on the road."

Rayner, with Split Enz since 1974, seems to have been pushed a little into the background since Neil Finn started serving as an alternative frontman. His contribution is, however, widely recognised in the music world and he is much in demand for session work. It was his elaborate work behind the electronic keyboards which gave Split Enz its distinctive early sound. Rayner now regards that stuff as waffle. "Just a phase. I was listening to the English progressive bands like Yes and Genesis. I hate them now. I had a pile of equipment, synthesisers and things — all rubbish. I like the simple, basic arrangements we're playing now."

The girls don't wait backstage for Eddie Rayner, which is strange because on the Clark Gable/Gary Cooper scale he's the best looking guy in the band. In fact he's rarely recognised and yet his offstage appearance is not a radical departure from on-stage. He simply washes off the mascara and rouge and trades the juggler's suit for a pair of jeans.

Rayner plays his music and goes home with his old lady, who does the lighting for the band. He's not into being a rock star. "The music is really what interests me, inside Split Enz and in the projects I'm working on alone. I want to do a solo keyboards album this year and I'd like to put another band together on the side, a three-piece with keyboards a bass player who can sing and a drummer. The idea is that the bass player could also play guitar and I'd play bass keyboards with my left hand and something else with my right. When he was playing bass I could play all four keyboards."

Quite excited by his own plans, Rayner seems almost disappointed when the conversation is dragged back to Split Enz. "Tim writes a lot of the songs so people tend to think that it's his band. They even think he writes my parts. Well, he doesn't. We all write our own parts. I feel my contribution is equal, and if I ever stopped feeling like that I'd leave the band. We have a fairly democratic set-up within the band but we're realistic enough to know that as the money rolls in the more greed takes over, unless you sort things out early in the piece. We used to have unspoken rules about things like that. Now they're spoken. That's the only difference fame has made to me."

The biggest band in the country, number one across the land, a sellout everywhere they play, Split Enz waits for the make-up call in a paint-peeled cubicle on the first floor of the old Comedy Theatre in Exhibition Street, Melbourne. In approximately 20 minutes, Split Enz will race on stage holding instruments which make no sounds and mime their biggest ever hit for a small collection of pre-teen girls and bored record industry executives. The occasion is the live telecast of the *Countdown* Rock Awards for 1979, a period in history for which Split Enz were just another hard-working pub band. The rock business is so fickle, so sudden, that a fair percentage of those receiving awards are already yesterday's heroes. All of those giving awards represent another generation entirely.

While the men of Split Enz huddle in their rat-hole (no basins, no ashtrays, one cracked mirror) and climb into their stage costumes, I wander down to the dressing rooms directly adjacent to the wings. Here there is much commotion as the has-beens of pop try to upstage one another. A befuddled Johnny Farnham (you all remember Sadie The Cleaning Lady, sure you do) comes offstage ranting: "Did I blow it? Did I say 'good' twice? I did, didn't I? I meant to say 'good' first and then say 'great'. I fuckin' blew it. I knew I would."

Pop is a funny business, to which fact

> Success in
> Australia won't
> fill our bank books.
> Still it's nice.
> Fairly meaningless,
> but nice.

the members of Split Enz will testify as they wait in the wings to race on stage and move their lips and flail their arms about to the tune of their latest recording.

The number, I Got You (naturally) gets the biggest reception of the evening. The young girls scream for Neil, and a has-been — I forget which one — says that Split Enz will undoubtedly scoop the pool at next year's awards. The show runs four minutes overtime and is chopped short to make room for the weather report.

Michael Gudinski, back only a matter of hours from a deal-striking trip to the US and England, stands backstage at the Palais unable to conceal his delight in spite of the jet lag. Gudinski doesn't shy away from risky propositions but four dud albums . . . Split Enz needed to pull one out of the hat. "I never doubted they had it," says Gudinski. "It was just a matter of timing. Three years ago they didn't want to know about this band in the States. Now everyone is starting to sit up and take notice. This is a world class band."

Which is just as well for both Michael Gudinski and the members of Split Enz. Prior to *True Colors,* the band was more than $50,000 in Gudinski's debt. All royalties went straight to the creditors while the band existed on $200 a week. Another flop would have placed unbearable pressure on both parties.

On stage at the old Palais the band gets an enthusiastic, if less than frenzied, reception from the capacity crowd. Tim Finn, a superb showman, builds the momentum carefully and mindful of the fact that, being the last performance of the tour, what is expected is quantity as well as quality. They won't be getting off without a few encores tonight.

Just as the dancing in the aisles begins, Finn backpedals, taking a seat on the drum stand for the ballad off *True Colors,* I Hope I Never. A beautiful, classically-constructed ballad, the song highlights the maturity of Finn's delivery and the extent of his vocal range. "Everyone's going to be covering this," Gudinski yells in my ear. "Neil Diamond could do this song."

Finn barely lets the applause run its course before calling his brother forward for the centrepiece of the show, I Got You. The girls go crazy, the bouncers give up on policing the area between the bleachers and the stage and the surge is on. Neil Finn moves straight into his Beatlish What's The Matter With You, and Split Enz has the audience in the palm of its hand through three encores.

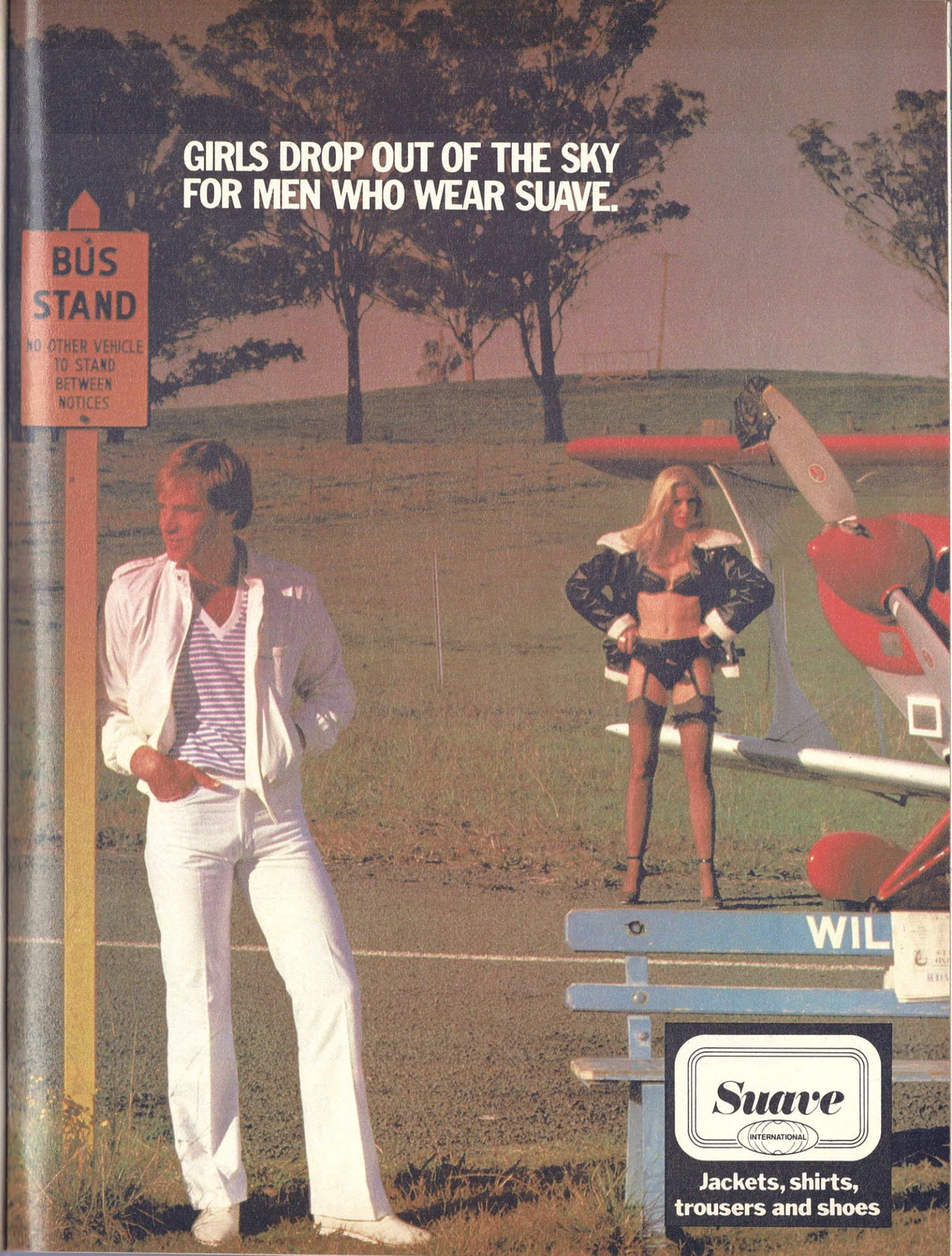
The fans, friends and concerned individuals backstage agree that the performance has been a fitting climax to the tour. Tim Finn has reservations and expresses them by storming around the dressing room screaming obscenities.

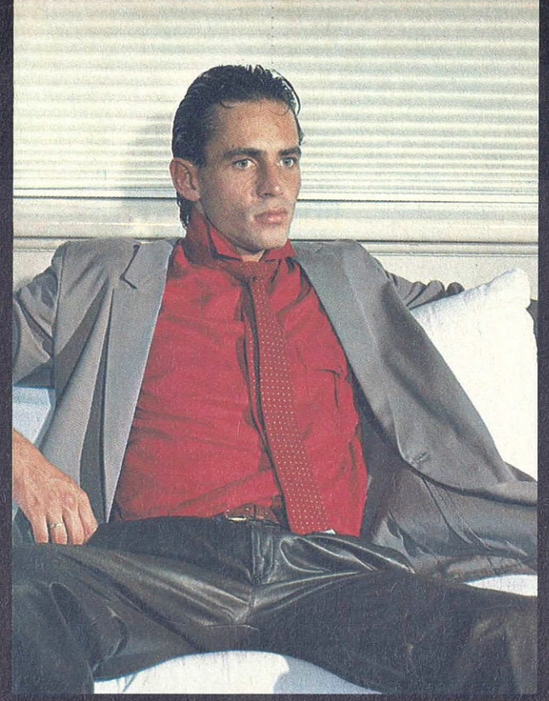
"We had sound problems which made things a little difficult for us on stage," he says later. "These guys are perfectionists, nothing is ever good enough," says their manager, Nathan Brenner. "I'm just glad the whole thing's over. We've been on the road too long for our own good."

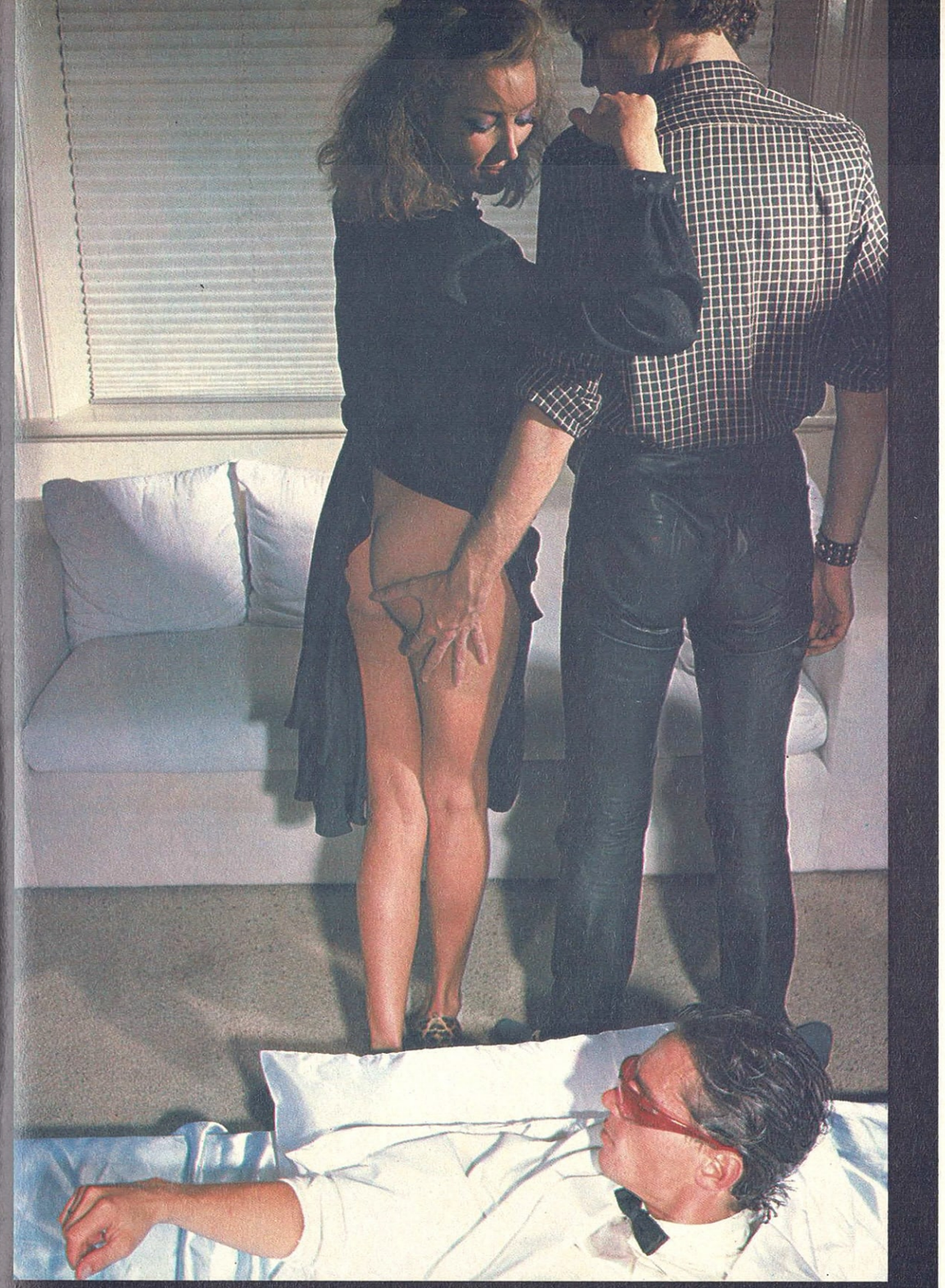
The next night Brenner, slightly drunk and more than slightly relieved, explains to me the principles of band/manager relations. "Say the band's a ship, right? Well the manager is the navigator. I'm a master of timing. Split Enz is like a good wine, taken a long time to mature but well worth the wait. The people in this business say I'm mentally ill and need a holiday. Can you believe that? That's the sort of people we have to deal with."

Upstairs, at a party in their honor, the Finns and Eddie Rayner are shamed into taking the stage for a jam with some local musicians. The thing is a disaster from start to finish and spells the end for the party. It's not that the Enz have nothing to celebrate, it's just that, well, after eight years you already know who your friends are and fame is only relative.

"Success in Australia won't fill our bank books," says Tim Finn. "We've been in debt too long for that. Still, it's nice. Fairly meaningless, but nice." ○







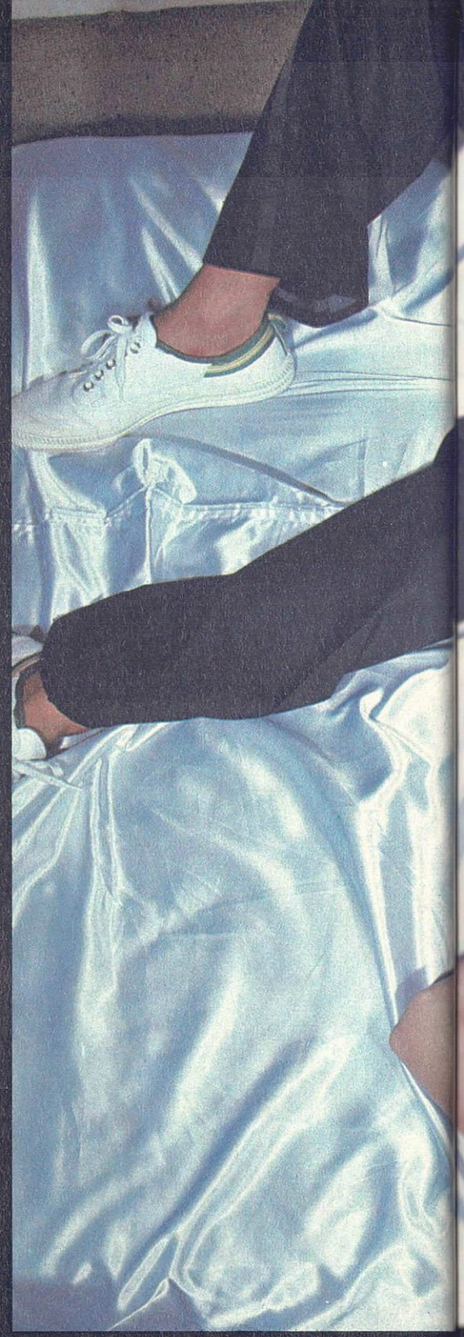
After dark wear for the indoor sportsman.

Fashion by WENDY ADNAM

NIGHT MOODS

Above: Gary Wolff's checked shirt, $32, from Gary Wolff's, Sydney. Lakiss trousers, $70, from Clifford Gordon, Sydney; If, Canberra; Redin Moda, Melbourne; Lord John, Adelaide; Zacks, Perth. George Gross dress, $278. Top left: Illtachino linen jacket, $130, from Illtachino, Sydney. Gary Wolff's red woollen shirt, $38. Parrell leather trousers, $200, from Jason's, Sydney. Left: Yves St Laurent wool and mohair suit, $300, from Myer stores.

Above: His Illtachino linen jacket, $150, from Illtachino, Market Street, Sydney. Gary Wolff's shirt, $40, from Gary Wolff's, Oxford Street, Sydney. Parrell black leather trousers, $200, from Jason's, Hilton Hotel, Sydney. Her black and white Ink Attire chiffon dress, $90, from leading boutiques throughout Australia. Right: Lakiss chintz jacket and trousers, both in black, $160, from Clifford Gordon, If, Redin Moda, Lord John and Zacks. Her blue and gold knitted dress, $130, by Androula, is available from Mark and Geoffrey of Double Bay, Sydney.



Above: His white sharkskin jacket, $76, from Skin Deep, Sydney. Black cotton shirt from Valdis Alexander of Double Bay, Sydney. Parell leather trousers, $200, from Jason's, Sydney. Her Christian Joss gold lame suit, $400, from Ted Lakiss, Sydney. Right: Trent Nathan white mohair dinner jacket, $300, and white silk shirt, $100, from Trent Nathan shops. Lakiss black trousers, $80, from Clifford Gordon, If, Redin Moda, Lord John, Zacks. Her lingerie camisole, $90, suspenders, $25, stockings, $5, all available from Dorith Unger, Sydney. All prices are approximate.

Wise, sensible John Cartwright is trapped. His only escape is the path of the butterfly. Lured to the light of a calculating mistress.

HELIOTROPIC

WORDS AND ART BY DAL STIVENS

Far off, far off, deep in a black well the electric alarm clock nags pulsing, to fish him, me, John Cartwright, to ego-consciousness, to nag, nag, naggg, nag, nag, naggg! until stumble out of bed and press inwards the white button at the back. Six-thirty. Arise and shine to become John Cartwright. Cartwright, John, that our strine recall him, wholly sane and wise is he, sombre of dress and mien, a safe man, a credit good, a good provider, husband father, John C.C. Cartwright, John Credit Card Cartwright, John C.B. Cartwright, John Cheque Book Cartwright, Useful Cartwright, P.F. and P.A. Cartwright, Piece of Furniture and Prestige Address Cartwright, Nightcartwright,

also P. S. Cartwright, D. C. Cartwright and M. D. Cartwright, Private School Cartwright, Dress Circle Cartwright, Managing Director Cartwright, Three-car-garage Cartwright.

Roles resolved, John Cartwright arose and, as sluggish blood warmed, shat, shaved, shampooed and performed what else was required before sitting down in Savile Row suit to shovel in a subcontinental breakfast of tea and toast lavished by wife armored in Protestant ethic and in the bosom of his family. Escaping into letter page of *The Australian.*

"Tom, give your father last night's paper as well. He wants the TV guide. He keeps it under the pad in his study."

"Don't tell he looks at that crap."

"You know he does, dear."

"What is there to look at on TV?"

"Ask your father."

"How can any intelligent person look at TV for more than three hours a week? You name them. *Four Corners. Spectrum.* What else?"

"Your father can tell you, dear."

"You tell me, dad. Why don't you read a good book?"

Don't answer. Petulant, spoilt pup. Strikes at me through the children. Don't answer. But am answering:

"One isn't always intelligent in one's tastes."

"So we notice."

More Vietnam letters.

Cruel tongues of the young, honed by her hatred.

"You want to watch that catty tongue of yours, Tom."

"And what is *yours,* father?"

"Tom, don't say any more or you'll get him going. And *calling* your son names, John. Denigrating him instead of building him up."

Restrained, dignified, martyred-appearing, John Cartwright folds *The Australian,* nimbly gathers up hat and black brief case in hall, makes courteous farewells, and goes out the front door to await car and driver. Eight-fifteen.

"Will you be home for dinner, John?"

"I think so."

"Unless you decide to entertain that whore."

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"I know what's going on. I'm not as big a fool as you think."

"There isn't anyone. You shouldn't talk this way in front of the children."

"They're not children and neither am I. You're a free man — I've told you that."

"I know."

"I'm not interested in that sort of thing."

"You mean sex, John?"

"Yes, if you must."

"I only wanted to be sure what you were talking about."

"You knew what I was talking about and I know a thing or two."

"There isn't anyone."

Eight-twenty. Ostensibly in command, John Cartwright sat in the big blue car (black is too common, John) whirled down a not-so Pacific (peak-hour) Highway cocooned by his chauffeur's skill.

Roles and roles to play before we sleep. Would run but can't. Responsibilities. University educations for three.

And in command, John Cartwright, or commanded by John Cartwright, he or it participated in the board meeting set down for eleven o'clock. To listen to myself taking part, sound, of good judgement, lucidly reporting, with assurance, seeking approval for past actions and future ones. A first-rate executive. And downstairs at twelve-thirty to:

"Mr Cartwright, your wife rang. She asked could you ring back. She said she was sorry to worry you."

"Thank you, Miss Smith. I'm going to lunch early, Miss Smith. I can't be reached by phone — "

"I understand, Mr Cartwright."

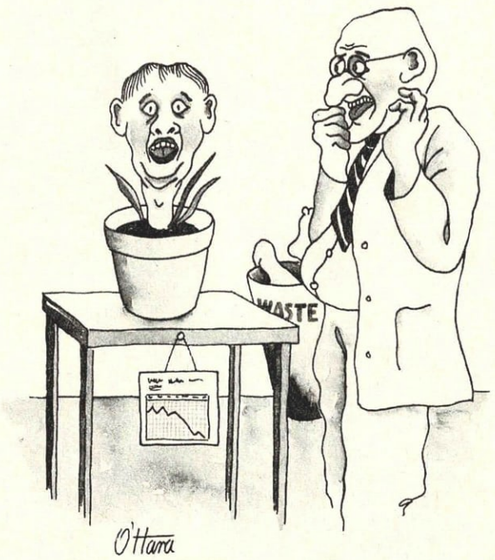
Nimble of foot, John Cartwright, O.T.C. Cartwright, Off-the-Chain Cartwright, T. Cartwright, Trysting Cartwright, skips through the ground floor vestibule, ostensibly walking to a business luncheon date but with a hunted eye seeking a philandering taxi.

To become N. Cartwright. Naturist Cartwright, Adam Cartwright. A male ancestor made carts. Old leather-breeched Cartwright now flowing into this little flesh below the budding pot belly and the hair, curling like fish hooks. Cool fundamental, fundational. Essential particulars. Naked on Lissa's broad, dusty bed. Cool belly and chest and thighs. Waiting while she paces up and down, talking, talking. Soon, darling, but I want to talk. Talking. Talking. Mysticism. Ouspensky. Washed in the Blood of Ouspensky. Salvation offered. Then. Won't be long, sweet. Tugging up her dress. Inhibiting me from helping her. A fly is butting the holland blind:

"You are the most businesslike woman I've ever seen."

"Why not?"

Stepping out of her panties, unhitching her bra and tossing both on to a cane-grass chair. Smiling towards the bed, slim arms out, tautening her small breasts, the thrusting-out pelvis and its triangle of pale brown hair. She's not beautiful. But I was in love with her, her sapphire eyes and chiming laugh. But L. D. Cartwright. Libido Diminished Cartwright. Not now. Later, she'd said, when I arrived: Turning her head away. Always the same. The passionate embracing and then the wait. While she talked nervously pacing the bedroom floor. You get undressed if you want to.



"Trans-plant! *Ha Ha! Get it? Trans*-plant! *Ha ha!"*

On hands and knees now crawling across the bed. Reaching for her. Arms enwrapping. Murmur. Tell her. Ask her to tell me.

"Don't talk, John. Don't talk."

"But I want to."

"There's no need."

"I'm a verbal type." Need the stimulus of incantatory words. No love play permitted. When she caresses me, my elementary flesh, her fingers are rough.

"I want to fuck you," he said. "Say you want me to fuck you."

"I don't like that word."

Small lean thighs parted, waiting.

"Take me."

D. Cartwright, Deflated Cartwright, Detumesced Cartwright, I. P. B. Cartwright, Incipient Pot Belly and G. — Grateful, too. Always. Lighting a cigarette and giving it to her. But T. (Triste) Cartwright, too. P. C. T. V. Cartwright. John (Post Coitum Triste Venit) Cartwright.

Fly butting against the brown holland blind. Beer cans from last night. Or night before. And sad flagon that held white wine. Riesling. Littoral marks of grease on plates. Breakfast? Or dinner last night. Blow fly butting glass. Trapped. Heliotropic. Lured to light. Instinctive. Walked on hairy legs on grease tidemarks. Midday wail of ambulance vulturing to carrion petrol-born. With or without an "e". Pun.

"Penny."

"You'd be robbed." Vulture wail.

"Love me?"

"Heliotropic me?"

"Helio-what?"

"Heliotropic." Hairy legs to prance on unsewered toilet. Prissy. Turds in pan.

"Heliotropic you?"

"Can't keep away. Me."

"Let me breathe."

"I'm showing affection."

"Powerful way."

Nice laugh. Chime. No nonsense. That first night. Is it permitted to kiss you? Yes. Kisses then walking hand up slim thighs. Not now, later, Lissa said. Let's undress and sleep first. Just arms around. It's good, he said. No light but from street light.

Slow pearly grow glow of erectile nipples. Caressed with fingers. Then resting in the hot, still night. Without desire. No. Assured. Car headlight slapped across window. Lissa chiming. Between my legs dormancy-dynamic. Little voice. I don't want to wait. Tingle dingle. Powerful, powerpole me.

"It's growing again."

"You know what you do to me."

"It's magnifico, John."

"Normal."

"No."

"You're a collector?"

"I know."

Jingle bells. Jells. Small flat belly no springing seed. "If I did get pregnant it wouldn't matter. I'd like your child." Didn't care I was married.

"You're an expert, Lissa?"

"Want me to prove it?"

"I want it. All of it. Now. Now!"

Buzzing fly. Up and down. Inside you. Deep. Now. I want to verbalise. Prim word. Urge you, darling, incite, urge. Be assured. Say you want me. Lissa's finger on my lips. Be assured. Always ready. Soon she'll say, any time you like, darling. Restful. Not demanding. Suppose it could be a relief because you don't have to work on her. Some women take a long time. Lissa inhibits love play. Business-like. Like. Is she using me? Essential fluids. Essence. Now damming up. Like to tell her. My power, gift to her. That finger on lips. Yes, yes, yes, flooding. Dam burst. Darling, gift. All of me.

"I love you, Lissa."

"Don't talk."

Her legs squeezing me. Succumbus. Succubus. I love you. I love you. Say it to myself then. I want you, John. Fuck me!

Who would think such a slender body would have such sounds in it. Primeval scream. S-C-R-E-A-M-M-M. Vouchsafe me screams only.

John Cartwright dressed slowly, making a resolution to do exercises to tighten slack belly muscles. Must lie on back and raise one leg and lower it slowly. Put on white shirt. Stepped into trousers and flicked fluff from grey cuffs. Brushed soles of socks before inserting into black town shoes.

"I have to go, Lissa."

"Big executive. Give the orders."

"Miss Smith, bring me the file on — "

"John Thomas."

"You have that."

"Have I?"

Bawdy now. Always is afterwards. "Yes."

"Fond father role, too?"

"Yes." Knuckle close, pet. Leave earthy Lissa now with eager arms, roving fingers, and titillating words.

"I hate your going, John Thomas."

"John Thomas won't go if you keep doing that to him."

"Greedy John Thomas."

"Wise, sensible John." Life-giving, sustaining John. And supporting, self-pitying, taken-for-granted, Pymble dress-circle Jack. Rejected Jack. Dejected Jack. Dejacked Jack.

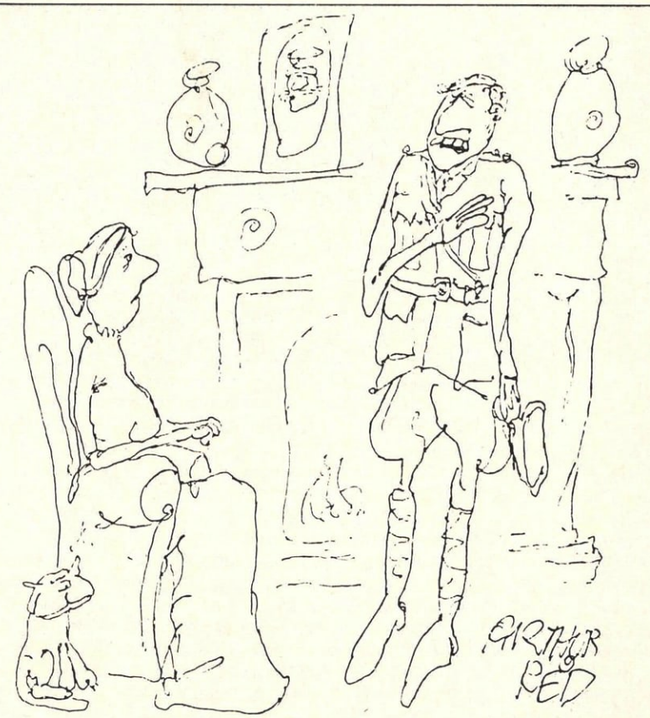
"You look sad. Stay and talk to me."

"Have to get back."

"You don't have to."

"We've been over that." Heliotropic. Life-seeking, light-lured blowfly. P. P. Blowfly. Pliant Pliable Blowfly. Briefcase under arm, grey-suited John (J.O.A.T.) Cartwright, Jack-Of-All-Trades Cartwright buzzing to the window to throw it wide open:

"He won't come back."



"I was with him in the trench when he bought it, and his last words were — AAARGH . . . AAAAARGH . . . AAAAAAAAARGH!"

1980 AUSTRALIAN

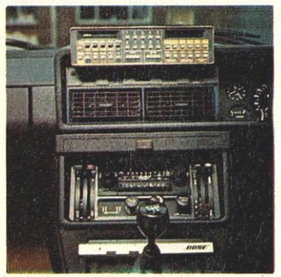
Pet of the Year Gifts

The *Australian Penthouse* PET OF THE YEAR title is the richest glamor prize in the southern hemisphere. In this our first year, the value of prizes to date is more than $50,000. As well as the prizes listed below *Australian Penthouse* will provide a $10,000 promotion contract to the winner for her 12-month reign as Pet of the Year. This will include considerable travel and an unrivalled opportunity to meet the people and see the sights of Australia.

Readers are asked to vote to help the editors of *Australian Penthouse* decide the winner. Please write to:

Pet of the Year
Box 4084, GPO
Sydney NSW 2001

to cast your vote with reasons if you wish, by September 15. In the event of any dispute the decision of the Editor-in-Chief and Publisher of *Australian Penthouse* will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.



The Triumph TR7 Pro Car fitted with an on-board computer and special interior trim, is one of the main prizes.

Details of the prizes are as follows:

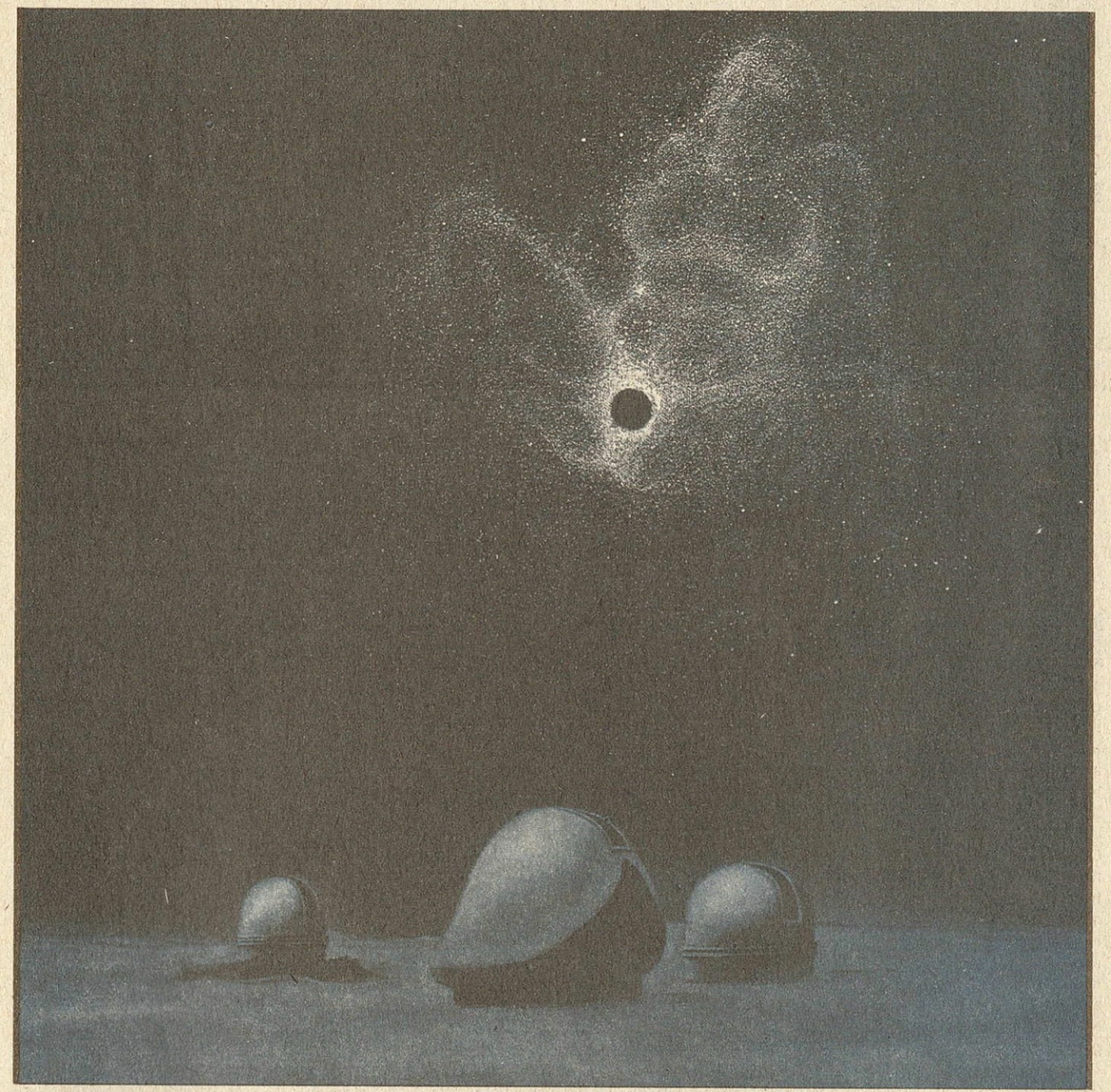
TRIUMPH TR 7 PRO CAR, fitted with a sun roof, air conditioning, special gold wheels and registered (PET 080) and insured by Leyland Australia. To this value of approximately $13,000, DESIGN AND DEVELOPMENT, car stylists of Revesby, NSW, have added an on-board computer, undertaken a complete interior retrim including lining the seats and door trims with color-coordinated velvet, an exterior repaint in the Penthouse colors of brown and gold, recarpeted the interior and fitted a new sporty steering wheel. The Design and Development work has made the car uniquely individual. As well, we have fitted a BOSE car stereo unit featuring a Bose amplifier and four speakers, a CONCORDE cassette deck with AM/FM tuner with 30-20,000 Hz response, plus Dolby and metal tape facility, bringing the total value of this mighty prize to almost $20,000.

Our Pet of the Year will not only look stunning in the TR-7, but out of it as well. She will win an 18ct gold Penthouse key set with diamonds to a design by Nicola Cerrone valued at $2000 and supplied by the HOURGLASS JEWELLERS Group of Australia. ANGELO FURS of 15 Park Street, Sydney, has supplied a $2500 white mink jacket — a superbly elegant creation — while CARLA SHIR Pty Ltd has supplied a $1000 designer collection wardrobe; S.A. DESCO Pty Ltd of Sydney has presented a $1300 18ct gold ladies LONGINES watch; EMMO JUVENA has supplied Votre perfume by Charles Jourdan and PARKER PENS has donated a Lady Parker by Pucci. The Pet of the Year's home will also be superbly looked after. Added to their car stereo, Bose Australia Inc will install $3500 worth of BOSE hi-fi equipment, including a spatial control receiver and a pair of super 901 series speakers (alone worth $1400). RADIO RENTALS, the national TV company, has given an AWA Thorn video cassette recorder valued at $1300 and AWA has provided a color TV set worth $450. Rank Industries has donated a RANK LITTON microwave oven and PHILIPS Consumer Products has given a soon-to-be-released gentle care front-load fully automatic washing machine. BREVILLE has supplied a $1000 package of their products, including a Kitchen Wizz, a Teasmade, a coffee maker, yoghurt maker, sandwich toaster and various beauty products. SOUTHERN SUN SOLARIUM Pty Ltd of Edgecliff, NSW has given a Philips Solarium HP 3120 valued at $1200.

Away from home our Pet of the Year will have a ball. Highlight of the holiday/leisure products is a $3500 WETBIKE, distributed by SUZUKI CORNELL Australia Pty Ltd. To get fit, there's a week for two at BERIDA MANOR, the luxury health resort at Bowral, NSW; ski equipment and ski fashion worth $1000 from CASA ALPINA, importers and wholesalers of Glebe, NSW. In keeping with the holiday mood, PERRIER has provided a $1125 package of Perrier products. To make a great party of it Seppelt's has given — wait for it — $1000 worth of their famous GREAT WESTERN champagne. And GORENJE PACIFIC has added 140-litre Gorenje bar fridge to keep it chilled. In case the Pet of the Year feels she may not remember the exciting highlights of her reign, Bell and Howell Australia Pty Ltd has provided a RICOH XR-25 35mm SLR camera with power winder and Speedlight flash, plus a BELL AND HOWELL 1239 sound movie camera and a sound projector, all valued at $2000.

This brings the total prizes to date to more than $50,000. We say *to date* because the US experience has been that the prize list grows after its first announcement because many businesses want the winner to have their products.

Women were magnetically, inexorably drawn to him — even if it meant their souls. No wonder he was called . . .



THE BLACK HOLE OF SEX

BY NICK TOSCHES

Dr Allen Sack, the youngest man ever to attain the rank of associate astronomer at the Planetarium, opened his pale blue eye to the lens of the mighty Celestron and beheld the winter Pleiades, the seven lewd daughters of Atlas, whose formation reminded him always of dimpled buttocks quivering in oblation.

He could hear behind him the soft sound of Louise, his secretary, unzipping her boots and rubbing her calves. It was, he knew, the sound of her being drawn, sucked inexorably, to him. Only after it was too late would she understand that the fair and slender gentleman for whom she worked, with whom she flirted (not so much out of lust as out of boredom), was more than a mere associate astronomer. His plainness belied a far greater rank, a stature more sublime and mysterious than the sum of men's inexplicable dreams. Dr Allen Sack was the black hole of sex.

"Oh, I can tell," Louise giggled to him, in the manner of one whose skill at macrame had been greatly enhanced by the use of marijuana. "You're just dying to do piggy things to me," she said. Dr Sack turned from the

Pleiades to Louise. She sat at her desk, young and wet, and smiled with open lips. He looked at her painted eyes, her woollen breasts, her nylon knees. She was as calm and unknowing as a star gradually being swallowed by a black hole in space. But not tonight, he thought. He dismissed her for the evening and confronted his typewriter. Slowly, with surety, pausing now and again to smile as Galileo must have smiled during the writing of *De Revolutionibus,* Dr Sack composed a letter.

Dear Sirs:

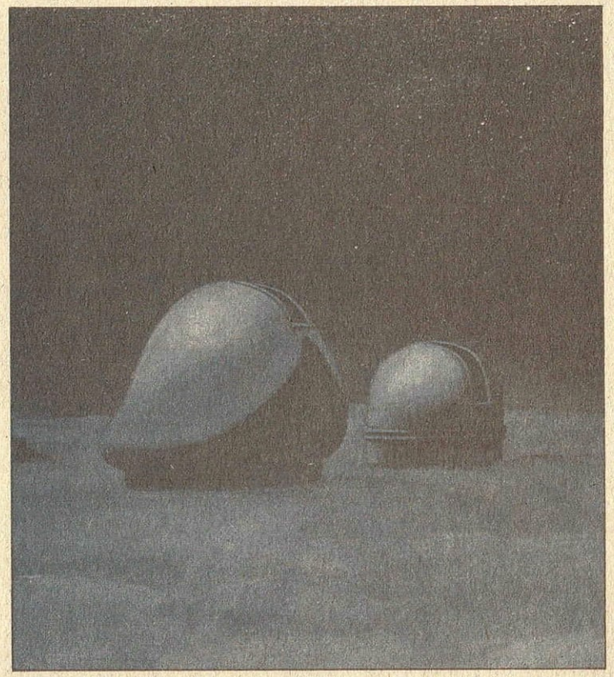
I submit the enclosed pages of my journal for your kind consideration, in the hope that you will find them worthy of publication in The American Review of Cosmology. *At the risk of seeming immodest, I am confident that I have pierced the very soul of the universe. Dr Huxley wrote, in 1881, that "The microcosm repeats the macrocosm". I am here to tell you that both are one, and are wed in my penis — an entity that has brought me, though not wholly without strife, greater knowledge than the sum of bound and paginated science. I am, to put it simply, the black hole of sex.*

Pull down thy editorial scepticism, sirs! Take, then, these humble pages, the organic record of my discovery. Grasp, so to speak, my ballocks and eat of my knowledge.

I have held the position of Associate Astronomer here at the Planetarium for two years. My articles have appeared in Astronomy, The American Journal of Science *and* Penthouse. *I am told that I look like Al Pacino, especially in the nose. I hope to hear from you soon. Thanking you, in advance, for the small monetary token of your appreciation. I remain,*

Sincerely yours,
Dr Allen Sack

PS: I am aware that some of the language and depictions in my journal might be considered indelicate or off-color by certain persons. We are serious men of science, however, and I am sure we agree that reality, in all its aspects, is the sustenance of our learning. But if you want to use dashes, that's okay, too.



September 30

Last night, after work, I walked all the way from Eighty-first Street to University Place, smoking Camels and worrying about my predicament, which grows more outrageous by the day. I went into the Cedar Tavern and sat next to a girl who was reading a Violette Leduc novel. After the fifth shot of Remy, I turned to her and said: "I've always felt that anyone reading a book at a bar is actually looking to get . . ." Before I could finish, she sneered consummately. She didn't want to have anything to do with me. They never do — at first, anyway. But two hours later, and after much labor on my part, she took me home with her.

Her name was Robin. She had been married, but she found she needed her own space. Her husband had tried to destroy her confidence as an artist and as a person.

I stripped her while she re-evaluated her life aloud. She had beautiful Judaic hips, and her legs were the legs of Botticelli's seaborne Venus, except for a wilting Band-Aid that dangled from her left knee. I kissed her breasts, and she trembled like a child whose soul had for the first time felt the chill breath of sin. I poked my old feller at her, and she asked me whether I had ever read Edna St Vincent Millay. I responded with further poking. "I still have . . . a lot of . . . uh . . . sexual hang-ups," she said. I fabricated a line from Millay and comforted her with it. She said: "I want to feel you inside me." The hot grip of her pussy promised glory.

I felt it would be different this time, that it would be, well, *normal;* that I would come and she would recede from me, and that would be that.

I screwed her till her passion dribbled from the corners of her mouth. In the heart of my balls' darkness, I felt something — the distant thrillful glimmering of orgasm, of elusive, miraculous satisfaction. Yes! I held fast to the re-evaluated hips of my darling, feeling her flow and rock beneath me, and awaiting the holy trumpetings of orgasm. Yes! Robin went wild under me. She yelled, she moaned, she loudly expressed interest in running off with me and respecting each other's space; in having babies and naming them for dead French authors. She came, and her face opened with ecstatic dismay and the sounds of the dark forest. She came again, ferociously, and again. I kept going. Yes! I, too, would come. Yes! No? I lay staring at a faded poster of Peter, Paul, and Mary that was taped to Robin's ceiling. She was all over me, purring awe, devotion, and girl-peace into my ear. I was still hard, and she touched me with long fingers.

"Oh, you!" she said, drawing my bane into her mouth and sucking, as if upon the incarnation of wonderment. After many minutes she climbed upon me and galloped toward the horizon of her own wet space. I clutched her bum, and she spoke in tongues. She came thrice and collapsed. Her hand crept toward my unrelenting erection and she wilted with a soft gasp.

"I can't believe it," she said. "Making love with you is like tumbling into some sort of oblivion. I came and came. Lord, I've never felt anything like it. Oh, you!"

Again it had happened. I had found another wayward and swooning tormentor. Peter, Paul, and Mary looked down upon me with egalitarian pity. Will there be no end to this?

October 5

Q: What is an orgasm?
A: The climax of carnal whoopee. Fulfillment. Ecstasy.
Q: Do I have orgasms?
A: At times. Perhaps.
Q: How do I feel when I come?
A: As if I had unbuttoned a tight collar.
Q: Why is that?
A:

October 13

It's worse than ever. When I arrived at the Planetarium this afternoon, there was a letter from Robin on my desk. It was a poem, actually: seven pages, handwritten, and metered in the schizo-Edwardian mode.

Fortu, Fortu, my beloved one!
I await thee, barelegged and diaphragm'd.
Fortu, Fortu, my beloved one!
I yearn to be by thy vein'd magick rammed.

The remainder of Robin's poem dealt with many things — her search for inner peace ("Nor Mellaril, nor Nembutal, they delivered unto me"), her ex-husband ("O! Unfaithful wanderer. O! Impotent shmuck"), her deceased Schnauzer, which, if I've interpreted correctly, had been trained to perform certain uncommon deeds — but, most of all, it dealt with me. And as I came to the closing lines, I shuddered.

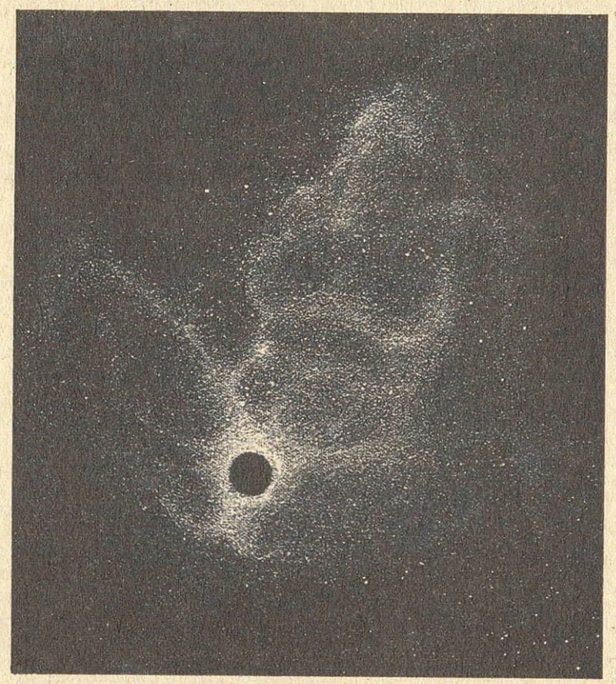
O! Eat me and swallow me!
I would give thee rare wines and blank cheques.
O! Eat me and swallow me!
Let me fall unto thee, sweet black hole of sex.

This was the third time in a month I had been referred to as the black hole of sex — and by three different women! Do I strike some hidden, elusive chord in the souls of women that brings to each of their various minds the same obscure and unlikely metaphor? Why can't I be called a good fuck or a bad buck, like everybody else?

Instead of spouting sperm, like every other man's, my member seems to emit an immense conceptuality that overtakes women like a medieval miasma. I would give anything to be a premature ejaculator.

October 23

I should never have screwed the girl who works on the main floor in the library. Annie, her name is. She follows me about the Planetarium and gives me no peace. Today, on the stairs, she grabbed my crotch and whispered sexy words into my ear. I reminded her that I had to give a Theory of Celestial Navigation lecture in 20 minutes. "The ladies' room," she kept whispering. "The ladies' room."



She leaned against the tampon dispenser. I heard the sexy rustlings of polyester and lust as I pressed against her. I pulled her pantyhose to her knees and placed my face against her pussy. My tongue found the salty roe corn of her clitoris and worshipped it. She moaned.

I turned her around so that her forehead was against the dispenser. I clutched her arse and held her hair in my fists. "Take that, my loose librarian," I said through closed teeth. She took it, and squirmed. Yes, I felt, once and for all, yes. I was going to come till my knees got weak. The glimmer was there, the shivering contractions were there. Yes! The dispenser rattled loudly in indignation. Yes! "God," she moaned, mostly through her nose, "I can feel you coming." But that was more than I could say about the matter.

October 30

As I was wanking, or trying to, in the broom closet after lunch today, a frightening truth hit me. The greater my obsession with sex becomes, the less my sexual gratification. I clearly remember orgasms of long ago, and they're just not there anymore. Could it be that I screw too much? Looking back through the pages of this journal is like looking back at a pile of stained sheets. I should try to think of other things. Henry James was a keeper of voluminous notebooks, but he never once mentioned sex.

It's no use. Running through my mind are the ankles and hips of women, the sounds of their dominance and their submission, the image of that pulsating, exalted thing between white thighs that pulls me ever onward, sweating, paling. Hell, perhaps they're right. Perhaps I am the black hole of sex. God, what would my poor mother say?

November 6

Georgia, the business manager at the Planetarium, knelt with my penis in her mouth, and I confessed in desperation. "I can't tell if I'm having orgasms or not."

She removed it from her mouth, covered its tip with her hand, and moved it aside, as if it was a microphone and she a politician at a press conference. She thought deeply and visibly upon the matter for many moments, then spoke in a caring yet doctoral voice.

"Does white stuff come out it?"

I shrugged, then nodded in affirmation.

"Then you have orgasms." She

quickly commenced doing what she did best.

"No, wait a minute. Talk to me first," I besought. I shook her off. "Whenever I come on to women, they're not impressed.

"But, once I screw them, they throw themselves at my feet. What the hell is going on? I mean, the first night you and I went drinking, you didn't even pay attention to me."

"I thought you were a creep. You reminded me of Russian dressing."

"What do you mean, Russian dressing?"

"Yeah, Russian dressing. I can't stand Russian dressing." Her face cockled in extreme distaste.

"Then why did you go to bed with me?"

"I was drunk. Nine Jack Daniel's and a white-wine spritzer," she replied, still clutching my old feller.

"You didn't find me attractive?" I asked, feeling it soften slightly in her hand.

"Russian dressing."

"You didn't think I looked like Al Pacino? A little?" I pointed meekly to my nose.

"But I'm so glad I screwed you. Once I did, all other men became obsolete. I've never known anyone like you. You're so horny and so hard."

"Don't you see?" That's because I never come! I hate it," I yelled, a little like Al Pacino.

"I love it. It's so ungodly sensual. It is beyond pleasure. It's annihilation. So mysterious, so wonderful. Like one of those — what do you guys call them? — black holes. That's what you are, the black hole of sex."

"Oh, bugger you," I began to say, but she was lost in her ministry, gobbling. I threw my head back and petitioned the Lord of the Old Testament for many things. Much time passed, and I was lost in space.

"Look! White stuff," Georgia proclaimed. "See, you had an orgasm."

"But I didn't feel anything," I said.

"Sometimes I don't feel anything, either," she said, "but I don't whine about it."

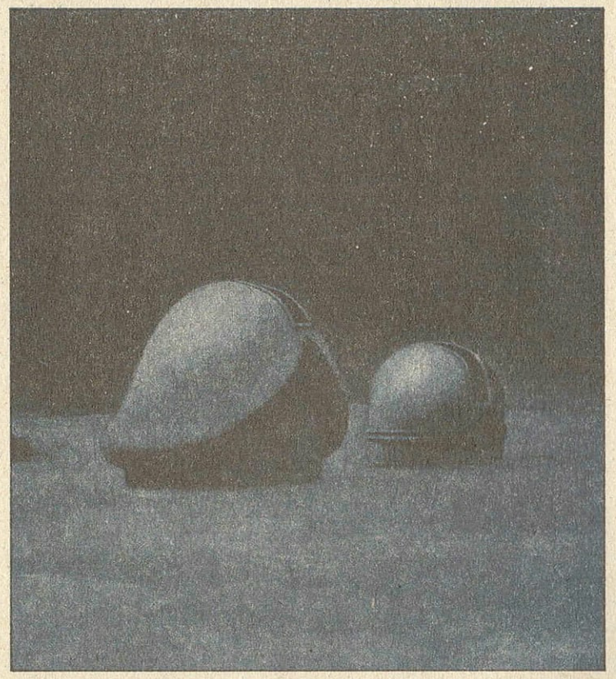
"But you're a broad. You're supposed to have screwed-up orgasms."

She drew me to the floor and rubbed me against her mons veneris, then lower, till it lingered at her moisture. We began again. But this time there was not even a glimmer,; nothing. I was beginning to understand why men joined the priesthood.

November 7

Possible solutions:

(a) Move to L.A.
(b) Drink more.
(c) Move to Guyana.
(d) Take more drugs.
(e) Re-evaluate my life.
(f) Read Henry James novels.
(g) Murder eight nurses.
(h) Cut it off.



November 15

Last night I sat in a scungy bar, drinking, fretting, searching for deliverance and new pussy. A spiv in a purple suit stood next to me. "I am the supervisor of water," he said. I stared straight ahead. "Do you know why I am a success, not only in business, but in my social life as well?" I looked at him. There was lint in his eyebrows. "Because of this," he said, pulling a small white card from the inside breast pocket of his suit. He held the card close to my face. It bore one word: *variegate.*

He smiled. A piece of lint floated gently from his brow to my sleeve. "Every morning I sit down with Mr Webster and choose a new word. I then make a point of using that word frequently throughout the day, and thus expand my vocabulary. Communication, language" — he paused dramatically — "is how we differ from the civets." He snapped the card with his thumb and tucked it away. My soul knew a certain subtle fear. A young girl appeared. He turned to her.

"I am the supervisor of water." he said to her. "And what do you do?"

"I don't screw turkeys, if that's what you mean," she replied. The supervisor of water finished his Scotch and withdrew mutely into the realm of Thales, whence he had come.

I approached the girl who did not screw turkeys. She couldn't have been more than 18. I said: "If you buy me a drink, I won't tell you that you have pretty hair." She giggled and bought me one.

"I'm drinking to forget," she grinned. "What about you?"

"To get drunk." We exchanged mediocrities with great enthusiasm for almost two hours, until I finally had the nerve to say. "Let's go." She tilted her head and expressed the facsimile of coy wariness. "Don't get precious on my time, girl," I said, better than Al Pacino ever could have said it. She giggled and put her coat on.

Her name was Ellen, and her hips and breasts were enlaced in mint green. I rubbed my hand on the inside of her thighs, and I pulled off her panties. Her lips parted slowly, wet, and she ran her fingers through my hair and moaned, "Oh, Phil," and she apologised profusely. I assured her that I was young and would get over it. I removed her bra. Her breasts sighed free and pomaceous, and her nipples hardened pert. We inclined. I slapped her backside tentatively, and she loved it. I bit her breasts, and she loved it. I worked into her. "Oh, Ph-Ph-Allen," she groaned. She fingered my prostrate daintily, and I said, "Oh, Gloria."

I screwed her every way possible, using her legs like warm, soft tillers to navigate our rollings and turnings. She came prodigiously. After about 45 minutes she stared at me in fast-breathed bewilderment and uttered luxuriously lewd sounds of glee. Every time she came her eyes rolled back in her head and she called upon the Almighty, intimately. I felt nothing but a sensation of faint pleasure.

I finally fell off, and she hugged me, professing her desire to be with me always. There was a knock upon my front door. We hushed.

"I know you're in there." It was Annie the librarian. "Please, Allen, let me in. It's my turn for an hour, just one little hour."

Ellen descended upon the source of my problems. At least she wasn't calling me the black hole of sex. She tickled me with her tongue and she kissed me gently. "What do you call those things in outer space," she whispered, "those things that no one can see, those things that —?" I silenced her with my mighty sword.

November 20

I have made up my mind to spend the following week without sex. Perhaps abstinence can remedy the situation. I will go for walks, watch television, toy with the idea of buying Treasury bonds, burn photographs of my relatives and loved ones. If Henry James could abstain for 73 years, surely I can abstain for seven days. Get ye behind me, ye of stained panties.

November 27

It is done, and I am a wreck. I drooled and twitched for an eternal week. I was mad with desire. I lingered dangerously long at lingerie window displays.

And the women gave me no peace. The halls of the Planetarium were filled with ravenous ladies from my past, grabbing, yelling slightly rational words.

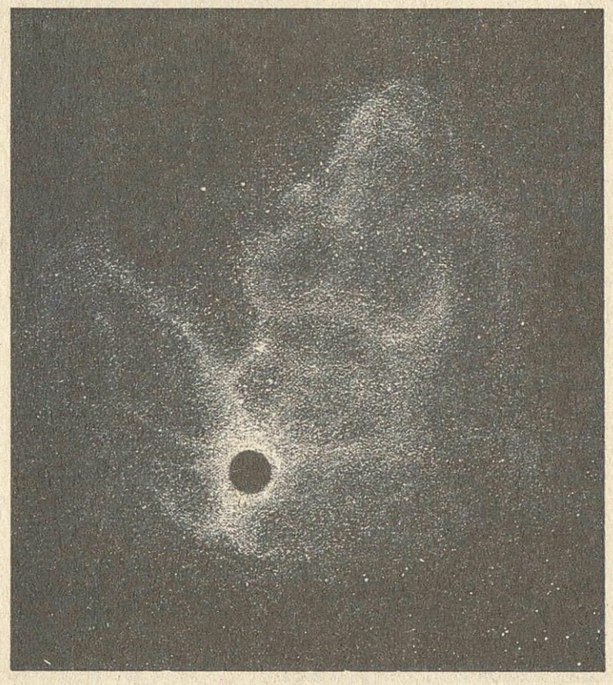
Robin slipped poems beneath my door. She pleaded with me to commit unclean deeds upon the grave of her Schnauzer. Georgia phoned repeatedly. "Put the receiver to your dick," she gasped.

Annie sent me an article about black holes, torn from the *New York Times Magazine,* on which she had crayoned innumerable phalluses. A woman whose face I could not even remember followed me for several blocks along Central Park West, eerily chanting, "I want to bear your child; I want to bear your child."

A week of tortured chastity, and nothing has come of it — nothing but further frenzy.

December 3

I visited a psychiatrist yesterday afternoon. My colleague Dr Penick recommended this particular shrink very strongly, saying that she had cured him, within two years' time, of his fear of rain. Her name was Dr Kurtz. "Women call me the black hole of sex," I told her, without looking her in the eye. "They won't leave me alone because I'm never satisfied." I told her about all the women, about my unceasing erection, and the endless desires, and the eternal copulation. For quite a while I babbled on, distraught, uneasy. Dr Kurtz wasn't saying anything. I looked into her eyes and implored: "What should I do?" She stared at me for a second then spoke. "Screw me from behind." The breath went from me and with it all hope. My member, however, would have none of this pathos. Dr Kurtz bent over the couch, and I screwed her — indeed, I screwed all psychiatry. As she came, she moaned: "The fee is waived."



December 21

Strange things have happened. Dark confusion has become a sort of quietude, a sort of sexy peace I had always sought as the product of orgasm. Last night I realised that for the first time in years I no longer cared one way or the other. The last orgasm that I can remember clearly occurred three years ago. Maybe this uncaring will lead to orgasms. Maybe it won't. In either case, this quietude is a lovely, lovely thing — a thing that makes me glimmer. Across the room, Louise stoops to fetch a paper clip. She unzips her boot and rubs her calf. And I glimmer, here among the mysteries and wonders of orgasms to be or not to be — I, the one, the only, black hole of sex. Life, like the slow river of dark space, flows finely on.

Thank you, ladies.

Dr Sack stuck a Camel in his mouth and read the letter from *The American Review of Cosmology.*

Dear Dr Sack:

We return herewith the extracts from your journal. We regret that we find this material unsuitable for publication in the Review.

Several of the editors have asked me to tell you, however, that they found your manuscript very stimulating, and have made Xerox copies — toward what end I do not know.

Three of our secretaries have asked me to forward to you their home telephone numbers, which you will find on a separate page.

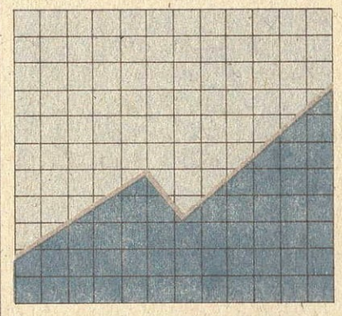
I, personally, find you and your penis quite reprehensible — and not at all amusing.

Get a day job,
Dr Edwin Kurtz (her husband)

Dr Sack removed the cigarette from his mouth, and then smiled.

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU A SUCKER?



They say there's a sucker born every minute. Take this psychograph and find out if they're talking about you.

What P. T. Barnum called a sucker psychologists would be more likely to label a "highly persuasible subject". But whatever jargon you use, it amounts to the same thing: the man who'll buy the Sydney Harbor Bridge every time, as long as you quote him a good price.

Recent psychological research in the field of persuasion indicates that just about anybody can have the wool pulled over his eyes, but it's obvious that some people are a lot more gullible than others. Studies of just who is most susceptible and why began to appear in the 1950s, when psychologists started compiling the personality traits of people whose minds are easily swayed.

Since then researchers have produced an enormous volume of data that we have drawn on for this psychograph. They've discovered some interesting facts and confirmed some observations that street corner philosophers have known all along. Intelligence, for example, appears to play no part in gullibility. An Einstein can be duped as easily as a dim-witted yokel. In addition, our own opinion of how suggestible we are bears little relation to reality. The man who firmly believes he can't be hustled is often an easier mark than one who thinks he's a pushover.

Researchers also believe that suckers — while they may be born one-a-minute — are also bred. Child-rearing habits and environment play major roles in developing the personality traits that distinguish the malleable man from the tough nut.

So answer the questions quickly and honestly. If you end up with a high "Sucker Score", drop us a line. We've got a great little bridge you may want to invest in. Or maybe a few nice building lots in a mangrove swamp, huh? Or maybe . . .

1. Would you say your life style is basically
   (a) blue-collar
   (b) white-collar

2. If you had to choose, would you rather read
   (a) fiction
   (b) non-fiction

3. Complete this statement: "When I'm playing a game and know I'm being watched . . .
   (a) I almost always choke; I tighten up and play worse than normal
   (b) I play better than normal; I guess I'm a grandstander
   (c) it doesn't make any difference; I just play my normal game

4. Which of these statements applies to you?
   (a) when I'm in a social situation (like a dinner party where I don't know everybody), I find it easy to make conversation
   (b) in social situations I usually have trouble thinking of subjects to talk about

5. How do you feel about this statement: "In this world there are thinkers and there are do-ers, and it's those in the latter category who are most important?"
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

6. Are you basically shy compared with other men of your age and background?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

7. With which of the following statements are you more likely to agree?
   (a) we should rehabilitate criminals so that they can become useful members of society
   (b) we should lock up criminals and throw away the key; in many instances, capital punishment might be an even better solution to the problem

8. Do you often feel guilty about many of the things you do?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

9. If you are invited to a big social occasion where there will be many people you don't know, do you usually
   (a) accept the invitation eagerly and look forward to going
   (b) try to think up reasons to turn down the invitation

10. Do you daydream a lot, imagining things you'd like to do and places you'd like to go?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

11. Do you smoke a pipe?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

12. Do you thoroughly read at least one newspaper a day?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

13. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with these two proverbs: "neatness counts"; "A place for everything, and everything in its place"?
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

14. With which of these statements would you be more likely to agree?
    (a) no matter how much time, money, and effort you devoted to mentally handicapped people, you could never make them "normal"; consequently, from society's standpoint, it's a waste of scarce resources to give them more than the most basic aid
    (b) mentally handicapped people deserve as much help as we can give them — and probably more; a society that can't take care of its less fortunate members is not a society I want to be part of

15. Be honest now: how would you say your sexual activity compares with that of other men your age?
    (a) more active sexually
    (b) about average
    (c) less active sexually

16. Would you say that you're more irritable than most people?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

17. Which of the following statements more closely reflects your feelings?
    (a) I don't worry a whole lot; whatever is going to occur will happen whether I worry about it or not
    (b) I seem to be worried a large part of the time; if I'm not worrying about big things (like my future), I'm worrying about little things (like will I get to the cleaner before it closes tonight so I can pick up my shirts)

18. Would you say that you were more rebellious as a teenager than most kids?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

19. Would you say your parents were easygoing in the way they brought you up?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

20. Do you own two or more of the following: a pet rock, a hula-hoop, a T-shirt advertising the name of a manufacturer, product or musical group, a "designer" track suit, roller skates with those new plastic wheels, a white John Travolta disco suit?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

Here are the answers most likely to have been chosen by highly persuasible men:

1.	b	11.	b
2.	a	12.	b
3.	a	13.	a
4.	b	14.	a
5.	a	15.	c
6.	a	16.	a
7.	b	17.	b
8.	a	18.	b
9.	b	19.	b
10.	a	20.	a

Give yourself five points for each of your answers that coincides with those listed above. Your score will place you in one of two categories (after all, you're either a sucker or you're not; there's not much middle ground).

SCORING

If you scored 55-100 points:

Hiya, sucker. Bought any ice cream franchises in Antarctica lately? You're the answer to an advertising man's dreams: pliable and easy to persuade. Highly susceptible men have a lot of social inhibitions and feelings of inadequacy.

They like an ordered existence and tend to be passive, waiting for someone else to lead the way. They often prefer to be alone, but oddly, they are not given to introspection. (Fear of social interaction and shyness — not a philosophical bent — lead them to choose this solitary path.)

They don't quite trust their own judgement, which is why they're more willing to listen to, and accept, the arguments of others. Just because these men are afraid to assert their own feelings doesn't mean they don't have any.

Often underneath a passive, pliable exterior bubbles a cauldron of emotion. They get angry more than other men; and they worry more and feel guilty more.

They often have elaborate daydreams where they act with an assertiveness they are afraid to show in real life.

They dream of power and divide the world up between those who dominate and those who submit. Their solitary, fantasy-rich lifestyle can turn them into excellent artists and writers. You might not want them to head your multinational corporation, but if you're looking for the Great Australian Novel, you might find one of them writing it.

While people in this category may sound a little cockeyed, they're not really in bad shape.

Evidence from research shows that they are no more obsessive, compulsive, neurotic, or insomniac than anybody else.

0-50 points:

Men in this category don't change their minds without a fight. It's not easy to persuade them. They have so much confidence in their own beliefs, judgements, and opinions that you can't hook them with a line.

From a psychological point of view, they fit the conventional definition of "healthy". They tend to be at ease among strangers. They're mature; they mix easily; they feel good about themselves; they take a direct approach to life. They also test out as being much more sexual than men who are more suggestible.

(In one test, for example, psychologists asked their subjects to draw figures of human beings. Highly persuasible men drew figures devoid of sexual characteristics while less easily persuaded men drew robust figures whose sexual characteristics were obvious.)

Men in this category dislike opposition, but they usually have enough social grace to hide it tactfully. Still, they are aggressive, hard-driving people. At their best they are strong, forceful leaders. At their worst, they are the guys trying to make suckers out of the rest of us.

WATCH OUT — THEY'RE CHANGING YOUR MIND

People whose business it is to persuade others use a variety of techniques that are not always obvious. Politicians, salesmen, and advertisers often employ them instinctively. It's been discovered, for example, that a man who makes eye contact 80 percent of the time is more likely to convince you than a person who looks at you less. When people talk louder and faster they also become more convincing.

"Open" body positions and a forward-leaning posture also create a more persuasive atmosphere. So if the guy across the table from you suddenly uncrosses his arms, leans toward you, looks you in the eye, and starts talking loud and fast, you can be pretty damn sure he's trying to sell you something (it may be anything from an insurance policy or a set of encyclopaedias to a political ideology).

And if you don't watch out, there's a very good chance you are going to buy it.

Before discovering Australia the Dutch had already developed the art of making fine cigars.

Long before Abel Tasman discovered Australia in 1642, the Dutch were practising the art of producing and enjoying fine cigars.

Holland's seafaring explorers and traders – most of whom were employed by the Dutch East and West India Companies – had brought back fine tobacco leaf from their voyages to Cuba, Peru and Brazil.

The subsequent colonisation of the Dutch East Indies (known today as Indonesia) led to the introduction of Sumatra Sand, an exceptionally fine tobacco highly prized for the outer wrapping of a cigar; and which can only be harvested once every four years.

On maturity, each leaf is separated into two halves and rolled into either a 'left hand' or 'right hand' cigar.

Today, the House of Ritmeester still blends Sumatra Sand leaves with others from Cuba, Brazil and Java to produce their fine cigars. The pleasure of such quality is a discovery you can share with the Dutch the next time you enjoy a Ritmeester cigar.

Ritmeester – a discovery the Dutch would like to share with you.

RITMEESTER

PMC/117

Original lines and well-rehearsed mechanics highlight Alfa's latest offering.

SWEET GIULIETTA STEALS ALFA ROMEO'S SHOW

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE

In spite of an often turbulent financial history, when Alfa Romeo introduces a new car it consistently proves one thing: it can identify and respond to the public's changing perception of motoring needs as well as any car maker in the world, and better than many. Even so, the Alfetta Giulietta stands out as a car to set a new bench-mark for the Alfa inspiration. That statement isn't made lightly. The Giulietta is, reasonably enough, mechanically based on the Alfetta, yet has been given a truly individual personality.

The most obvious expression of the differences which make the Giulietta is the distinct wedge shape, a visual impression reinforced by the neat last-minute spoiler lip on the boot lid which chops off the thick end of the wedge. Probably no other feature of the car will have a more immediate impact on the "for" or "against" response of the viewer, but don't be fooled into thinking that the rear lip is a frivolous cosmetic indulgence just because it is barely 3cm above the boot line.

You don't achieve an air drag figure of 0.42, as Alfa has done with the Giulietta, with self-indulgent design. You achieve it by putting together a shape which cuts the air cleanly with a shallow grille at the front of a down-sloping bonnet, spreading the air smoothly over a windscreen raked at just the right angle and around gently curved side panels. The rear spoiler finishes the job by reducing air turbulence behind the car, a major source of unwanted drag.

Since this design can produce a shape something like an aircraft wing, the rear spoiler — together with the air dam under the front bumper — also acts to keep the car firmly on the ground at speed. As a bonus, it provides convenient sighting points when reversing. The importance of this package to handling and fuel economy is considerable, but it's all for nothing if the basics of engine-gearbox performance and steering-suspension response aren't there.

Alfa has had plenty of practice at marrying its double overhead cam, all-alloy engine to a five-speed gearbox with ratios placed to take maximum advantage of the engine's power and torque characteristics. It's doubtful if this experience has been put to better use than in the 1.8litre Giulietta. Even local emission controls have not killed the spirit of the four-cylinder, 1779cc motor — it's unlikely we'll see the 1.6litre Giulietta here — and it's pure joy to work the car up and down through the gears.

The ovoid knob on the gearstick falls readily into the palm of your hand, waiting for a quick dance through the cogs encased just forward of the de Dion rear end. There is a rather spongy, typically Alfa feel to gear selection, but it's the work of minutes to become familiar with the pattern. Again typically Alfa, care needs to be taken when the gearbox is cold to avoid a crunch into first and reverse. Once you have all that sorted out, the driver is likely to be overcome by the highly-contagious Alfa syndrome — the incessant desire to spin the rev counter needle around the dial toward the orange line at 5700rpm and the red line at 6400rpm.

The way the Giulietta takes this sort of treatment tells you unequivocally that this is a sports sedan, a far cry from the shopping baskets of comparable engine size — there are very few direct comparisons — which glut today's suburban roads. It's even more pleasing, then, to find that not only are the gear ratios nicely spaced to work the engine hard, but they are also well placed to use the good supply of torque — a claimed 166.6Nm at 4400rpm. According to Alfa, our emission standards have whittled only a fraction off the amount of torque available compared with the European version, with power down by only about 3kW to a claimed 86.8kW at 5300rpm.

The transition from peak-revving sports sedan to tractable commuter-crawler is so painless it's almost like stepping from one car into another. The Giulietta will pull from 2000rpm in fourth gear, loaded with three large adults and camera gear, more like a car with six cylinders than one with four. Of course, any car with that sort of torque and the power to reach close to 180km/h is going to use fuel when you plant the right foot, but the slippery shape of the car and the good power to weight ratio — kerb weight is 1100kg — go a long way to easing the burden on the bank balance. I didn't have the chance to complete a full fuel consumption test, but indications are that the Giulietta will return about 11.3litres/100km (25mpg).

Almost as important as petrol in terms of running costs are the service intervals, and the Giulietta scores well on this count, too. The 10,000km between oil and oil filter changes represents about six months driving for the average motorist, and other maintenance intervals are even longer. Experience also indicates that the engine will hold its tune for long periods. On a long-term basis, Giulietta owners should have few causes for complaint about the durability of the body — something which perhaps could not have been said by Alfa owners of a few years ago.

Intense efforts have been applied by Alfa Romeo to combat corrosion, both at the design level and at the production level, where as many as six different processes are used to protect the body metal. As on the Alfasud Sprint Veloce, areas of contact between different types of metals have been coated to avoid galvanic interaction, which is particularly relevant in keeping the external trim from looking tatty. It's reasonable to expect these efforts and precautions in a $13,290 car — always remembering that the Giulietta will be many thousands of dollars cheaper anywhere else as a result of our efforts to protect the local motor industry (what do you mean, what about Pagewood?) — but Alfas have been faulted on finish and durability in the past, hence the direct attempts to

counter residual doubts. Internally, the Giulietta is one of the best-presented Alfas to come Australia's way. Comfort for the driver and front passenger is excellent, with the fabric-covered buckets providing good thigh and lateral support. And for once, there is an Italian car in which tall drivers can arrange things to provide very nearly an ideal position, aided in great measure by the 5cm vertical adjustment on the steering wheel. Comfort in the rear is again a pleasant surprise when matched against the rest of the Italian brigade, showing the Giulietta's intended value as a sporty sedan which Dad can still claim is suitable for the family.

Instrumentation and warning lights are clearly visible through the three-spoke steering wheel, even if the sight of the speedometer and tachometer needles rotating in opposite directions can be initially disconcerting. The three column stalks are also well placed, and I like the fact that the horn is operated from the centre pad of the steering wheel. Good fresh air ventilation and heating is available from the horizontal slide controls, although manipulating the outlets is not all that easy with the car in motion.

A neat space has been left if you want to add air conditioning, likewise for a radio/cassette player — which Alfa does not make standard equipment on the basis that its customers will want to choose their own sound systems. At the bottom of the fascia, to the right of the steering column, are the manually-operated choke and a hand throttle, which is not at all a boon to inexperienced users unless care is taken to operate it safely.

I've left discussion of the Giulietta's handling and road behavior to now because, for me, this was the most disappointing aspect of the car — if only because, while more than adequate, it did not quite match the precise and finely-tuned feel I have come to expect from Alfa.

Theoretically the nearly 50-50 weight distribution between front and rear axle, the de Dion rear end and rack and pinion steering should all add up to precise and neutral handling characteristics.

The fact is, the Giulietta displays understeer that is not at all typically Alfa, and which is made even more obvious by a quite pronounced body roll.

Using the car hard — and what Alfa doesn't get used hard at some time? — shows that the back end will hang on like a limpet, and in fact the overall adhesion of the car under hard cornering is very good. But the difficulty in provoking outward movement in the rear end suggests the front suspension needs to be revamped to provide a more balanced feel.

The degree of body roll apparent suggests strongly that the springs are too soft for the quite firm shock absorbers, a formula which makes for pleasant ride characteristics and which needn't necessarily affect handling badly — the obvious example being Lotus. But the amount of scrubbing on the front tyres after only a few hard shoves indicates that the front end needs to be set up to keep the wheels more nearly vertical in relation to the road surface. This, in combination with harder springing and with the rear end which does an excellent job of laying the power down, would probably do a lot to make the Giulietta feel more like an Alfa to former Alfa owners.

In terms of overall road behavior a new Giulietta owner might be surprised at this criticism, being unable to fault the smoothness and progressive feel of the steering. It remains to be seen if this suspension and steering set-up is to be the standard for rear-wheel drive Alfas from now on.

As befits a car likely to be driven hard, braking from the four-wheel servo-assisted discs is excellent. Very little fade was apparent after hard use, and the pedal pressure and feel remained within very acceptable limits.

In fact, having so many good things going for it made the Giulietta's blunted steering all the more of a let-down. We can only hope it's something not too hard for either Alfa Romeo or keen owners to fix.

The ayes have it, for Gordon's gin.

Gordon's and orange. Gordon's and soda. Gordon's and dry.
Gordon's and bitter lemon. Gordon's martini.
Gordon's and tonic. Gordon's and water. The gin preferred internationally by more people who prefer gin.

It's got to be Gordon's.

AB449/80

GS4389

Your ears didn't believe us in the 50s.
Will your eyes believe us now?

In the fifties, Aiwa made such technological breakthroughs with their microphones, people just couldn't believe their ears. People again doubted their senses after Aiwa developed the world's first portable stereo cassette recorder.

Now, when anyone hears our hifi mini-components they find it hard to believe that such big, full sound can come from something that looks so small.

We can believe it because we also believe size is not compromise.

However, will we stretch our credibility too far when we tell you our hifi mini-components are compatible with conventional equipment?

That means you don't have to buy all Aiwa hifi mini-components at once.

In truth, you don't have to buy them all, ever.

Aiwa make a lot of other unbelievable hifi equipment that you might prefer to mix with our mini-components.

There are 40 pieces in all. And compared with what you have to pay for them, their sound is amazing. But true.

AIWA®
for Craftsmanship

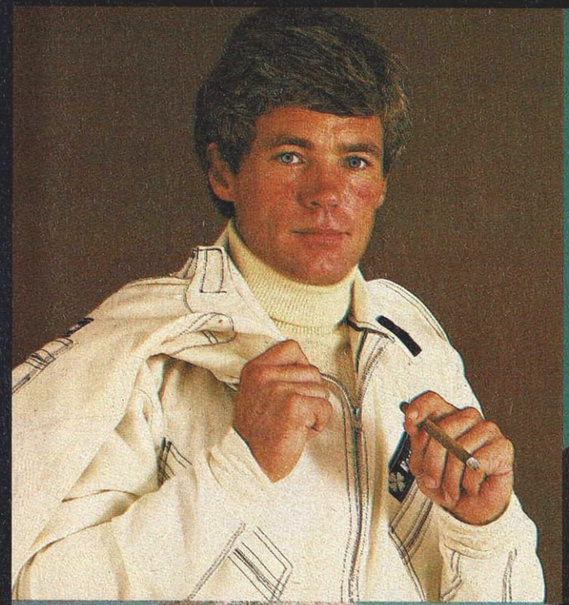
MEMBER OF hifi INDUSTRY ASSOCIATION

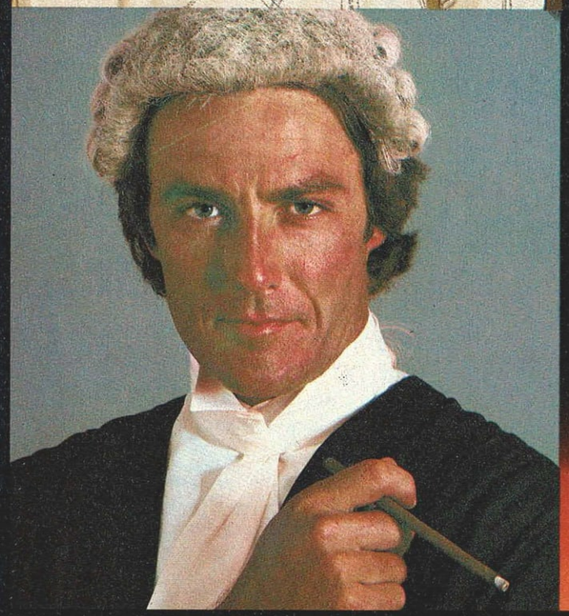
From selected hifi specialists. For the one nearest you please phone Sydney 597 2388, Melbourne 328 1343, Brisbane 229 6817.

JACKA 1711

Can you tell a Panatella?

A Panatella is a cigar with a lot of style. And Henri Wintermans give you three to choose from. The short, the slim and the long. Our short panatella is a long cigar. We call it our short panatella because it's not as long as our slim panatella. Or our long panatella. That's the beauty of Henri Wintermans. Always the choice of just the length to suit your mood. Try one in front of a mirror soon. Long, short or tall.





HENRI WINTERMANS.
PANATELLAS. The nicest cigars in the world.

WHO IS THE AUSTRALIAN

Girl of the Eighties

During the past decade Penthouse International has launched dozens of girls towards stardom. Now *Australian Penthouse* is searching for a very special Australian "girl of the Eighties".

Australian Penthouse has joined with Australian Film Productions Pty Ltd on a nationwide search for a beautiful, probably unknown girl to star in the forthcoming movie *Centrespread* — not surprisingly about an innocent girl's rise through the glamor world of modelling into film stardom. The film's story will be our girl's story . . . told with sparkle, vivacity, and a totally relaxed attitude towards nudity.

The "girl of the Eighties" winner will also become a Penthouse Pet. She will be paid our standard fee, in addition to her fee from the film producers, and will be in the running for the 1981 Pet of the Year prize. She will travel extensively throughout Australia and overseas if arrangements are completed to exhibit *Centrespread* at Cannes next year. As well as the "girl of the Eighties", the producers require about 20 other girls for supporting roles in the film. Aspirants should phone the numbers below to make appointments for auditions which will be held in the following cities:

SYDNEY: Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, August 6,7,8. Phone 02 29 4933.
BRISBANE: Monday, August 11. Phone 07 36 2566.
GOLD COAST: Tuesday, Wednesday, August 12,13. Phone 07 36 2566.
MELBOURNE: Thursday, Friday, August 14,15. Phone 03 509 7762.
HOBART: Saturday, August 16. Phone 03 509 7762.
ADELAIDE: Monday, Tuesday, August 18,19. Phone 08 272 5732.
PERTH: Wednesday, Thursday, August 20,21. Phone 09 381 1195.

OH WICKED WANDA! TM

After her last near catastrophic adventure into the past, Wanda has become more than a little disillusioned with the progress of mankind through the ages.....

I've had enough of history! Poor gullible, simple-minded mankind is always being conned by megalomaniac idiots! Some fanatical messiah proclaiming a political, religious or philosophical system — BULLSHIT!

From now on if I use that time machine it'll be for kicks!

Of course there's a better form of air conditioning!

But the world's in pretty bad shape — and we've all got to save energy!

Good! Maybe we'll get some action now? I ain't had a decent part in this strip for months!

by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

This month we celebrate the birthday of our luscious heroine. (Not now! You can all sing happy birthday at the end of the instalment!) From time immemorial the von Kreebus family have celebrated.....

....the occasion with the great annual peasant shoot. As we stand here on the battlements of the ancient schloss we can look down and see the first of the celebrities and important guests arriving.....

Who are they?

By the look of 'em I'd say they were vacuum cleaner sales — men!

♫ Happy birthday, dear Wanda — happy birthday to you! ♫

"Beware creeps bearing gifts!"

GET THE PUSSFORCE TO SHOW OUR GUESTS TO THEIR ROOMS, GRUD — AND THEN TAKE UP THE BAGGAGE!

HE LOOKS YOUNG AND HEALTHY ENOUGH TO CARRY HIS OWN BAGS!

CHARLIE! HOW NICE TO SEE YOU! DAD NOT WITH YOU?

HE'S JUST PARKING HIS HORSE!

IS THERE ANY — THING ELSE I CAN DO FOR YOU?

NO, THANKS — THAT WILL BE ALL!

I SAID THAT WILL BE ALL THANK YOU!

THAT'S ALL, THANKS!

I'LL KEEP THIS ONE WITH ME!

FROM HIS PHOTO-GRAPHS IN TIME MAGAZINE YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE HE WAS LIKE THAT!

POLITICIANS!

YOU'VE ONLY YOURSELVES TO BLAME — YOU ELECTED HIM!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING.....

EVERYTHING IS READY, MISTRESS!

GOOD! I DON'T WANT ANY HITCHES! LET'S HOPE WE HAVE A GOOD DAYS SHOOTING!

THE SHOOTING PARTY MOVES OFF INTO THE EARLY MORNING SUNLIGHT.....

WHILE GRUD AND HOMER SAPIENS USHER THE PEASANTS INTO POSITION

THE PAY'S GOOD — BUT IT'S SEASONAL!

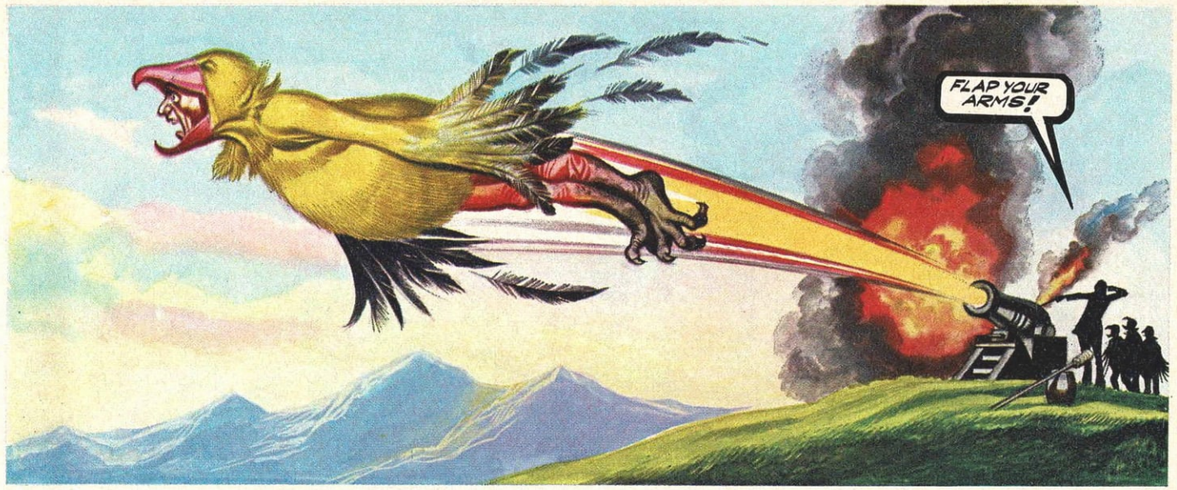
I WUZ WORKIN' AT CHRYSLER — BUT NOBODY'S BUYIN' CARS ANYMORE!

COME ON! COME ON — LET'S MOVE IT!

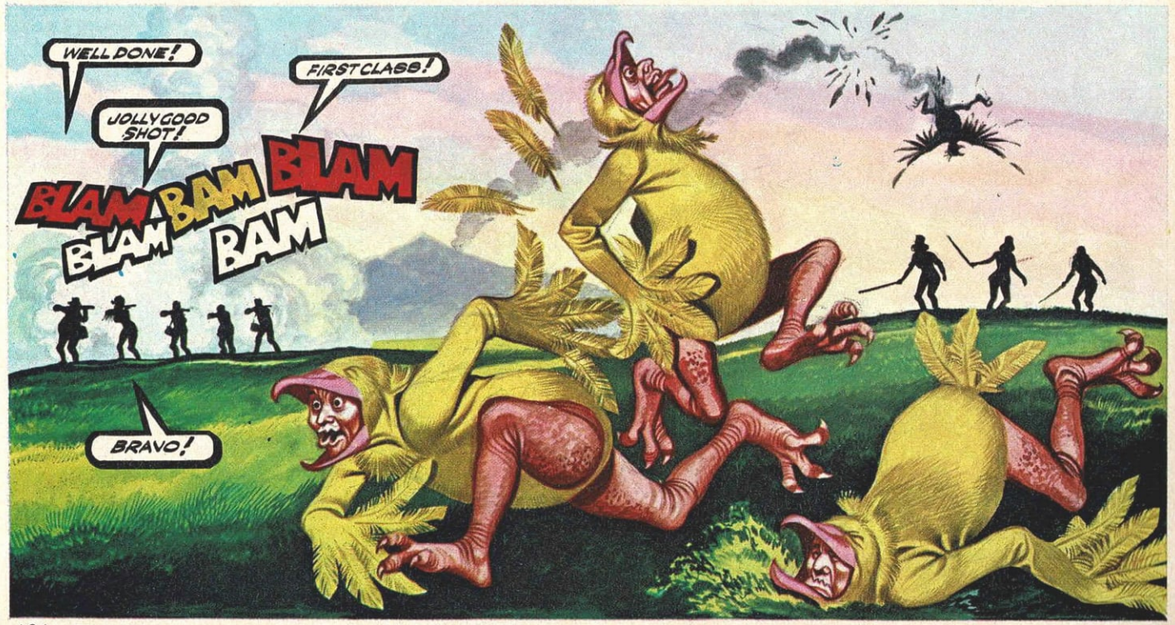
I'VE GOT A DEGREE IN SOCIOLOGY!

THAT'S TOUGH!

YEAH! THAT'S WORSE THAN BEIN' UNSKILLED!


FLAP YOUR ARMS!

HERE THEY COME!
DRIVEN BY THE PUBSFORCE BEATERS, THE PEASANTS BREAK COVER.....


WELL DONE!
JOLLY GOOD SHOT!
FIRST CLASS!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BAM
BRAVO!

I LEFT A FIRST CLASS BRIDGE GAME TO COME TO THIS CIRCUS!
GET A GRIP, SOLDIER! YOUR LIBIDO'S HANGING OUT!
FOR A GATE CRASHER I AIN'T DOIN' AT ALL BADLY!
DO YOU THINK, AS I DO, THAT EQUALITY IS A GOOD THING? AND THAT ANYBODY WITH A COUPLE OF MILLION SHOULD BE ABLE TO ENJOY THIS SPORT?
I THINK THE PEASANTS ARE A BUNCH OF JOLLY GOOD CHAPS!
HEY, COBBER! HOW'D YA LIKE TO SEND YOUR CRICKET TEAM OVER TO US?
PSSST! LEMME STICK A BRAND LABEL ON THAT AN' WE'LL BOTH MAKE A FORTUNE!
GET LOST! I'M HOPING THIS WILL MAKE DER SPIEGEL!
I'M FEELING GOOD! THAT WAS A MOST SATISFYING SHOOT!
IF YOU'RE FEELING THAT GOOD — HOW ABOUT A SMALL LOAN?
IT SURE AS HELL'S BETTER'N SHOOTIN' FILM EXTRAS!
I AIN'T PARTICULAR!
THE PRIVILEGES OF THE RICH! IF IT WASN'T FOR THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM THIS SPORT WOULD'VE DIED OUT YEARS AGO!

THE GUESTS HAVE DEPARTED AND WANDA ENJOYS HER PRESENTS. A JAR OF HEIMISCHE FROM MENACHEM, A BAG OF PEANUTS FROM JIMMY, TWO O.B.E'S FROM MAGGIE AND FROM HER EVER FAITHFUL RETAINERS....

OH, PUSSCAKE—WHAT AN UNUSUAL AND DELICIOUS VIBRATOR! I LOVE IT! THANK YOU—WE'LL PLAY WITH IT TONIGHT!

Saks

Harrod

Gesta Dei Francos

AND I, MOST BEAUTIFUL MOSTRESS, PRIDE MYSELF ON THE CHOICE OF THE MOST ORIGINAL OF GIFTS!

WITH THE AID OF THE TIME MACHINE I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO WITNESS YOUR OWN BIRTH!

SAPIENS! WHAT A WILD WHEEZE! AN INSPIRATION!

TO WITNESS MY OWN BIRTH! IT'S A STROKE OF GENIUS!

POWDER YOUR NOSE, PUSSCAKE—WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

ALL IS READY. OUR HEROINES HAVE ENTERED THE TIME MACHINE TRANSPORTER. SAPIENS' HAND IS ON THE CONTROLS.....

RIGHT! HAVE YOU GOT IT ALL TOGETHER, HOMER? D'YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHERE WE'RE GOING?

OF COURSE, MOSTRESS—MUNICH IN THE YEAR.... AHEM...YEARS FOLLOWING THE GREAT GERMAN RECOVERY AFTER WORLD WAR TWO—YOUR BIRTHDAY!

THE CONTROL SWITCH IS THROWN AND TWO DELECTABLY FEMININE FIGURES HURTLE INTO THE TIME-SPACE CONTINUUM IN THE DIRECTION OF POST WAR GERMANY....

GOLLY! THAT WAS QUICK! IS THIS IT, BOO'FUL? IS THIS WHERE YOU WERE BORN? IS EVERYTHING OKAY?

EVERYTHING IS DEFINITELY **NOT** OKAY!

OH, NO! HAS SOMETHING GONE WRONG AGAIN? THIS MUST BE THE MOST ACCIDENT PRONE COMIC STRIP IN THE HISTORY OF THE GENRE! REST ASSURED—WE'LL HAVE IT SORTED OUT BY NEXT MONTH!

Illustration by Rick Godfrey

You'll find them sitting in bars and cafes along the denim highway. They are the refugees from materialism, they are . . .

Clones of the Overland Trail

BY RUSSELL EDWARDS

"Excuse me sahib, you want hashish?" It's the first question anyone ever asks you.

"No."

"It is not so costly." In Peter Sellers' sing-song.

"No." That's not a word normally understood by Indian touts, not until it's been repeated 15 times, ever more impatiently and loudly. Especially by hashish-wallahs, who after accosting any backpacked Westerner, can be reasonably sure of making a sale.

"Rooms? Ten Rupee." Anywhere at all on the Cooks Tour Overland through Asia trail, it would be unusual not to be surrounded by touts.

"Eight Rupee." Still too expensive for Kovalum, a beach in the province of Kerala, deep in the Indian South.

"Six Rupee."

Sounds okay. He lead us off down a sandy track, past lush green mango groves and tiny, thatched-roof cottages; on one side the glistening Arabian Sea fringed by palm trees, on the other the vivid emerald of wet, paddy fields. About half a mile to the "Jeevan House", which turned out to be the only place to stay. All the touts were from here, all undercutting one another.

A typical overland resort in an embryonic stage of development. Six rooms with rock-hard beds whose quarter-inch-thick mattresses were infested with bed bugs and already in an advanced stage of decomposition. Tiny rooms with paper-thin walls equipped with kerosene lamps, hundreds of ferocious tropical insects, noisy

What's warm, wonderful and waiting for you 2½ hours away?

The talent

Every month, hundreds of girls from Australia and New Zealand arrive hopefully in New Caledonia. Which is a kind of France with shells on...a 400 km-long coral island with a new Club Med, casino, night-clubs, bars, bistros and perhaps the most romantic south seas scenery anywhere.

The plot

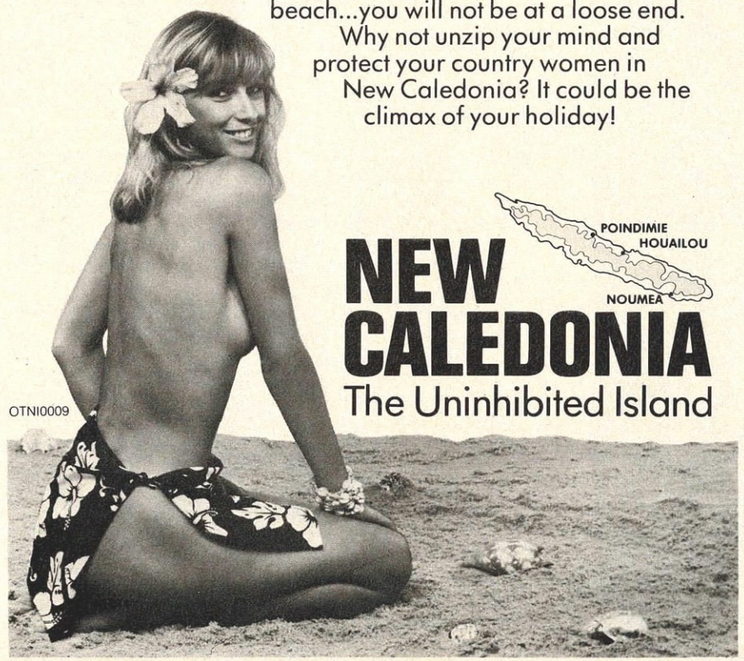
Girls go there because it's near, fun...and the population is two thirds male. But – those males are mostly French locals.

That's where you come in. An English speaking male is priceless here. Please don't think we're appealing to your baser instincts.

The Payoff

So...in between riding turtles, horses, outriggers... skin-diving, parachuting, fishing, tennis, waterskiing... driving on the wrong side of the road, staring through glass-bottomed boats...examining caves, native villages, colonial ruins and eating stone-cooked banquets on the beach...you will not be at a loose end.

Why not unzip your mind and protect your country women in New Caledonia? It could be the climax of your holiday!



NEW CALEDONIA
The Uninhibited Island

OTNI0009

rodents, assorted reptilia, pigs with stomach-turning habits and a resident snake in the pit toilet that had to be chased out before use.

With typical guests, too, in this case a couple of Australian girls. One a prematurely aged school teacher from Adelaide who had been in South India for eight months, was going to Europe once, but didn't know anymore. Maybe Nepal in the spring. Or Sri Lanka, though she might stay here . . .

Any communication at all was a tortuous string of "you knows", "really" and "it's such a hassle".

She was vague about everything, only stirring herself into action when loading up her bong, yet again. The other was more active, spending most of the day squatting in her room cooking up tasteless concoctions of dahl and vegetables. She'd been in India nearly a year, now had just enough money to fly home, and was debating whether to go or stay on until she had nothing.

They wafted about all day, never venturing far, rarely going swimming, naturally the focal point of all the local hip youths. Gliding from room to room, offering one another slices of papaya and yet another pipe load.

Living on the beach for under two dollars a day, that half used Qantas Jetaway Youth Fare offers a long, long dreamtime. Many of the travellers who come to India tend to stay and stay, smoking from dawn to dusk, making imaginary plans, gazing out at the pounding surf and occasionally coming out with such ganga-induced profundities as, "Oh wow, this sure is an incredible place. I mean, sort of laid back, y'know, maan".

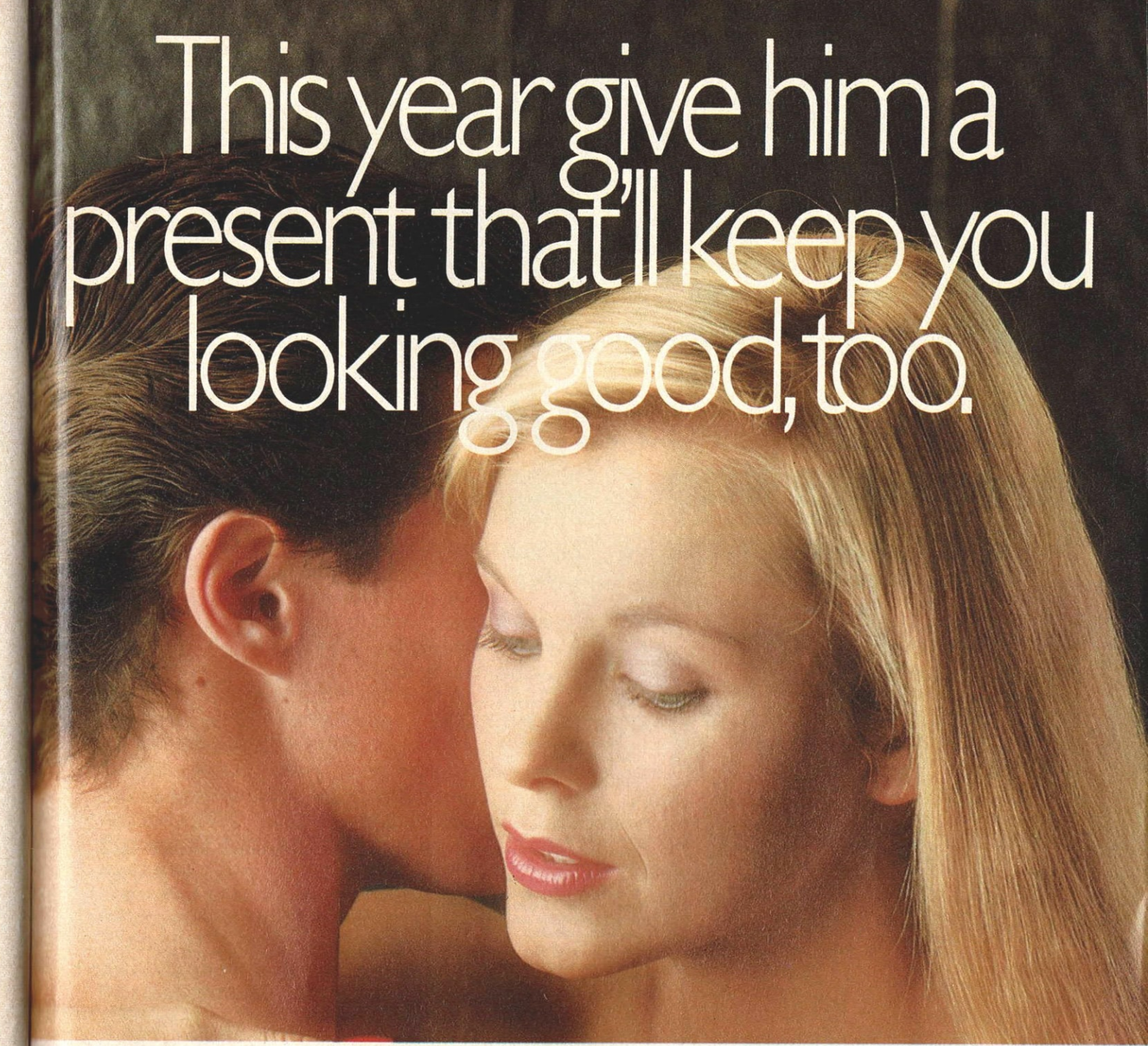
From Germany and Sweden, from France and the US, Britain and disproportionately, Australia, they come in their thousands. They come because a pilgrimage through Asia is almost obligatory in some circles — the new Grand Tour, because overland travel still, precariously, represents an "adventure" outside our comfortable commodity culture.

They come because of some quasi-mystical ambition to improve the soul by contact with Hindu spirituality, or just because Asia is cheap. They come for a sentimental wallow in an idealised pastoral and secure past, or for the enigmas, the baffling unpredictability and apparent chaos of Asian society which are perceived as being antagonistic to the smoothly functioning rationalistic, materialistic West.

Mostly they come for each others' company. And for the dope.

Hence the overland resort. In Kovalum/Goa/Kathmandu/Manali/Kalkudah/Phuket/Pokhara it's possible to sit about all day with hundreds of bushy-bearded, suntanned clones discussing exchange rates, infectious diseases-I-have-known

This year give him a present that'll keep you looking good, too.



The new Braun Micron 2000 is the ultimate in electric shavers.

Primarily, because it gives a closer shave than any other electric shaver on the market.

(And we all know what that can mean to a woman's complexion.)

It also comes complete with a detachable head foil for easy cleaning.

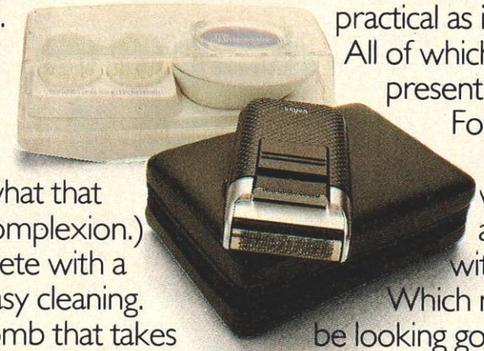
A unique feed-in comb that takes care of the hard to reach hairs like those on the neck. And a non-slip grip that's as practical as it is good looking.

All of which makes it the perfect present for Father's Day.

For him and for you.

As a special offer we're also giving away a Clairol Skin Machine with every Micron 2000.

Which means you'll be looking good in more ways than one.



BRAUN

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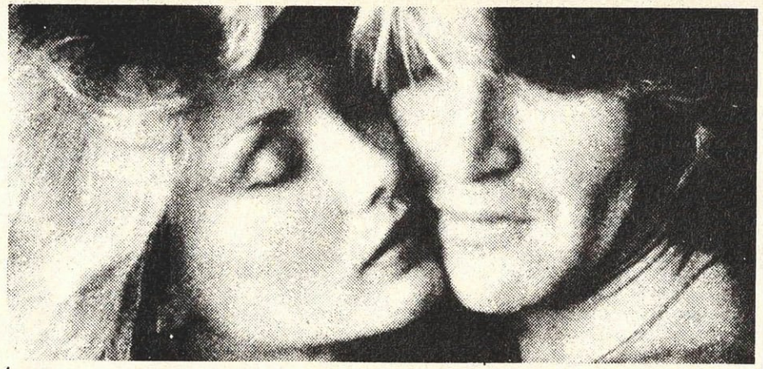


Do you miss out because she does?

Now — a therapist-approved way you can share orgasmic sensations you've never experienced before!

The Discovery

Therapists have long known that one of the most effective ways you can increase love-making pleasure is via tactile stimulation, not only of the sexual organs, but also of dozens of other responsive areas on the body. The method has brought fulfilment and happiness to thousands of couples. For many others, however, the demands it places on their physical endurance are simply too exhausting. Knowing this, Dr Wardell Pomeroy (co-author of the Kinsey Report) set about producing an aid which could not only duplicate, but actually improve on the stimulation normally provided by hands, fingertips, tongue and lips. *The 'Plus 5' stimulator is based on his revolutionary design.*

Be a better lover

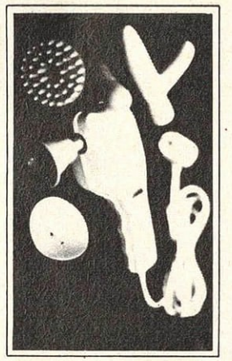
We believe the remarkable 'Plus 5' will become a natural and exciting part of your lovemaking. It is so effective, in fact, that it can enable many women *to reach true orgasm for the first time!* It adds a bonus of intensified sensations for both of you. It helps make both of you better lovers by making sex fun and exciting again.

What Forum says

Bettina Arndt, Psychologist and Editor of the famous Australian 'Forum' magazine, is unstinting in her praise of the 'Plus 5'. She says: '. . . it is light and comfortable to hold, simple to use, not at all offensive and ideal for women who wish to climax more easily. By far, the best in Australia.'

Comes complete

Your 'Plus 5' comes complete with five specially designed



attachments (some soft and fleshy, others firmer) and is ready to use the minute you get it. Simply plug into any 240v power point and turn on. It has two speeds — bold or fine — needs no maintenance, has almost two metres of flex.

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and the texture of one's latest bowel movement while tired old Pink Floyd and Eagles tapes quaver in the background.

Drinking herbal tea and mango milk shakes in cafes which offer muesli (spelt "musilly" or "muesellie"), the inevitable fruit salad and "peanut butter on brown toste pair", modern sahibs and memsahibs in colorful sarongs quaffing down as much good food in one sitting as the average rural Indian is likely to lay his hands on in a month.

Up the coast from Kovalum at Goa, things are considerably more developed. Known as a legendary hippie stopover for well over a decade now, thousands of travellers congregate on the beaches of Calangute and Anjuna around Christmas.

Recently the Maharashtra State government has been promoting Goa for holidaying middle class Indians, even going so far as erecting signs prohibiting nude swimming. In Calangute anyway.

‘Buses of ogling clerks from Bombay, carrying cassette players beating out the evil Donna Summer, trudge across the hot sand.’

Meanwhile up at Anjuna, the next beach on, tour buses of ogling clerks from Bombay and flabby school teachers from Tamil Nadu overdressed in the Western fashions of five years ago, carrying cassette players beating out the evil Donna Summer, trudge across the hot sand, stopping to stare and point their Instamatics at the "lewd" natives of Hamburg and Houston. One rupee for photo mister. Men only. Wives are left behind on this tour.

"Hippies", "freaks", what quaint concepts, almost forgotten in the rest of the world, and in Britain, an object of derision among the punkish youth.

But in the resorts of Asia you can still find men with beads and yard-long pigtails, bald weirdos wearing nothing but dangling loin cloth, and slightly crazed little ladies who've been out in the sun too long, eaten one magic mushroom too many.

Guitar strummers with bandolas and distant, glazed eyes entertain the cafe-permanents, and sun-darkened slim couples in matching G-strings drift through the palm trees trailing gorgeous

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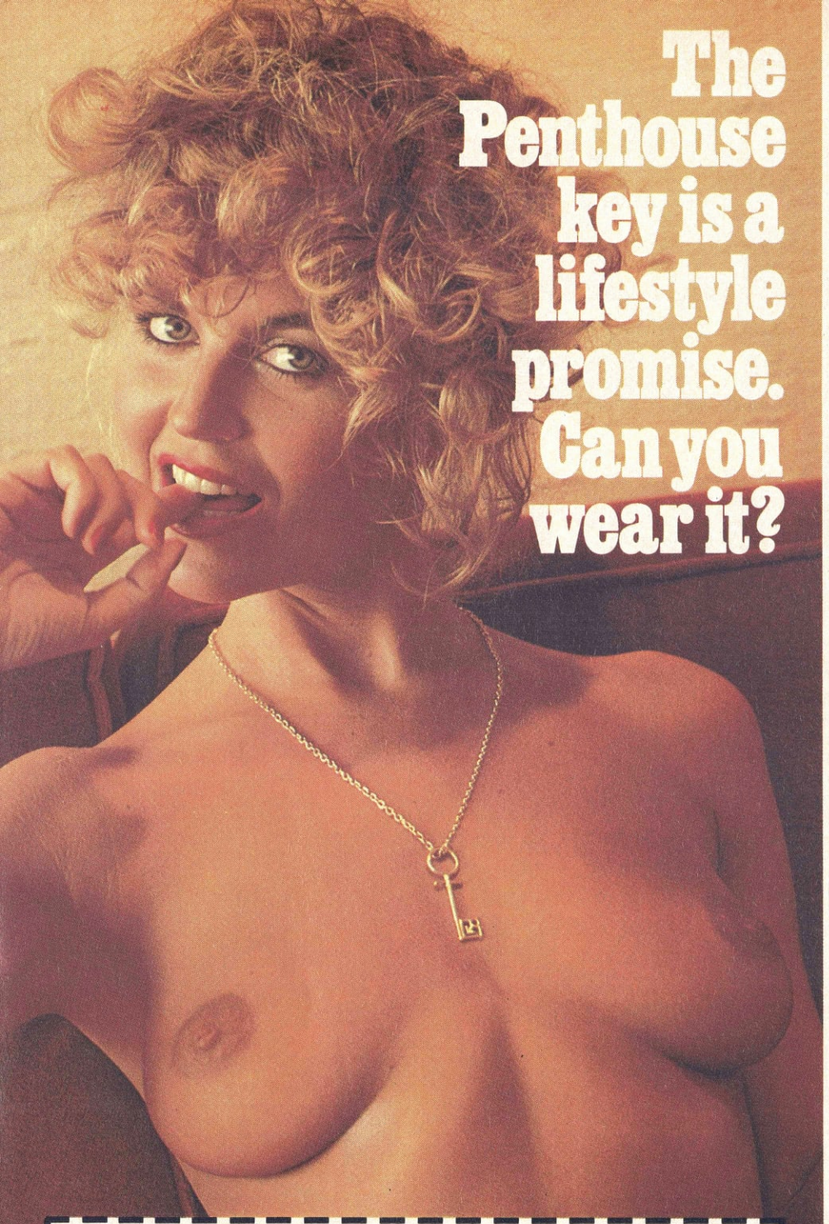

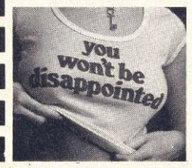

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blond kiddies named Ziggy. At the Anjuna in-season weekly flea market, they spread out their trinkets, bracelets, traded jeans and much-prized Wrangler shirts in front of the promenading Indians, hoping to finance another week, another month away from The Machine. Some just ask for money. Many more deal in drugs — there's quite a heavy junk scene around the beaches of Goa.

Atrophied wrecks from France and the US in various stages of Cool all the way to nodding torpor, bum cigarettes from other tourists and do the rounds of the cafes, hassling and begging. Some of the more emaciated cases in Calangute literally have nothing — no belongings, no clothes, no passport. They stumble around the square at night, weeping open sores on bony arms, scabrous infections on their feet, ribs and shoulder blades jutting through pallid skin.

Other refugees from materialism have taken to ripping off travellers cheques, passports and cameras from tourists foolhardy enough to sleep out on the beach.

Bashings are not uncommon, and there have been a number of murders. Anjuna, idyllic Anjuna Beach, is especially notorious for ripoffs.

Tut tut. Still, Asia's a big place, there's more beaches, more tranquil spots we can transform into downtown Melbournes. We'll find them.

Generally, backpacked overlanders see themselves as outside the great multinational tourist industry, not responsible for the hideous excesses of Kuta or all those high rise Pattayas. They look with scorn upon those pampered "adventurers" insulated from Asia by the double-glazed tints of the tour buses.

Overlanders fancy they're seeing, feeling, experiencing the country at first hand, travelling and living as the locals do, as unobtrusively as possible. Well, yes maybe, but it's all a matter of degree. Any sort of mass tourism inevitably destroys the very things it seeks to find.

As well as importing some of the worst aspects of the civilisation they've turned

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their backs on, the hippie tourists bring with them demands for the sort of goods and services they take for granted back home.

All along the main trail hotels, restaurants, tourist shops, bakeries for hashish smokers with the munchies and signs in English have been sprouting. "In this place waterless milk, butter, cheese and yoghurt sell", "Peace Hotel — clean rooms, hot water and a good scene", and "Steakhouse Inn — water boiled for 20 minutes, vegetables washed in iodine".

There was even a hotel in Kandahar which claimed to have a swimming pool, although in that arid place, I doubt that it contained any real live H_2O.

It's possible to travel comfortably for two or three dollars a day in Asia. A country has to be really poor before that represents a lucrative business opportunity for so many indigenous entrepreneurs, but it's not the locals who are buying American apple pies or peanut butter sandwiches, demanding running hot water, express buses to Delhi or Istanbul, and Nescafe.

They don't wear sheepskin jackets or smoke Marlboros and have somehow survived centuries without flavored yoghurt and *Time Magazine*.

In countries where very few people can afford to eat meat, there are numerous restaurants offering steak, vienna schnitzel and hambugger (sic). Naturally, businessmen are responding to the superior purchasing power of the tourists, forgetting local needs.

The markets and alleyways of the main cities are now lined with boutiques displaying identical, shoddily-produced ethnic gear destined for all the Portobello Roads, Paddy's markets and Asian Emporiums of the West.

But why worry, asked one fellow backpacker, "tourism-employment-economic growth-prosperity". This from an escapee of much more of the same back home. Naturally he was smashed out of his skull, so one could excuse this woolly-headed reiteration of economic mythology. You would have to be pretty naive to imagine that we were generating broadly based economic development, in which equity was in any way a consideration.

Some jobs may be created, under the typical sweat shop conditions of unbridled, incipient capitalism (in India — bonded labor even!), but most of the profits go, as usual, to the few traders, money lenders and political bigwigs who already have the necessary capital to cash in on the changed market conditions.

The best quality food and scarce resources are diverted to those best able to afford them, and the locals have to make do with second best. Traditional craftsmanship suffers as goods are standardised for mass consumption by an ever-changing flow of uncritical and gullible travellers. Even a few tourists with a

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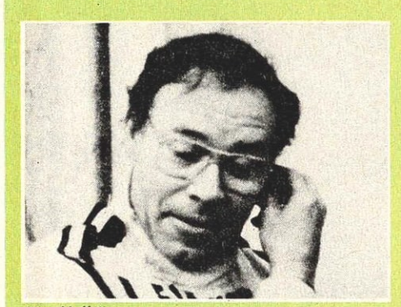
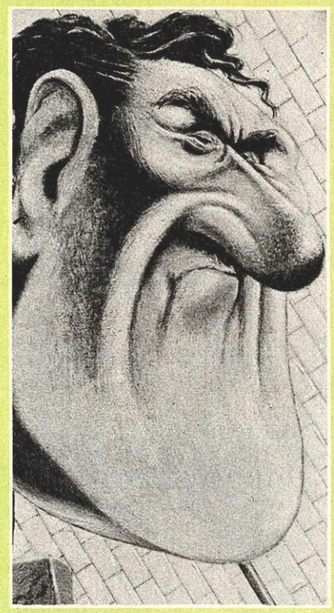


Allan Moffat

Dame Edna Everage



Malcolm Fraser

Giant First Anniversary Issue — To celebrate our first birthday we're bigger, better and brighter than ever, and jam-packed with Pets, pictorials and great reading. Here are just a few of the highlights:

What Kind Of Man Is Malcolm Fraser? — Sir John Gorton, forced to stand down as Prime Minister by Fraser and one of his most outspoken critics ever since has some particularly heartfelt opinions on the matter. He shares them in a compelling article.

Moffat At Le Mans — Allan Moffat has left Australia before to race cars, but never has a trip had greater implications for his motor racing career than the 1980 24 Hours of Le Mans. Moffat proved, in the 10 minutes short of 10 hours the Porsche 935 lasted, that he has what it takes to challenge the world's best drivers — yet that doesn't seem to count for much with the motor racing powers-that-be back home. Senior Editor John Hampshire travelled to Le Mans with Moffat to bring back this report.

Dr WHO — The rehabilitation of drug addicts has become big business, with hundreds of thousands of taxpayers' dollars being ploughed into clinics and self-help centres whose methods are little understood and frequently untried. Ian McMinn examines the techniques and affairs of the We Help Ourselves (WHOs) organisation, and finds that the needle is sometimes not the only damage done.

Barry Humphries, Dame Edna Everage and Sir Les Patterson Reveal All — In a rare interview with Rennie Ellis, Australia's comic genius explains what's wrong with Australia, why Edna may have to sue husband Norm and how Kenny beat the rumor-mongers by shacking up with a married man.

Beer, Glorious Beer — With thirsty weather just around the corner, we present a timely survey of the nation's best brews. Ever wondered why Cascade keeps its head longer than Cooper's? Or why Tooheys is sweeter than Four X? Our team of investigative drinkers pours out all the answers.

Bottoms Up — A delightful pageant of international posteriors that will gladden the hearts of even the staunchest leg and tit men.

lot of money (relatively) can put severe strains on a delicate local economy, almost overnight destroying centuries' old economic and social relationships, and it's the poor who suffer.

Laborers and tenants are dispossessed as hotels sprout and speculators move in. Everywhere prices rise, and local resentment grows.

An article in the *Sri Lankan Economic Review* warns of "the high proportion of tourists who patronise the cheaper hotels. The nett benefit from this category tends to be very small, and may even be negative. The import content of their expenditure is likely to be very high as proportion of their total expenditure." A valid point.

Travellers demand color film, skin cream, toilet paper, insect repellent, toothpaste, and so on, all of which, in countries which have little or no indigeneous manufacturing industry, have to be imported. The more tourists, the greater the pressure on the balance of payments — one of the major causes of inflation.

Yet another example of the way in which the people of the Third World are put in the preposterous position of subsidising the low cost holidays of the industrialised rich.

Meanwhile, back in the Peace Hotel with the "good scene", everyone is reading the same guide books by the same overland gurus. Everyone has expensive cameras and ultra-lightweight H-Frame backpacks, all have fashionable doubts about the viability of industrial civilisation, and everyone, all dedicated anti-imperialists, would be incensed at being described as agents of coca-colonisation.

But outside the tourist ghettos, those islands of privilege in the sea of Asian poverty, that's how the overlanders are perceived, so it's hardly surprising that "the ferangi" (foreigners) should encounter cases of open hostility, even if they do only want to lie about stoned in squalid hotels.

In one incident late last year Moslem nationalists ambushed and killed three tourists on an overland bus.

The "good scene" starts around 10 am, when the bleary-eyed guests rouse themselves to sit in the sun and prepare the first smoke of the day while pots of tea and porridge are whisked out. The conversation in between giggles and somnolent silences (vintage cool) is of American Express, black markets, handicrafts/prices/postage rates, rip offs, money belt paranoia, the shits, of where to stay in Kathmandu.

Everyone notes "the correct" hotel to stay in Kathmandu, and everyone goes there.

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